movie MIRROR

JUNE

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

ROBERT TAYLOR and BARBARA STANWYCK

The Real Truth About The SONJA HENIE—TYRONE POWER—LORETTA YOUNG TRIANGLE

JIM: *"Not leaving? It's the very shank of the evening."*

FRANK: *"You'd leave, too, if you had to dance with the girl I brought. She's got 'It'*—the wrong kind.*

*Nothing offends like halitosis (bad breath); nothing remedies it so well as LISTERINE.

Cute but Careless

By Jane Brown

AT A RECENT house party, to which I was unlucky enough to be invited (I had a good book at home to finish), my attention fell on an exceptionally attractive young girl—the kind of a girl you'd think men would simply lose their minds about. Yet everywhere in that gay crowd, she seemed a sort of fifth wheel.

Young men would drop down beside her for a moment, then dash off. Occasionally they danced with her, wearing expressions indicating acute martyrdom.

I couldn't understand it, so I asked my hostess about her.

"Marjorie?" she confided, "of course she's cute . . . but she's also careless."

"Certainly not about her clothes!"

"Not about her clothes or her manners, but about her breath. It isn't . . . well . . . nice, and nobody has the heart to tell her about it."

I suppose I should have been shocked, but in my work I've come in contact with so many girls, so many women also, with exactly the same trouble, that I merely shrugged.

For the life of me, I can't understand why any woman in social or business life dares to assume that her breath is always beyond reproach, when so often the reverse is true.

And when it *is* true, what a terrific hurdle the woman has ever before her.

As I said, I can't imagine any woman, or man either, running the risk of offending others when a good mouth wash like Listerine will take care of an unpleasant breath so promptly.

ACTS TWO WAYS TO SWEETEN BREATH

Don't expect tooth paste, powders, or digestive tablets to cure halitosis (unpleasant breath). What you need is a safe antiseptic and quick deodorant.

Listerine Antiseptic is so effective against halitosis for two reasons: First, it quickly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth and mouth surfaces—a major cause of breath odors. Second, it then overcomes the odors themselves.

After you have used Listerine Antiseptic your entire mouth is fresher, cleaner, more hygienic, and your breath is sweeter and hence more agreeable.

Never go forth to a business or social engagement without first using Listerine Antiseptic; it is your assurance that your breath will not offend others.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
checks Halitosis

Accepted for Advertising by the Good Housekeeping Bureau

Hearts were Trumps

[UNTIL SHE SMILED]

She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

THAT chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—*an opinion is formed, an impression made.*

And then—*she smiles!* What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

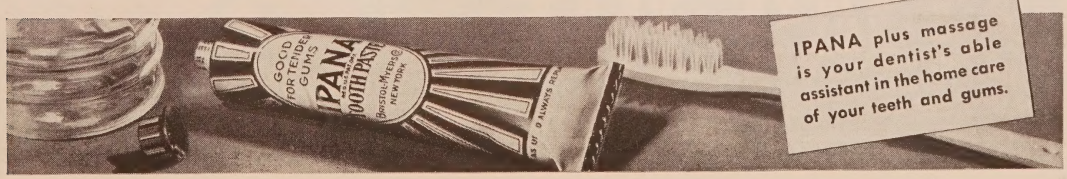
Play safe—*protect your smile!* If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* For "pink tooth brush" is a signal of distress from your gums. It *may* be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is *emphatically* something that should not be left to chance.

Don't take chances. You may not be in for serious trouble—*but your dentist should decide.* Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another case of lazy, underworked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need more work, more stimulation—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps teeth white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Gums become firmer. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will do much to keep your teeth brighter—your gums healthier. Keep your smile a winning smile—*lovely, captivating!*

• • •

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL. Art Editor

VOLUME II, NO. I • JUNE, 1937

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Natural Color Photograph of ROBERT TAYLOR and BARBARA STANWYCK by James M. Doolittle

IN THE JULY ISSUE

(OUT MAY 26)

Grace Moore's Greatest Rival —and Best Friend!

A hitherto unknown story from the great prima donna's past, a story of a friendship from childhood days that has lasted right up to the present moment, even surviving, as few friendships could, that greatest test of all—jealousy, for love of the same man!

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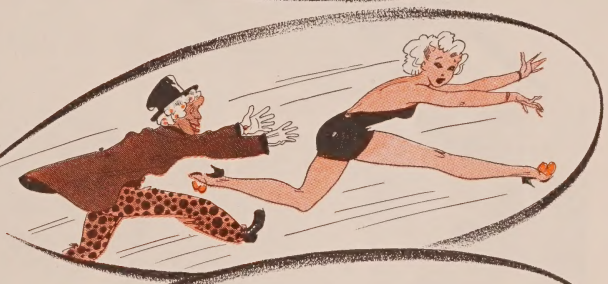
Positively The Most Hilarious Picture You've Ever Seen!!!

EVERY LAUGH IS TESTED BY THE MARX MIRTH METER BEFORE WE GIVE IT TO **YOU!** WE PANICKED THEM IN PITTSBURG! THEY CHUCKLED IN CHICAGO! MY FRIENDS AND CONSTITUENTS, YOU'LL LOVE IT!!



DOTSA RIGHT, BOSS! IF "NIGHT AT THE OPERA" WAS HILARIOUS THIS IS SOOPER-HOOPER-DOOPER HILARIOUS!

THE MARX BROS. A DAY AT THE RACES

with **Allan JONES** • **Maureen O'SULLIVAN**

A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

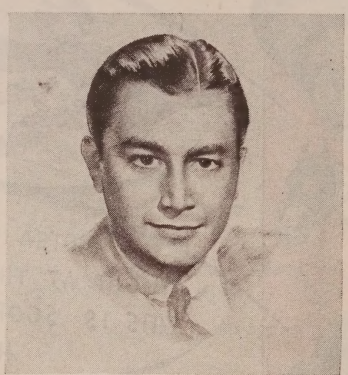
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Hear these new song hits:
"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm", "On Blue Venetian Waters", "A Message from the Man in the Moon" and "Tomorrow Is Another Day"...

Girls WHICH WOULD YOU

By Claudette Colbert

No. 1. The Man of the World
(Melvyn Douglas)



No. 2. The Pushover for Love
(Robert Young)

No. 3. He Thinks He Owns Her
(Lee Bowman)

Yes, if you were a working girl, out on your one big fling, a vacation you'd saved up for, for years, and three men told you they loved you and wanted to marry you, which one would you pick? The gay, casual, fun-loving lad who's just a pushover for any girl who comes along and who is sure she's going to be a pushover for him? The man of the world who always has to cover up his emotions with a veneer of sophistication? The serious-minded youngster who thinks, because he's gone around with you back home awhile, that he owns you? I don't know what your answer is going to be. But I know you're going to get a kick out of the way we've answered the question in Paramount's

MAN MARRY?

"And to think only a couple of weeks ago I was working in an old department store from nine in the morning till six at night . . . Come on you two, get out the skis."

"I Met Him In Paris." And, between ourselves, I want to tell you the big bobsled accident in "I Met Him In Paris" may not frighten you . . . but, gee, was I scared!

(Listen, girls, Claudette forgot to tell you. But you can take it from us, the Parisian styles she goes in for in this picture will knock your eyes out.)

Claudette Colbert

in

"I Met Him In Paris"

with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young

Produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Paramount Picture

Speak for Yourself

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Maybe "Life Should Be More Like the Movies"

Only realism in pictures? Heavens forbid! I have enough realism managing a large family on a small salary. I want glamour in big doses, far fetched plots, even downright hokum. I don't mind the stenographer who dresses like a debutante in pictures. I was once a stenographer. I know how they really dress and, believe me, an outfit that is shiny from pressing and threadbare from brushing cannot compare with the smart frills Adrian creates for a business girl. And what if music does provide a background for every dramatic scene in the movies? Just because no one pulls "Hearts and Flowers" out of an organ while I bathe the dishes is no reason to complain because a celluloid housewife's job is more tuneful. Come to think of it, I can and do have the latest thing in music from my radio accompany most of my menial tasks.

I'm not trying to be a box office Pollyanna, but I have yet to see the motion picture that did not offer me something so far removed from my own humdrum existence that it could not help but be entertaining. After all, entertainment is what I want and not the hard reality I am trying to escape for a few blissful hours.

Mrs. Wesley M. Soum,
Yankton, So. Dak.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Or—Maybe the Movies Should Be More Like Life

Do we go to the movies to see life, or to get away from it? Some of us say, "The business of living is hard enough. Give us music and laughter." Others say, "We want a faithful representation of life, no matter how sad."

The movies are the finest entertainment for the price that the American people can get. But because we are a nation of escapists, the movies are apt to become emotional dope. Only children are afraid of responsibility, and the adult who evades every emotional conflict by going to the movies is both infantile and cowardly.

For that class of people, then, as well as for the mature and thoughtful, let us have more pictures like "The Informer," "Fury," "Winterset," "Of Human Bondage," "The Good Earth." They are the red meat of reality served up to a nation of candy eaters.

Laura Rose Taylor,
Camp Hill, Pa.

Bobby and Billy (or is it Billy and Bobby?) Mauch treated themselves to a radio as souvenir of their first film together, "The Prince and the Pauper."

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Actors?

I wouldn't care to be a movie star. The physical risks involved are too great! Script writers and directors apparently delight in including scenes which produce mild laughs at best and often have no bearing on the plot. Yet in many unimportant scenes, health and lives are endangered.

I do not believe that Sonja Henie often falls accidentally. Yet in "One in a Million" she was forced to fall. A slight injury to her knee-cap might have made her stiff-legged.

Don Ameche of "One in a Million" never had to take falls as a radio star. He may have spent his boyhood as a member of the "Flying Ameches," professional tumblers, but I still don't believe he enjoyed those vertebrae-shattering ice-falls. Michael Whalen, playing one of his first leads in "Poor Little Rich Girl," had to carry Shirley Temple down a long flight of stairs. One mis-step might easily have killed or maimed Shirley.

It is possible that the greatest of precautions are taken, but accidents can happen! I cannot understand the logic of producers allowing such precious investments as Sonja Henie and Shirley Temple to be jeopardized for trivial scenes.

Ray Wood
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Dissenting Opinion

Not only will I speak for myself, but for all the sincere movie fans who take an interest in the stars who win or should win the Academy Awards. I think the judges (*Continued on page* 98)

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE EVER FILMED!

Are you ready for the most exciting evening of your life? . . . Warner Bros. bring the adventure masterpiece of the world's best-loved writer to the screen in all its romantic glory! Come and thrill to it!

Introducing Billy & Bobby Mauch —sensational twin star discovery— a double-barrelled surprise that is already the talk of filmdom!

It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same coronation this month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.

The prince plays hookey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.

Warner Bros. present

MARK TWAIN'S

Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with

ERROL FLYNN

CLAUDE RAINS

HENRY STEPHENSON

BARTON MacLANE

and THE

MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles · Montague Love

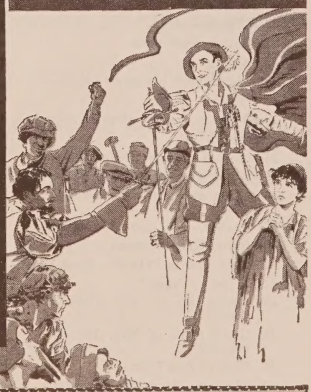
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp

Alan Hale · Anne Howard

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

"It's all right for a girl to lose her head," said Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did!

He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more! Errol Flynn as dashing Miles Hendon, defender of the prince.



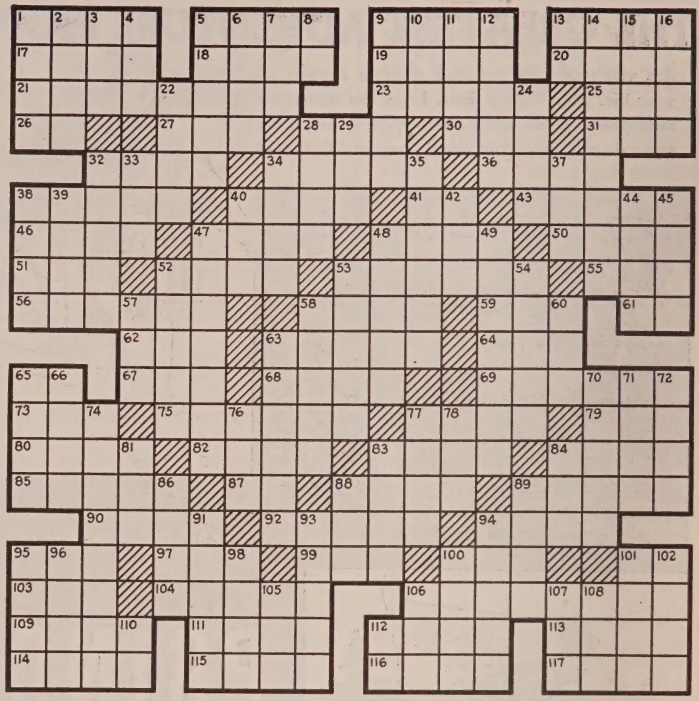
In the vicious haunts of the London underworld — where murder was just a good joke—a boy in rags fights for his life—and his throne.

Produced on Massive Scale...1000's in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation ...7 Months to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios.

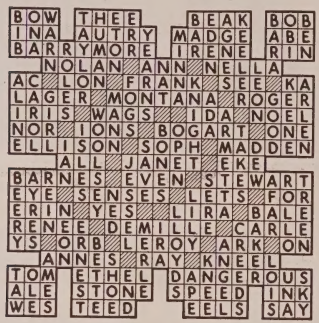
Warner Bros.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1. Deceased wife of Ricardo Cortez
5. Footway
9. Given name of Rosero in "Hats Off"
13. Edicts
17. Brother of "Old Hutch"
18. Musical instrument
19. First name of heroine in "Make Way for a Lady"
20. Screen name of Mrs. Gary Cooper
21. "Tugboat Annie"
23. Dating from birth
25. A wing
26. Old English pronoun
27. "Sinner Take - -"
28. Roam in a purposeless manner
30. Danish coin
31. One of "Three Smart Girls"
32. "That Girl from Paris"
34. Given name of a famous producer
36. Pauline - - -, character actress
38. Hero of horse operas
40. Male lead in "Quality Street"
41. "Love - - News"
43. Lovely star of "Top of the Town"
46. Given name of Mrs. Herbert Marshall
47. Wife of Ben Lyon
48. Western player in "Powdersmoke Range"
50. He plays horror rôles
51. Moved swiftly
52. Short-tailed crustacean
53. Comedian in "Tarzan Escapes"
55. Crawford and Gable co-star in "Love on the - - -"
56. Rudi in "Ladies in Love"
58. "- - - - and Get It"
59. Bazooka player
61. Child's name for mother
62. Fowl
63. Mary Ellis played title rôle of "- - - - Lady"
64. Large serpent
65. Nickname of the comedian in "Shall We Dance"
67. Male lead in "Stolen Holiday"
68. "Mine with the - - - - Door"
69. Given name of Miss Ralston
73. Star of "Murder with Pictures"
75. He loves Garbo in "Camille"
77. Lessen, or reduce
79. Age
80. Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda play in this
82. Feminine name
83. Color
84. Draw together
85. Given name of a singer in "A Day at the Races"
87. "- - Who Are About to Die"
88. Murphy in "Mysterious Crossing"
89. Don Luis in "Anthony Adverse"
90. Bird's craw
92. Playboy in "Stowaway"
94. Destiny
95. Self
97. Spike of corn
99. Mrs. Joel McCrea
100. Heroine of "Parnell"
101. Pronoun
103. Star of "The Prize-Fighter and the Lady"
104. Actress in "The Good Earth"
106. Producer in "Born to Dance"
109. - - - - Gorin
111. An awkward fellow
112. Darla - - - - plays in "Our Gang"
113. The Covey in "Plough and the Stars"
114. Unaspirated consonant
115. Stuttering comedian
116. Given name of a Chinese actress
117. - - - Jagger plays in "Pepper"

VERTICAL

1. Given name of a guitar-playing hill-billy
2. Learning
3. Actress in "Go West, Young Man"
4. Exclamations of surprise
5. She's teamed with Alison Skipworth
6. Male lead of "Second Wife"
7. High-pointed hill
8. Pronoun
9. Widow in "After the Thin Man"
10. Given name of the aunt in "Lloyds of London"
11. "Go - - - - Your Dance"
12. Boy actor in "Gentle Julia"
13. Like
14. His first name means a young bird
15. First name of star of "She's Dangerous"
16. Graceful aquatic bird
22. Comedian recently deceased
24. Rubber-kneed comedian
28. Actor in "That Girl from Paris"
29. Noted aviator
32. First name of a comedian in "Murder Goes to College"
33. Former wife of John Gilbert
34. "Everybody's Old Man"
35. Father in "Camille"
37. Plunder
38. Given name of Miss Engels
39. First man
40. Beverage
42. Turf
44. A double sulphate
45. Anna Sten starred in this
47. Newt in "Banjo on My Knee"
48. "- - - - - Cargo"
49. Singer in "Under Your Spell"
52. Defraud
53. That which produces motion
54. Rope with a running knot
57. Greek letter
58. First name of a player in "Ready, Willing and Able"
60. A heavy club
63. Nebraska town where Robert Taylor was born
65. First name of Mrs. Charles Laughton
66. Claudia - - - - plays in "We're in the Legion Now"
70. Star of "One in a Million"
71. Given name of an actress in "Black Legion"
72. Rodents
74. He's in "Souls at Sea"
76. Large evergreen tree
77. Star of "Waikiki Wedding"
78. Given name of the "Smartest Girl in Town"
81. Disfigure
83. Melody
84. Krazy - - -, animated cartoon character
86. Author of "Cavalcade"
88. Owed, or owing
89. Large-mouthed comedienne
91. One of the Stepping Stones
93. Bridegroom of Luise Rainer
94. Hero of "Wings of Morning"
95. Star of "The Way of All Flesh"
96. A variety of plum
98. Uproar; tumult
100. Trademark of M-G-M
101. Nitrogenous substance
102. One of the heroes of "Way Out West"
105. Given name of former Mrs. Nick Stuart
106. - - - Alvarado
107. A coal scuttle
108. American humorist
110. Note of the scale
112. Expression of wonder

Hollywood "Success Stories"

HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE STAR

Test No. 1

Can you kiss a man passionately when you really want to slap him? * Can you laugh when you feel like crying? Can you cry when you feel like laughing? * Can you take constant criticism without losing your temper? * Can you learn two pages of dialogue in an hour? * Can you stand publicity about everything in your private life? * Can you stand to be emotionally shocked by seeing the *truth* about Hollywood? At last it has been filmed—the unforgettably moving, hilarious portrayal of Hollywood behind-the-scenes.

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS IN TECHNICOLOR

JANET GAYNOR *FREDRIC* MARCH

"A STAR IS BORN"

WITH ADOLPHE MENJOU · MAY ROBSON
ANDY DEVINE · LIONEL STANDER

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Directed by
WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Don't be a hollyhock!

SAYS Jane Heath

• HOLLYHOCKS are always standing around by walls. Any girl would rather be a daisy . . . with lots of bachelor-buttons clustering round. Men love glamourous eyes, with mysterious, appealing lashes; and whatever you were born with, you can have them. Strong spring sunlight demands long dark lashes. Darken your lashtips with LASHTINT LIQUID. They will look twice as long and alluring, but completely soft and natural. Water-proof; dries instantly. Try it today. Brown, black, green or blue. $1.

never omit this

• EVERY day curl your lashes like daisy-petals! More light enters . . . and what flattering shadows the lashes cast on your face! Use KURLASH, the little implement that curls them perfectly within 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. $1 at all better stores.

then this

• THE girl with brittle, bleached-looking lashes stays in the corner too. Use KURLENE, a scientific formula for promoting luxuriance in lashes. Rub a little on your lashes each night and see how silky they stay all the next day. Tube 50c, Jar $1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: JANE HEATH, *Dept. E-6*
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

*Eyes*_____ *Hair*_____ *Complexion*_____

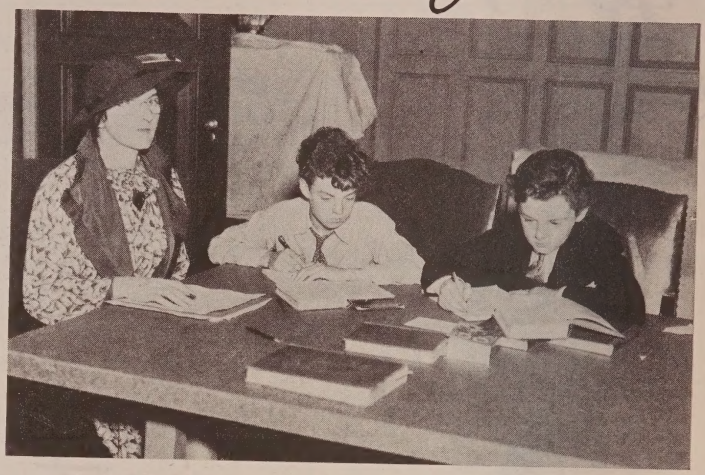
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print plainly)

Movie Mirror Junior



Freddie Bartholomew (right) does his lessons on the set, with his stand-in, Ray Sperry, and their tutor, Miss Mary Murphy.

Freddie Bartholomew
—GUEST EDITOR

DEAR Juniors:

My ambition, you know, is to become a writer, so I enjoy very much writing to the boys and girls of MOVIE MIRROR. Most of you probably know already that I was born in Wilshire, England, and that I came to America when I was ten years old to play in my first picture, "David Copperfield." I have been here ever since, and like it better every day.

I am now thirteen years old, and have just finished my seventh picture, "Captains Courageous." It's about a rich little boy who falls off an ocean liner and is rescued by fishermen. He lives with the fishermen and learns many things. Just imagine how much fun I had working with the real, honest-to-goodness fishermen we used in the picture.

We went to Catalina Island to shoot the fishing scenes. We had a grand time. I did a great lot of fishing myself, and had fine luck. I caught many barracuda and a twenty pound yellow-tail. We stopped at the hotel on the island, but most of the time we were out in the boats working and fishing. All the fish used in the scenes, however, had to be shipped out from the East Coast, since they do not catch codfish off Catalina Island and the story is supposed to happen in the East, where they catch so many cod.

As soon as the picture was finished, I went to the studio barber shop and had my hair cut. I hadn't had it cut for nine whole months. But, the very next day, the studio said we would have to shoot some retakes. It is a good thing I did not let the barber cut off too much of my hair, or I would have looked a great deal different in the retakes.

Most of the clothes I wear in pictures are my own, and those made at the studio. The ones I wore in "Captains Courageous," however, were different. I wore many old things, and some we bought at one of the big department stores in Hollywood. I buy my clothes from an English clothing house in New York. Aunt Cissy thinks I am the world's most untidy boy about picking up my clothes, at home, though. I suppose most boys are like that.

I have a very interesting new hobby, now. It's taking pictures. I have a new Leica camera, a developing outfit and a darkroom. The darkroom is a room I have fixed up in our basement. It is a grand hobby, really. Of course, it is hard on my allowance. But Aunt Cissy understands that.

My allowance is five cents a day. I save it whenever I can, and it does add up. I also got $75 for a story I wrote myself, recently. Here is what I am going to do with the money: I am going to buy Aunt Cissy a new chair. That will cost about $30. I am going to spend $30 for new school equipment, and the other $15 I am going to put into my new Postal Savings Account. I just started it last week.

I got on my motor-scooter and went over to the (*Continued on page* 85)

WOMEN WERE HIS IDOLS! MONEY WAS HIS GOD!

Revelling, fighting, marching with the mighty surge of America, they flamed in gaudy glory through the wildest, wickedest city on earth . . . these fabulous "robber barons" of the realm of Rule-or-Ruin ...building railroad empires by day, and flinging away their lives and fortunes on Pleasure's darlings by night!

At last—the blazing romance of glamorous Josie Mansfield and flashing Jim Fisk ...reckless titan who battled his way to a throne of cornered gold, then madly danced with his love down the primrose path to Black Friday . . . The screen sensation of a decade, played by a galaxy of stars in a hell-bent world of wine and women!

EDWARD ARNOLD
CARY GRANT • JACK OAKIE
FRANCES FARMER
in
"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK"

Directed by
Rowland V. Lee

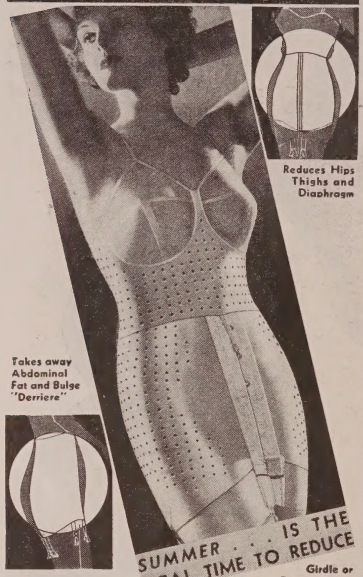
An Edward Small
Production

An RKO Radio Picture

Quickly . . .

Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only Confines, It Removes Ugly Bulges!



SUMMER . . . IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

Girdle or Brassiere may be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER! —You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results . . as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY . . . QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely . . . and quickly!

You risk nothing . . . why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 286, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

THE FINE FLAVOR OF Fruit Juices

By MAE HERSCHEY

DIET fads may come and go, popular this week and debunked the next, but fruit juices go on forever. They are good food, they are good for you, and Gloria Mack tells me that lemon juice is practically a cosmetic in what it will do for beauty!

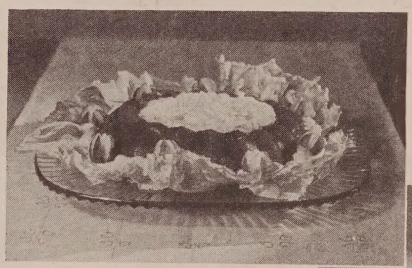
Due to this proved worth of fruit juices, there was created a real demand for them put up in cans in which they would be always fresh and instantly available. I wish I had space to tell you the whole fascinating story of how the manufacturers, little by little, solved all the technical problems, and are now able to give us the full-bodied, perfectly pure juices with all of their fragrance and precious vitamins intact. It's a triumph of American science and skill.

Fruit juices are valuable all the year round but never more so than right now when we are emerging from the depleting winter months and the danger of a hard spring cold is threatening most of us. Fight this off with extra rations of fruit juice, just as the movie stars fought off flu this winter. In fact, so anxious were the big studios about the health of their players that gallons and gallons of fruit juice were served right on the sound stages between scenes.

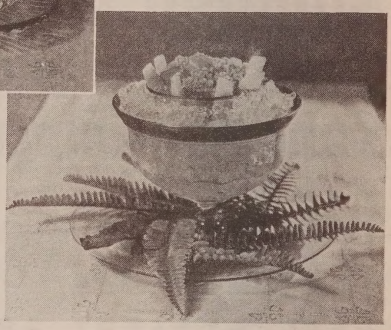
Orange juice for breakfast is a national institution but did you ever vary the plain juice with a Hollywood cocktail instead? That's a foam-topped concoction served everywhere here in Hollywood, and I only wish every one of you could have your first one as I did—seated at breakfast in the patio of the big house of a citrus orchard not many miles from Hollywood.

If you ever come to Hollywood, don't miss a chance to see one of our California orchards, where so many of your oranges, lemons and grapefruit come from. There's an orange tree outside my office window and I thought I knew all about how beautiful an orange tree can be, but the sight of acres and acres covered with the rich, dark foliage, the golden fruit starring the trees, and the perfume scenting the air for miles, makes you a little more lenient when a Native Son starts bragging about California.

But to get back to the Hollywood cocktail. (*Continued on page* 107)



PHOTOS BY R. A. WHITTEN HOLLYWOOD



You'll like the recipes for tomato aspic (above) and this delicious fruit cup (right), so new it hasn't been named yet. Accessories from Barker Brothers, in Hollywood

"Beauty Bath"

WHEN PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES SAY THAT ABOUT A TOOTH PASTE

YOU CAN BET IT IS!

KAREN SUNDSTROM, Swedish beauty, of New York, and 21, says "It gives teeth the flash that studios demand—a real Beauty Bath."

GRACE ROWLAND, of Virginia, says "A perfect Beauty Bath for teeth—and it gives the mouth a feeling of dewy freshness."

BERNICE GREEN, of Indianapolis, says "So many girls in the studios use Listerine Tooth Paste that I heeded their advice and use it myself."

● If their beauty fails they're out of a job . . . these radiant women of big New York commercial studios. They favor only products that have proved themselves able to foster and heighten their precious good-looks—safely. That is why so many of them use only Listerine Tooth Paste. Enthusiastically they call it their "Beauty Bath" for teeth; they've seen the startling results it achieves.

Why not for you?

Why not give your mouth that wonderful feeling of freshness . . . your teeth the radiance, flash, and brilliance that others enjoy?

Put aside the dentifrice you are now using and try Listerine Tooth Paste. You will be amazed to find how quickly—and safely—it makes the mouth feel youthful—the teeth look young, radiant, enticing.

Satin-Soft Cleansers

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth paste contains the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Risk a quarter and try it yourself. See what a difference it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

SOAPLESS!
a Tooth Powder you'll like
25¢ & 40¢

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢
Regular size tube · 25¢

FREE $30,000 CASH

and 15,000 PAIRS of $1.35 Silk Stockings

(GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES)

6 Big Weekly Contests

ENTER EACH WEEK . . . 7530 PRIZES IN ALL!

FIVE $1000 CASH PRIZES EACH WEEK

ALSO EACH WEEK 1250 PRIZES OF 2 PAIRS OF $1.35 GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE SILK STOCKINGS

$30,000 CASH! 15,000 pairs of Gotham Gold Stripe Adjustables!—offered as prizes in these 6 thrilling contests—so *you* can discover what marvelous wear you get from fine stockings washed with pure Ivory Flakes.

Gotham "Adjustables" were chosen as prizes because they look beautiful and fit beautifully. They have an exclusive patented feature—7 inches of length adjustment, so they fit you whether you are short, average or tall!

GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES— exquisitely sheer—yet durable because of extra-elasticity. Also "Adjustable" feature relieves garter strain. The lovely color "Radiance," selected by editors of Harper's Bazaar . . . See these $1.35 stockings at your local Gotham dealer's . . . style No. 654.

WIN! START NOW!

JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because _____ **(IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)**

GOING—GOING—a simply thrilling array of prizes! 30 chances to win $1,000! 7500 chances to win 2 pairs of luxurious Gotham Adjustables always sold at $1.35 a pair!

Come! Here's a chance to tell what you know about the extra-safety of pure Ivory Flakes! You probably know from personal experience how gentle Ivory Flakes are to colors, how safe they are for stockings because Ivory's famous purity keeps the silk springy and strong.

So don't hesitate. This is such an easy contest! Enter now—enter each week. Only 25 words or less may bring you one of the 7530 generous prizes!

Such an easy contest!

Why, a sentence-ending as simple as this one can win one of the 5 thrilling $1,000 cash prizes offered each and every week: "*I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because my stockings keep their color and they wear longer, too, when they're protected by the purity of Ivory Flakes.*"

See how easy it is! Just sit down and let *yourself* talk. It's your experience we want, not fancy words. Write as to a friend. Because Ivory Fla*are* your friend—made from Iv the soap that mother probably u for you in your baby days! today Ivory Flakes give you 7 chances to win a thrilling prize!

Listen to these RADIO PROGRA for more CONTEST NEWS!

"THE O'NEILLS"
10:00 A.M. NBC Blue Netwo
2:45 P.M. NBC Red Networ

"MARY MARLIN"
11:15 A.M. NBC Networ
4:00 P.M. NBC Blue Networ

(All times Eastern Standard Time)

ENTRY BLANK

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because _____

_____

_____

_____"

_____

(Finish this sentence in 25 additional words . . . or less)

IVORY FLAKES, Dept. MM-67, Box 828, Cincinnati, O.

I attach the top from one box of Ivory Flakes (or facsimile).

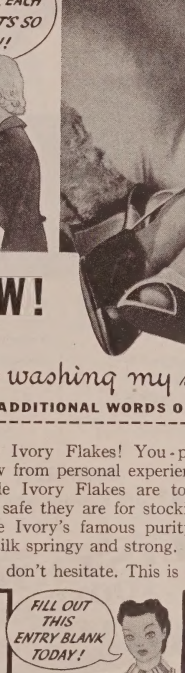
My stocking size is _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

My Dealer's name is _____



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

FOLLOW THESE RULES

1. Finish the sentence shown on the entry blank in 25 additional words or less. Write your sentence on entry blank, or on one side of a sheet of paper, signing your name and address. Give the name of the dealer who sold you Ivory Flakes.

2. Attach the top from a box of Ivory Flakes (or a facsimile) to your entry. Mail to IVORY FLAKES, Dept. MM-67, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3. There will be 6 weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are as follows:

	OPENING	CLOSING
1st Contest—	Now	Sat. May 29
2nd Contest—Sun. May 30		Sat. June 5
3rd Contest—Sun. June 6		Sat. June 12
4th Contest—Sun. June 13		Sat. June 19
5th Contest—Sun. June 20		Sat. June 26
6th Contest—Sun. June 27		Sat. July 3

4. Entries for each week's contest must be postmarked before Saturday midnight. Entries will be entered in each week's contest as received.

5. Enter each week's contest as often as yc choose.

6. Entries will be judged for clearness, sir cerity, and individuality of thought. Yo own words are most important. Fancy entri will not count extra. Contests judged b Miss Elsie Rushmore, National Contest Co sultant, and her associates. Duplicate priz awarded in case of ties. Entries, content and ideas therein become the property Procter & Gamble. No entries returned.

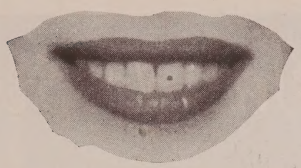
7. Anyone may compete except employe of Procter & Gamble, their advertising age cies, and their families. Contests limited t the United States and subject to Federa State and Local regulations.

8. Prizes in each weekly contest are: Fiv first prizes each of $1000 cash. Twelve hun dred and fifty additional prizes of 2 pairs Gotham Gold Stripe Adjustables "Radiance shade, proper size.

9. Each dealer mentioned by the 30 cash prize winners will also receive $50 in cash.

10. All $1000 prize-winners will be announce shortly after each contest closes, over "Th O'Neills" radio program and "Mary Marlin.

JOAN CRAWFORD:
"The only make-up I use either for day or evening is lipstick"

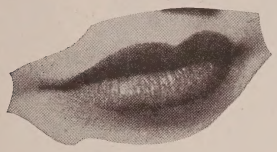


LORETTA YOUNG:
"Any mouth can be made appealing if it's charmingly colored"

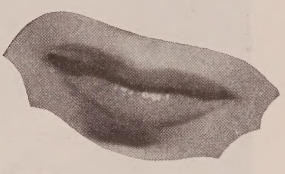
UNA MERKEL:
"Varicolored frocks call for a variety of make-up colorings"

Lipstick Lure

By GLORIA MACK



SIMONE SIMON:
"Let your mouth tell the story of your true mental serenity"



DOLORES DEL RIO:
"A lady's lips should define her nature and her character"

THERE is a make-up trick constantly used for the screen about which I'm going to tell you. It illustrates so vividly why I urge everyone to learn to choose and use a lipstick whether you prefer to go on to a full make-up or not. This is it: When an effect of illness (as in the last scene of Garbo's "Camille") is desired the actress is photographed with either no color at all on her lips, or with lip rouge many shades lighter than the actual color of her mouth.

Now I'm not trying to insinuate that you'll look sick if you don't wear lipstick, but when that one touch of color can add so much to your charm, you really shouldn't be without it. And while we're on the subject of beautiful mouths, don't forget those two other things which are just as important as lipstick: Your dental cleanser and your mouth wash. You should, of course, go to the dentist at least twice a year and then use a good toothpaste or powder regularly. And if you honestly feel that your teeth are a drawback, don't go on being unhappy about it. Modern dentistry can do astonishing things. You'd be surprised at the names of some of the stars who have had amazing "revisions" along this line. Remember that a good mouthwash (and there are such splendid ones on the market) is not only a definite part of oral hygiene, but insures against your ever offending with an unpleasant breath.

You so often ask me individual questions about the stars' make-up that when I planned this article, I went right out and asked a lot of the prettiest people in Hollywood what *they* thought about lipstick and here are the answers. Putting them all together, you get a rather complete picture of what the smart modern girl does towards augmenting her beauty with lipstick!

First of all some do's and don'ts:

DON'T!

Use a color just because you admired it on someone else.

Attempt to change radically the shape of your mouth.

Try to put on lipstick without looking into a mirror.

Leave lipstick on over night. It dries the lips.

DO!

Experiment with colors till you have either a natural appearance, or a frankly artificial one which is nevertheless attractive, and *not* bizarre.

Apply lipstick on a dry mouth. Outline the upper lip, fill it in. Press down on the lower and add the finishing touches if necessary. Blot off excess color (never have a gummy look) with tissue between the lips. For "staying power," powder lightly over this and add more color. Smile in the mirror to see if the inside of the lips are also tinted—no abrupt line showing where the color ends. Finish off with a dash of perfume for special occasions.

Check up on your entire make-up frequently to see it still matches your basic skin tone, particularly during the summer when you tan.

Use vivid shades for evening. Test the color under artificial light. You don't want that purplish look.

Have some fun with this new fad for adjusting make-up to the color of your dress and be on the watch especially for your lipstick when you wear red or orange, so that the tones won't clash!

Harmonize, if not exactly match, your nail enamel and lipstick.

And now for our all-star lipstick information:

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: Never uses one shade of lipstick only; uses two, light against dark or dark against light to go with her costumes. Always takes an extra lipstick in her bag so that change in weather (sunshine or cloudy) can be coped with. Considers an immaculate lip make-up the most important point in make-up. Always matches to nail polish. Likes the mahogany shades and deep red with brown casts, the last especially for evening.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Her lip make-up is startling at all times against the stark, pale make-up she affects. Powders over mouth first, then applies lipstick with finger or brush. She advises against applying thickly, but rather to use sparingly and then mix in a bit of vaseline to get that lovely sheen. Likes bright true rose, rather than a vermilion.

JOAN CRAWFORD: "The only make-up I use either for day or evening is lipstick. (*Continued on page* 105)

Don't let figure faults, blackheads, lack of knowledge about what to do with your hair, or anything else, continue worrying you! Write Gloria Mack today. There is no charge—only please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

GLORIA MACK,
c/o Movie Mirror,
7751 Sunset Blvd.,
Hollywood, Cal.

By PETER ABBOTT

Inside Stuff

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Entertainment and guest list were both on a lavish scale at the recent Turf Ball in the Ambassador Hotel. Left to right, Charles Boyer, Virginia Bruce, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young (don't miss the big story about this couple on page 28!), Pat Paterson Boyer, David Niven and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda.

PRIZE STORY: Occasionally our private academy makes its own award for the best drunk story. Richard Arlen gets the palm this month for a true tale. Dick had gone to take part in the golf tourney sponsored by his pal, Bing Crosby, at San Diego. Despite floods and downpours, a gay round of parties ensued, and Arlen, with Hal Sims the bridge player, Leo Diegel the golfer, and John Montague, legendary strong man of the links, were on their way to a dinner. They arrived hours after the festivities were over, wet and hungry.

Learning there was no food left, the four started back to town.

Then, beside the flooded road, they saw an overturned sedan. Leaping from the car, they rushed over and peered into the windows. Inside, sitting on the roof, were four men surrounding a bottle, evidently not their first.

"Are you hurt?" cried Dick.

One of the drunks set down the bottle, carefully opened the window, and said:

"You might at least have phoned us you were coming!"

Second Prize Story: We fairly ooze with drunk stories this season, for here is one Olvia de Havilland tells. Olivia went to the opening of the American Airways display at the Ambassador Hotel, where a huge sleeper plane with hundred-foot wings has been assembled on the lawn. Olivia was to buy the first ticket to view the plane, proceeds of which are to go to charity. As she posed for photos, two rather inebriated gentlemen came along. When one of them saw the huge plane on the lawn, he exclaimed: "Boy, what a landing that must have been!"

Norma Shearer made her first social appearance since widowhood at the Academy dinner, with Louis B. Mayer.

Why Butlers Leave Home: Joe E. Brown has a cute little habit of calling friends, speaking in a strange accent, and then laughing right merrily when he's fooled them.

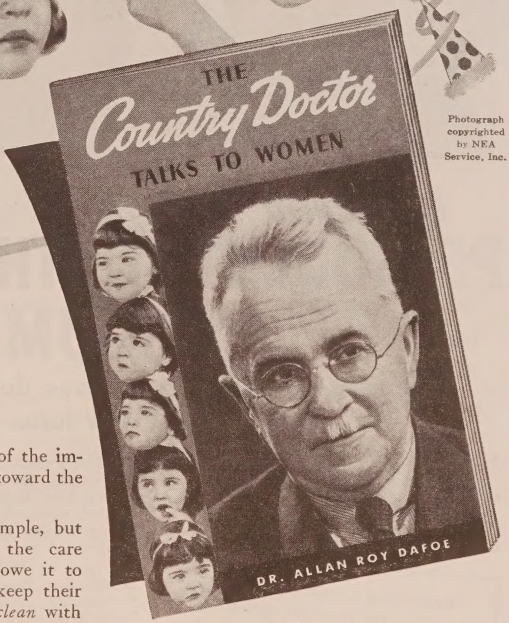
Recently we called up his house and were greeted by a French accent. It was so thick that we knew it was Joe, and did we tell him off!

In a few minutes Joe, at work in his study, faced an irate French butler he had just hired. The butler declared he would not work where people called up just to abuse him!

Hurray for Hygiene: Freddie Bartholomew's Americanization is proceeding apace. He still submits to Eton collars, but how he fears being labelled a sissy! In "Captains Courageous" he plays a lad who weathers three months with a fishing fleet.

All of which leads up to our story. Freddie, the tale goes, actively resented the housekeeper's calling him "dear." Finally he told his Aunt Cissy that (*Continued on page* 18)

It's their Birthday.. but Your Gift!



Photograph copyrighted by NEA Service, Inc.

Mothers—ACCEPT THIS "DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

THE whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their *third* milestone—"bigger and better than ever"!

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift for *you!* Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! *Free* with each purchase of "Lysol"!

Dr. Dafoe talks to mothers on the radio (Columbia network) every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. This is the only book containing the important information he has broadcast, as well as many additional facts of fascinating interest to everyone. While these books last, your druggist is authorized to give one *free* to each purchaser of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Since the day the Quins were born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help keep their surroundings *hygienically clean*. . . one of the important measures directed toward the prevention of Infection.

Are you taking this simple, but scientific, precaution in the care of your *own* baby? You owe it to your family's welfare to keep their surroundings *hygienically clean* with "Lysol" disinfectant.

Use "Lysol" in *all* your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" *today* and ask your druggist for a *free copy* of Dr. Dafoe's valuable book!

FREE! AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S
with every purchase of "LYSOL"

If your druggist is out of these books, send "Lysol" carton and coupon below and we will mail you a copy, absolutely free and postpaid.

• • •

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 6-M. M. Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

I am enclosing a carton from "Lysol". Please send me, by prepaid post, a FREE copy of Dr. Dafoe's book. My druggist's supply was exhausted.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

GET WISE, *Miss Scrub-Hard,*

Good brushing isn't enough! You need the *right dentifrice* too!

Change to

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE *containing* IRIUM

Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy film . . . Wins flashing new luster on teeth

● Now a thrilling dental discovery *ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment — makes your daily brushing *amazingly effective!*

IRIUM — the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent — *steps up* the cleaning power of tooth paste. Because it provides a smooth, gentle cleansing action that speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like *magic.* You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing gets *results* — in teeth that sparkle with lovely natural brilliance.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush — cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You'll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

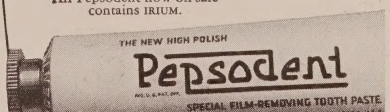
All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . contains NO GRIT . . NO PUMICE
— *Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away — instead of scraping it off.
— *Thorough!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your mouth feeling clean and wholesome.
— *Refreshing!*



Change to
PEPSODENT
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

Shirley Temple and Ching-Ching, her Pekinese, take a whirl around Palm Springs.

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

he'd stick a pin in the housekeeper if she persisted. Horrified, Aunt Cissy told him not to dare do such a thing.

"Well," conceded Freddie, "I'll sterilize it first."

Changed Minds Department: Leslie Howard, who said he might never make another movie, and Rudy Vallee, who failed to click in a big way on the screen, will both make pictures this year at Warner Brothers.

Goodbye, Garbo: Very little has been said about the romance between George Brent and Anita Louise, for there were few visitors to the set of "The Go Getter" when the pair were making this film. We dropped in one day and were convinced that all the love making was not being done before the camera, but Brent went away on a vacation shortly after and we decided we were mistaken. Now George is back, and the romance has definitely picked up where it left off. Anita must be out-Garbo-ing Garbo.

Never Sass a Cop! There's a stop sign on Wilshire Boulevard near the Cocoanut Grove that we want to warn you about. It's the only one for miles, and few notice it, hence the traffic cops use it as a lair from which to spring upon unwary movie stars.

We were bowling merrily through it

one evening after Martha Raye's appearance as guest star at the Grove, when out popped two handsome cops. Martha, who was just behind in John Howard's car, stopped and dashed up to see what was the matter. It developed into an impromptu little party with the cops regaling us with their adventures with movie stars. It seems they nabbed Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor here one evening, but decided they looked too happy for a ticket.

Paulette Goddard, the next victim, made a sad error. Never sass a cop!

"Don't you know who I am?" she demanded. "You can't give me a ticket!"

Cops always take a dare.

The party finally broke up with everyone exchanging autographs (the cops put their's on Martha's hula doll), and we drove off, convinced that Los Angeles has the most courteous and charming cops in the world.

Lovers' Nots: Through a very trivial error on the part of a hello girl we got wind of a lovers' plot the other day. The telephone operator at an airport called 20th Century-Fox studio and asked for Tyrone Power. Unable to get a connection, the girl said she wanted to know if he was going to take up the reservations on the Friday plane he had made for himself and Sonja Henie!

Tyrone, completely mystified when a

Fred MacMurray had a right to be happy at the preview of "Swing High, Swing Low."

"Camay gave my skin its April Freshness" SAYS THIS CHARMING KANSAS BRIDE

TOPEKA, KANSAS

As daughter of an army officer, I have lived all over the world. And everywhere I have found Camay always kept my skin lovely and glowing with an April freshness.

(Signed) Norma Yarborough,
(Mrs. William P. Yarborough)

March 1, 1937

MANY a pulse must have leapt at sight of this glorious bride in white lace, with her gold-brown hair, her flower-like complexion. "Camay has been my complexion's truest friend," she says.

And your complexion, too, will welcome Camay's gentle, deep-cleansing care. For Camay's luxurious lather is so thorough, so searching. Its tiny bubbles cleanse down to the very pores—leaving your skin smooth, refreshed—bringing a glorious, new radiance to your complexion! And tests show that Camay is *definitely, provably* milder than all other leading beauty soaps.

Give yourself a glamorous Camay complexion. Order six cakes of Camay from your dealer today—its price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
The Soap of Beautiful Women

Top, left, at the farewell party for Alfred Vanderbilt, Anita Colby, Vanderbilt, Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant; right, Ginger again, with Alfred and Cary! Just above, Madeleine Carroll at the same party, with Robert Riskin (the host) and Freddie March.

studio boss told him to give up his plan to accompany Sonja back to Detroit for her exhibition, wondered how they got wind of it. Now he knows, if he reads this. And the airport knows also why only one reservation was taken up. Tyrone went back to Detroit several days later, but he went by train.

Success Story: Several months ago MOVIE MIRROR told you how Carole Lombard was helping a Paramount stenographer, pretty little Margaret Tallichet, to crash the movies. We're happy to report that Carole's protege has a nice contract at Selznicks and is no longer pounding the typewriter.

Taylor Tales: Yippee! Ride 'em, cowboy! You should see Bob Taylor in cowboy hat, chaps, and tinkling spurs, as he lopes over the hills way back in the San Fernando Valley; you'd think he was starring in a horse opera.

It's just Bob reverting to type, however. He was brought up in the Nebraska cow country and this is the life he loves. Now he has

"It's THIS NEW MAKE-UP *that's Hollywood's Secret of Attraction*"

JOAN PERRY *in Columbia's "THE DEVIL IS DRIVING"*

"I've always longed to be more attractive, more lovely...and to think that at last I found the secret in make-up. Now I understand why Hollywood's stars depend on Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up."

Just as thousands of girls have experienced this thrill, you, too, can have an adventure in beauty if you try your color harmony in make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

ISABEL JEWELL *in Columbia's "LOST HORIZON"*

WYNNE GIBSON *in Columbia's "RACKETEERS IN EXILE"*

The Rouge adds Glamour of Color — The lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion colorings. You'll be surprised how much more attractive you will be. Fifty cents.

The Lipstick Accents Allure — You can depend upon Max Factor's Lipstick to give your lips a lovely color that will add worlds of attraction to your beauty. It's super-indelible, moisture-proof, lasting. One dollar.

The Powder Beautifies Your Skin — The very first time you make up with Max Factor's Face Powder in your color harmony shade you will note an amazing difference. Your skin will appear smoother, lovelier. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

MAIL FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". . . . . FREE
25-6-31

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐ AGE	

Joan Fontaine (sister of Olivia de Havilland) models one of the Chinese costumes which Anna May Wong recently sold for charity.

made his first payment on a forty-acre ranch near the Joel McCrea, Paul Kelly and Barbara Stanwyck ranches, and he's going to run in a bunch of cattle.

Director Bill Seiter obligingly arranged shooting schedules to permit Bob and Barbara to have the same days off during filming of "This Is My Affair" so that they could explore Bob's ranch. Barbara, who is raising horses on the ranch she owns with Mrs. Zeppo Marx, is figuring on hiring Bob to do a bit of bronco busting for her and is willing to pay him top hand wages of $40 a month.

Hopkins Data: Miriam Hopkins is never so happy as when she's doing a bit of decorating. Having purchased John Gilbert's home she is now doing the whole place over to her taste, covering up the masculine beams in the living room, putting in a nursery for young Michael, and selecting chintz for the bedrooms. She's doing the kitchen and breakfast room in French Provencal style, with furnishings imported from France. Meanwhile, she's also finding time to do a Goldwyn picture.

Collector vs. Historian: Gloria Stuart is a confirmed antique fancier, and the fancier the better. She has your true collector's pride in personally uncovering rare treasures for her new home. Even her dressing room at 20th Century-Fox is furnished with antiques she found here and there—fragile desks, lovely crystal lamps, chairs you trust your weight to with misgivings.

"I wish I had the histories of some of these antiques," she mused.

"I'll dig them up for you," volun-

A Clean Face

is the secret of radiant beauty

BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

New kind of cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

Make this simple test

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just $1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell

GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Dept. M F-6

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

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keep lips
ardent...
free from
lipstick parching!

What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color... and *soft, silky* texture. Dry, rough lips do *not* tempt romance.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient —"Theobroma"— which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five ardent and indelible shades. *New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢.* Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK *50¢*

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

Follow this monthly feature and get the latest news and views from Hollywood!

Left, still one of the happiest marriages in town—Edmund Lowe and his second wife, Rita Kaufman — at the Cafe Lamaze. And everyone wonders how soon Director Anatol Litvak and Miriam Hopkins (below) will join the colony's married set.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued)

teered Writer Arthur Sheekman, her husband.

And he did. Fascinating indeed was the first, the history of a footstool. Even more fascinating was the data he collected on a rare old bed; a history so delectable that Gloria's suspicions were confirmed—friend husband was using only his imagination for the task.

Now she is waiting to pounce on him when he writes the story of a pet candlestick. She bought it at the five and dime.

Spring Round-Up: Paul Kelly, who grows hay and alfalfa on his Northridge place, has passed his first crucial test as a rancher. Paul bought a piece of land from the vast Porter ranch, being the fourth person to hold title to the land (King of Spain, San Fernando Mission, General B. F. Porter, Paul Kelly). Last week the Porter cattle broke into the alfalfa, and Paul spent six hours in the saddle before he rounded them up and returned them.

Stunt Woman: One of the scenes in "As Good as Married," called for Esther Ralston to make a fall of four feet down a flight of steps. John Boles stood waiting to catch her. As Esther prepared to make the scene, John said, "Wait—don't you want a double?"

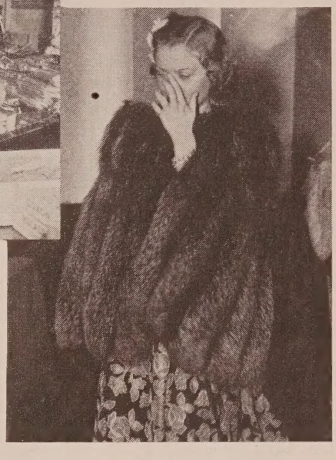
Esther just laughed—she got her start in movies doubling for stars, and once did wing walking on airplanes!

Pet Department: The young mountain lion Clark (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Gable roped in the mountains of Arizona is developing into a major Hollywood problem. Clark thought it would make a fine pet for Carole Lombard, but Carole thought otherwise. He

Yep, marriage is still popular in Hollywood! Right, the Edward G. Robinsons at a show.

Right, Clarence Brown and Sophie Tucker (who has big film plans) in the M-G-M Commissary.

No, Simone Simon isn't hiding from the camera, below, but she's honestly afraid of the flash.



couldn't keep it at his apartment. He can't turn it loose. Do you want a mountain lion?

Good Skates: After working all day to entertain you, how do movie folk entertain themselves? Well, they work much harder at it when they're not being paid—such as the roller skating party Ginger Rogers gave at the Rollerdrome for the Hollywood Four Hundred. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, lately her escort, was co-host. Most of the girls came in slacks, very wisely, for they spent as much time falling down as they did skating. Ginger planned to quit skating after an hour or so and let everyone dance to a sixteen-piece orchestra, but it was too much fun to stop. They wouldn't even quit to eat the weiners and sauerkraut—just skated past tables and snatched.

Ginger was the best on skates (she and Fred Astaire do a dance on rollers in their latest, "Shall We Dance?") but Joan Crawford was no slouch. Franchot Tone found the going tough. Among the sore muscled and bruised next day were Chester Morris, Henry Fonda, Jimmy Cagney, Jack Oakie, John Mack Brown, Anita Louise, Simone Simon, Loretta Young, Anne Shirley, Elizabeth Allan, Connie Bennett, Mary Brian, Kay Francis.

And Best Skater: Sonja Henie gave Tyrone Power a few ice skating lessons during her brief visit in town, flying in between engagements. Her next movie is "Thin Ice," and in it she'll do some skiing (Sonja pronounces it "sheeing"), a pastime popular with the colony.

Bing's Bang Tails: We can give you the lowdown on why Bing Crosby's horses never seem to win. The answer is Bing isn't racing to win money; he bets very little, and is interested only in breeding, so he deliberately runs

MELT Flakiness Away— in One Application

DULL and dead looking, or tight and shiny . . . Dry skin needs the flattery of powder! Yet powder just won't stick to it!

Try softening that dry, "tight" skin with a *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). Then see how beautifully your skin takes powder!

A distinguished dermatologist explains this instant softening: "A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells. Then the smooth, underlying cells appear, moist and young. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly. Vanishing Cream regularly applied also *preserves* the softness of the skin."

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream for more than just holding your powder. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear.

Lady Smiley

"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation. It holds powder on so long!"

For protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!

For flakiness—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept, 8 MM-VF, Clinton, Conn, Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

his horses in races out of their class.

If you'd put an expensive horse among cheap nags you'd win every time. That wouldn't be fair. So a price is set on horses in all but handicap races, and if you put an expensive horse in a $1500 claiming race, anyone can "claim" him and lead him away at that price. Bing places his horses in races where the claiming price is high, so that he won't have to sell. This spring he had eight mares in foal, and hopes to become known as the outstanding breeder in California. But as for winning—well, Bing is too well fixed to worry.

Bing is always putting his chin out. Remember when he had to pay off with a hundred ping-pong tables when Alabama beat Stanford? Now he wants youse gals and youse boys to name the newborn colts and fillies, and will give away song records for the best names. With eight baby race horses at the Crosby stables, you can imagine that Bing needs help in thinking up some winning names.

Hollywood Midas: Having acquired a reputation as a writer with his book, "Beam Ends," Errol Flynn has been commissioned to cover the Spanish ruckus for a syndicate. Errol's three-months' vacation, which he will spend wandering from Ireland to South America, is *with pay*. That Flynn never misses a trick when it comes to money.

Hepburn Headlines: Katie has been doing very well lately, what with "Quality Street" proving a real success after several floppo films, and with her stage play, "Jane Eyre," packing 'em in on the road. She postcards that she'll sneak a vacation in Europe before starting "Stage Door" at RKO.

Off to the Good Earth: Another Hollywood party that was heaps of fun and gave everyone a chance to dress in Oriental costumes, preceded the departure of Ivy Crane Wilson, popular writer, who is going to the land of the lichee nuts. Joe E. Brown, resplendent as any mandarin, gave the farewell speech, punctuated with kisses for the departing lady. Mrs. Brown, with a high black wig, was very pretty as a geisha girl. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, in colorful Chinese garb, sat on the stairs and held hands. When the Chinese orchestra started playing, Harmon Nelson just had to take over the drums. The orchestra leader's wife, Bette Davis, was working, so he brought her mother and sister.

The Ranee of Sarawak, clad in the

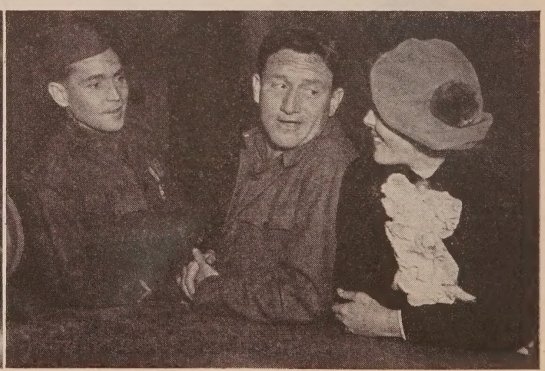
(*Continued on page* 106)

"Have a drink," says Eddie Cantor to Bobby Breen, at the Ambassador Hotel, "but don't go near the water!"

Where is Leslie Howard nowadays? Making a film in Hollywood — and kibitzing on Frank Morgan and Ralph Bellamy (below) at the Palm Springs Racquet Club.

What a honey of a grab shot of Joan Crawford (below), talking to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt!

And one of Franchot Tone, Spencer Tracy and Jean Woodbury, on "They Gave Him a Gun" set.



Growing lovelier day by day...

The Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE

the soap made with Olive Oil!

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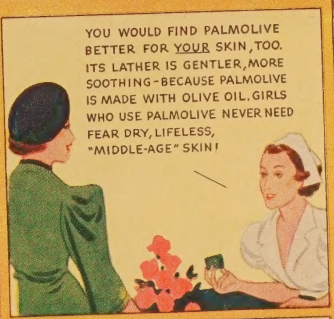
NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH, TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO FOR YOU!

HOW I ENVY THE QUINS THEIR SOFT, SMOOTH COMPLEXIONS, NURSE LEROUX!
WE KEEP THEM THAT WAY, MADAME, BY USING ONLY PALMOLIVE. DR. DAFOE FOUND NO OTHER SOAP SOOTHING ENOUGH FOR THE QUINS' UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE SKIN.


YOU WOULD FIND PALMOLIVE BETTER FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO. ITS LATHER IS GENTLER, MORE SOOTHING - BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. GIRLS WHO USE PALMOLIVE NEVER NEED FEAR DRY, LIFELESS, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! IF PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR THE QUINS BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, THEN PALMOLIVE IS CERTAINLY THE COMPLEXION SOAP FOR ME!

IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?

Are you *sure* the soap you're using is as pure, gentle, safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients, gentle Olive and Palm oils.

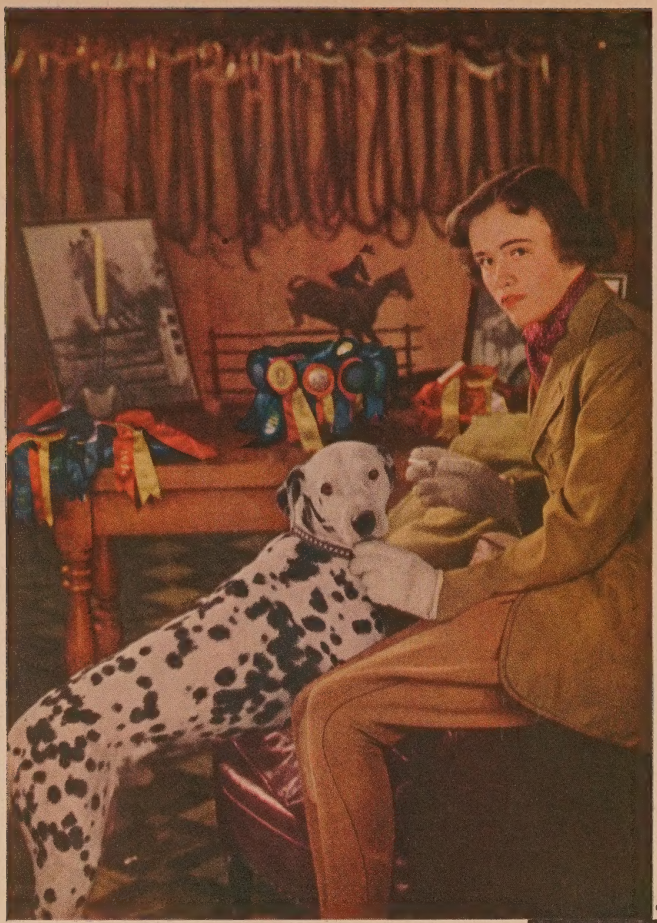
That is why Palmolive gives your skin such matchless beauty care... Why more than any other soap, it brings you the promise of a lovelier, more alluring complexion.

DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed with Olive Oil... When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS



Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

MISS JOAN BELMONT, NEW YORK. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

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(above) ***In the Tack Room.*** Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift'... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."

Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York. Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton—with Camels between courses and after. Smoking Camels is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity.

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels

MOVIE MIRROR

VOL. 1 NO. 6 JUNE, 1937

NEWS IN NEW YORK

By TERESA BUXTON

Greater love has no fan for his idol than four-year-old Joe Collins for Buck Jones. Here he is with his older brother, Stephen, and the gifts Buck sent him.

THERE'S one mother of growing boys in New York who no longer believes that the movies are a bad influence on her children. When little Joe Collins fell four stories from the window of his Bronx flat and was picked up with both hips broken and one leg fractured in two places, doctors were worried because he didn't cry. It wasn't natural—perhaps he had injured his skull, too? But Joe explained: "I won't cry. Buck Jones wouldn't cry!" Since then, specialists have marveled at the lad's remarkable recovery, as well as his bravery, and give credit to his healthy constitution.

When Buck heard the story, he immediately wired East to discover what he could do for little Joe. The one thing in the whole world the child wanted most was a Buck Jones cowboy suit, but his parents said sadly that it may be months before he could even wear it. So Buck sent him the powerful radio pictured here, which was delivered on Master Collins' fourth birthday. And what do you suppose was the first thing Joe tried to get on his new radio? Buck Jones' program, of course! Alas, that broadcast only goes over Western stations, and, though this set can get China, the nurses couldn't locate Buck's program. However, Joe isn't an engineer's son for nothing! He found out how to tune in.

Now Buck Jones has just made a special trip to Manhattan, between pictures, to see his most ardent little fan. Knowing the minds of young children pretty well, he had the foresight to bring with him his ten-gallon hat and cowboy boots, so that Joe could see him just as he has always pictured him.

"I'm proud of my child fans," says Buck. "One thing you can get from children is complete honesty. If they like you, you know it. If they don't like you they don't hesitate to show it!" He's always kept close to his youngsters, too, though at times their enthusiasm becomes a bit embarrassing. For instance, when he was here three years ago, making personal appearances with his famous horse, Silver, he couldn't leave the theater to get his meals! He got around that by borrowing overalls and a cap from the stagehands.

On one occasion, he successfully escaped the mob of small boys to discover one lad, who wore an enormous pair of thick-lensed glasses, sitting disconsolately on the curbstone. "You could tell that at any moment he was going to break down," Buck reminisced, "so I sat down beside him and said, 'What's the matter, pardner?' He answered, 'I've waited hours to see Buck Jones, and now I'll never see him. I can't get close enough to see more than a blur around that stage door.' He had been peering at me at close range as he talked. Suddenly he recognized me, leaped to his feet with a yell. 'Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!' he exploded, and ran away as fast as he could go!"

Recently, in New York, Elizabeth Allan had one of (*Continued on page 92*)

There's a revealing story behind this picture of Mrs. Sam Jaffe and Jean Arthur at the premiere of "Lost Horizon."

The REAL TRUTH ABOUT the SONJA HENIE-TYRONE

It's a story within a story, and when you've read it you will know the answer to the greatest puzzle in filmland

THIS is the story of three beautiful people involved in a crazy mixup created through the fault of no one unless it be that minx called Love. But to the bewildered principals the problem has a far-reaching element of danger and possible tragedy.

A few of Hollywood's insiders, adept at the art of watching complex situations evolve, have watched this one from the beginning, and they will whisper what they know to you, if you will listen.

"It all began," they will tell you, "with that new fellow, Tyrone Power. He knew what a good thing a reported romance with a smart-looking girl from his own studio would be for his career—so he discovered Sonja Henie. Naturally he didn't have any idea he'd fall in love with her, or that she would fall just as hard for him. But that's what happened.

"Then Sonja left town for a while, and Tyrone was put in a picture with Loretta Young. And of course *nobody* thought Loretta Young would send Eddie Sutherland on his way, just when they were supposedly going to be married. And that Sonja would read in the papers about Tyrone being seen out so much with Loretta and come rushing back to Hollywood, thereby creating a honey of a career triangle."

There is the bald statement of fact, but behind it lies a story, in detail, of three youngsters who tried to beat sophisticated Hollywood at its own game and were trapped by their hearts.

This is the story.

Tyrone Power came to this hard-bitten town of Hollywood with its competitive spirit and its propensity for the double-cross prepared for what he might find. He was not a Robert Taylor, fresh from a polite suburban college and therefore new to the ways of the cynically brilliant; Tyrone had grown up in a theatrical family, had spent his adolescence in dressing rooms, had toured for three years the devious route of the key city theaters.

He was not new to anything that carried the badge of sophistication; not to women, nor champagne, nor backknifing agents, nor clauses in contracts, nor the tremendous value of publicity. Only love was new to him, and he to it.

At any rate, when Darryl Zanuck signed him, watched his work in two pictures, and then stated solemnly he would make this boy the greatest thing in pictures, Tyrone knew what was expected of him. Aside from good work before the cameras, he must assume the glamour which would get him into print as often and as loudly as possible. He must acquire "color"—which meant romance.

"I knew," he told me one day, "that it had to be either a system of running around with lots of girls—a different one each evening—or of tying up with one in particular,

Tyrone is quite the man of the moment in Cinema City—and their biggest problem! He holds hands with Sonja (on opposite page) at the Trocadero. He makes screen love to Loretta (left) as though he means it, and escorts her everywhere offscreen. What does it all mean?

POWER-LORETTA YOUNG Triangle

By GEORGE MADDEN

and letting the papers call it love. I never could see the first way; you never get to know any of the girls, really—you never have a very good time."

And so, for the purposes of publicity, for the eternally busy keys of the journalistic typewriter, he began looking about him. She must have, this girl, looks and a figure; she must be amusing and intelligent; she must be young, since he was so young; and she must, above all else, be a success in her own right. In other words, they'd be equals.

Beautiful, amusing, intelligent, young, utterly successful Sonja Henie—fresh from skating triumphs and with a Zanuck contract neatly folded in her pocket—sat one day in the studio commissary with her agent. "I'm giving an exhibition in Los Angeles tonight," she told him, "and I thought I'd send tickets to some of the people here. It would be good for me if the ranking stars would attend, don't you think?"

The agent agreed. "There's Don Ameche," he said, "and Loretta Young and Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power."

It was before "Lloyds of London." "Who's Tyrone Power?" Sonja asked curiously.

"See that table over there by the door?" The agent pointed. "That's he. The tall dark one. The good-looking chap. The—"

Sonja pushed back her chair; she said, "Just a minute."

She made her way through the tangle of tables and hurrying waitresses and noise to Tyrone's side, and when he stood up, still chewing, his napkin clutched in one hand, she introduced herself. "I'm the Henie who skates," she explained, "and if you would like to see me tonight—I have two tickets here."

Tyrone knew who she was. "Of course. You won the world championship ten times," he recalled just to prove he knew all about her. He would be delighted to come to her exhibition tonight, or any night, he told her.

As they stood there, smiling politely, talking over the clank of the cafe noise, seeing each other for the first time, something happened within Tyrone. Probably it wasn't love, just yet. But there was in his look, the agent told me later, the delighted eagerness of discovery; as of one who has found something he had been seeking for a long time.

That evening while the applause still resounded in the packed arena Tyrone made his way to Sonja's dressing room, congratulated her, and was introduced to Mrs. Henie, who for years has overseen with equal zeal both the personal appearances and the private life of her daughter.

She observed young Mr. Power, approved of him (his charm works equally well with all ages of women), and when he asked if he might take Sonja home she gave her permission. After all, she had no way of reading the future.

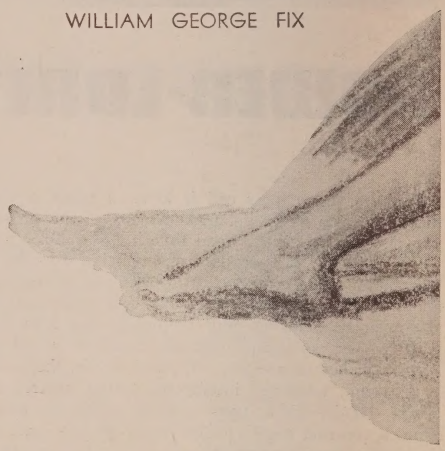
He rang the next day for a date. Sonja was sorry, but, "Mother doesn't think it would look well for me to see you so soon again," she explained. "But perhaps we could make it some time later on." (*Continued on page* 89)

Murder IN THE MAUVE SEDAN

Was it accident, suicide—or murder? That's what all Hollywood wondered. You will, too, as you begin this true-to-life novel!

By M. I. H. ROGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM GEORGE FIX



A QUIVER of excitement ran through me as I watched the guests seated about Heinrich Bumbaugh's dinner table. I wondered if G-B-L's ace director knew what a load of emotional t.n.t. he had assembled. My eyes saw handsome young people smiling and talking, while my heart told me their faces were only facades hiding burning ambitions for place, power, wealth and revenge. Put together, even for so innocent an occasion as a dinner, anything could happen—and did. Before that night was over, soft-footed murder slipped among us.

Looking like a benevolent Hindenburg, Heinrich presided, holding forth about the super-film he would some day make of ancient Carthage; but I was troubled. I did not get to be the highest paid fan-sheet woman in Hollywood by keeping my eyes shut. In case that's a new term to you, I'll explain that I earn my shekels by writing up movie people for the fan magazines and I know them as a tourist knows Hollywood at Vine.

When two beautiful, ambitious women get in each other's hair, sparks fly long before you see any flames. Sparks were flying tonight. I watched expectantly, not guessing that when the story did break it would be too big to print.

At Heinrich's right, Lorre Lorellen, guest of honor, was engrossed in her dinner partner, one slender white shoulder to her host. Lorre was G-B-L's shining and pampered star, a lovely, natural blonde with great brown eyes and the prettiest figure I ever saw.

She was generous and lovable—and she could act. She had no peer in the clever handling of sophisticated, tricky situations; but there was a hard streak in her which made her fight fiercely and without mercy when anyone got in her way. It would have taken a soothsayer to discover that the glamorous Lorre Lorellen was also a tragic figure.

The man who absorbed her attention was not an actor, but one of those handsome adventurers who can always be found where money, beauty and excitement are. Danny O'Day, lean, tanned, with black curly hair, and eyes as blue and baffling as a tropical sea, was a perfect foil for Lorre's fair beauty. He sat with his face toward her but his eyes, between narrowed lids, were on the arrogant, slender, dark girl seated at Heinrich's left, Mercedes DeAnda.

At that instant Mercedes shot a sultry sidelong glance at Danny O'Day and my own dinner partner touched my ankle with his foot.

"Give me the lowdown," he begged under cover of Heinrich's booming voice. "What's going on here?"

"Are all detectives that clever?" I asked. Barry Barton was an insurance investigator on vacation in Hollywood and I had wangled him an invitation to Heinrich's for his first glimpse behind the scenes.

His eyes were on Lorre, so I began: "Now take the men."

"You would."

"The one beside Lorre is Danny O'Day, her latest heart-throb. She has fallen for him plenty hard. The nice looking young man directly across from O'Day is Paul Seton, better known as Lorre's newest ex-husband."

"Are all Hollywood men tall and lean and blue-eyed, with clipped lip dusters?" Barry whispered.

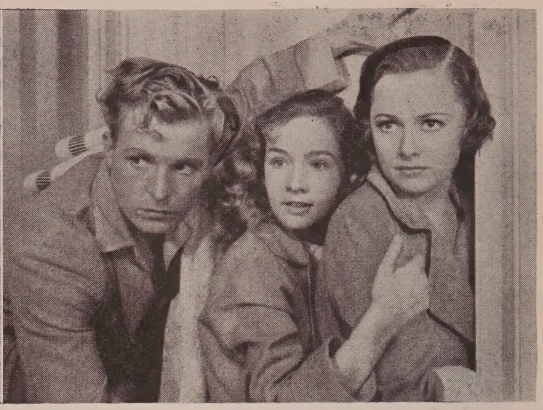
"Don't be fooled by the physical resemblance. Those two are about as much alike as an Airedale and a Collie."

"Some fun," Barry mumbled. "Is everyone out here crazy, or haven't they any feelings?"

"Business," I said firmly. "Heinrich asked Lorre here tonight to preview her latest (*Continued on page* 68)

Danny O'Day laughed in masculine satisfaction as he drew Mercedes up beside him on the fountain. Then, with the rainbow-lighted water spilling over them, he kissed her.

"Captains Courageous" is a grand story for Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, and Lionel Barrymore.



Peter Willes, Bonita Granville, Olivia de Havilland are three reasons why "Call It a Day" is so superb.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies, with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓ for those that are outstanding

✓✓Elephant Boy (Alexander Korda-United Artists)

You'll See: *Sabu, Irvatha (the elephant), W. E. Halloway, Walter Hudd, Allan Jeayes, Bruce Gordon, D. J. Williams, Hyde White.*
It's About: *The adventures of a twelve-year-old Indian boy and the world's largest elephant.*

Even if you don't care for nature pictures, animal pictures, pictures in which there is no love interest (there isn't a woman in the cast), you simply must see this unusual and beautifully directed picture (produced in India by Robert Flaherty who made "Man of Aran, and "Nanook of the North" such notable screen contributions) if only for the photography, which is superb.

It is a simple story, based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants." It tells of a little boy, *Sabu,* born of a family that for generations have hunted and tamed elephants. *Sabu's* pet is *Kola Nag,* the wisest, strongest and kindest elephant in India. The hunters go out to round up a herd of wild elephants for the government, and after a series of gusty, eye-filling events deep in the jungle, *Sabu* is acknowledged a true hunter, the title his childish heart craves.

Sabu, the twelve-year-old native boy, really comes from just such an environment as this. He is a beautifully formed child with a natural talent for acting and carries the picture with no sign of affectation or strain. He is a find! The friendship between *Sabu* and the giant mastodon is epitomized in scenes that can't help but engross you.

Your Reviewer Says: This is immense entertainment.

✓✓Call It a Day (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Ian Hunter, Olivia de Havilland, Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, Roland Young, Frieda Inescort, Beryl Mercer, Alice Brady, Una O'Connor, Peter Willes, Walter Woolf.*
It's About: *A nice English family made berserk by spring.*

Taken from the successful stage play and built for the screen by a magnificent cast, this is comedy of the highest order. Whimsical, but played with sympathy for the characters, it offers a group of individually perfect characterizations.

The family, parents and two daughters and son, awake to find a first spring day outside their windows. Made mildly mad by the weather, each one begins a detour into romance. Ian Hunter, the middle-aged father, is very funny when he involves himself with an actress; Frieda Inescort, the mother, is discovered by Roland Young, who makes violent love to her. Olivia de Havilland is infatuated with Walter Woolf, who is painting her portrait; Peter Willes, the son, falls in love with a neighbor, Anita Louise; and Bonita Granville plays superbly the adolescent bemused by poetry. Even Beryl Mercer and Una O'Connor, the servants, and Alice Brady, a silly family friend, are touched by spring madness.

Every member of the cast is gloriously perfect. You will chuckle at the brilliant dialogue, and too often you will feel that you are looking into a mirror at yourself.

Your Reviewer Says: Certainly. Go out of your way to see it.

✓Nancy Steele Is Missing (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Victor McLaglen, Peter Lorre, Walter Connolly, June Lang, Robert Kent, Shirley Deane, John Carradine, Jane Darwell, others.*
It's About: *The kidnapping and upbringing of an heiress.*

You will enjoy the emotional quality of this well-plotted melodrama.

Victor McLaglen, a lumbering, war-hating waiter in a gentlemen's club, kidnaps the infant daughter of a kindly steel magnate. Involved in a quarrel, McLaglen is sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. There he meets

Photography and the performance of Sabu (above, with Walter Hudd) make "Elephant Boy" memorable film fare.

And "Waikiki Wedding" offers the combined teams of Shirley Ross-Bing Crosby and Martha Raye-Bob Burns.

scheming, soft-spoken Peter Lorre, who discovers the waiter's secret and plans to capitalize on it after their release.

Pretty June Lang, the heiress, grows up in the small-town home of McLaglen's friends, believing she is the waiter's daughter. Released from prison, McLaglen returns and is on the point of collecting his delayed ransom when Walter Connolly, the unsuspecting father, offers McLaglen a job as estate gardener, and the kidnapper brings the girl to live on her own father's estate. The arrival of villain Lorre provides an exciting conclusion.

McLaglen does well with his starring role. Lorre, not quite so fiendish as usual, gets many laughs for his sly comedy. Walter Connolly and June Lang are convincing.

Your Reviewer Says: Decidedly better than average fare.

✓✓Maytime (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, John Barrymore, Herman Bing, Tom Brown, Lynne Carver, others.*

It's About: *An opera singer who loves one man, and marries another.*

Cast once again as the romantic sweethearts who sing their way to love, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring you this delightful saga of springtime.

Jeanette is an American diva who, under the guidance of Maestro John Barrymore, makes her debut in Paris to great applause. In gratitude for his services she agrees to marry Barrymore, and then during a midnight escapade meets Nelson, an impoverished student. The two young people fall in love, enjoy one magnificent day at a May festival—and then Jeanette keeps her promise and marries her teacher. Later, in New York, she is cast opposite Nelson (*Continued on page* 112)

Such a grand month, this, that it's hard to recommend, but "Captains Courageous" has the best final scene; "Waikiki Wedding" is the gayest musical; "Fifty Roads to Town" is the cutest love story; "The King and the Chorus Girl" is the sauciest film and "Call It a Day" the nicest picture for the whole family. Inspired teaming of the month: Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur in "History Is Made at Night" and Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor in "Personal Property." Also see "Marked Woman" for Bette Davis' powerful performance, "Elephant Boy" and "Silent Barriers" for thrilling photography.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

Venus Makes Trouble. **A gay comedy-romance with James Dunn, Patricia Ellis and Gene Morgan.**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

The Old Soak. **This small-town story will be a treat for Wally Beery fans. Janet Beecher, Judith Barrett and Eric Linden support.**

Night Must Fall. **Robert Montgomery's work as the murdering English bellboy is said to be the best of his career. Rosalind Russell supports.**

PARAMOUNT

High, Wide and Handsome. **Irene Dunn continues her delightfully effective humor, this time with Randolph Scott.**

Internes Can't Take Money. **Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea have the leads in this much-discussed gangster-hospital film.**

RKO-RADIO

Shall We Dance? **That captivating, super-entertaining dance team, Rogers and Astaire, in a swell storied, lavishly produced hit.**

The Toast of New York. **Edward Arnold in a role similar to "Diamond Jim Brady." With Jack Oakie, Cary Grant and Frances Farmer.**

20TH CENTURY-FOX

Wee Willie Winkie. **Shirley Temple takes an active part in life at an army post in India. Vic McLaglen and Douglas Scott have important roles.**

Slave Ship. **Warner Baxter, Wally Beery, Peter Lorre, Mickey Rooney and Billy Bevan in an 1845 tale of slave smuggling.**

UNIVERSAL

Love in a Bungalow. **The old story of a secretary in love with her wealthy, handsome boss. John Boles is the boss. Doris Nolan is the secretary. Walter Pidgeon, Tala Birell, Alan Mowbray and Esther Ralston support.**

WARNER BROTHERS

Kid Galahad. **A swell prize ring story, expertly acted by Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart.**

The Singing Marine. **Doris Weston co-stars with Dick Powell in this singing, dancing comedy.**

THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

'Wake Up and Live'

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

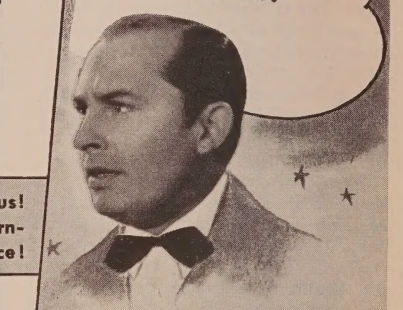
'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL—EVEN BERNIE—FOR A SWELEGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!'

'YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND—WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT! —BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA EVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!'

Galamorous! Galorious! Howlarious! Winchell's wincing . . . Bernie's burning . . . as they flipcrack face to face!

20th CENTURY FOX

The studio that gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!



Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

including

'It's Swell Of You'
'I'm Bubbling Over'
'Never In A Million Years'
'There's A Lull In My Life'
'Wake Up And Live'

Movie Mirror's Personality Parade

Bing Crosby had a fine inspiration for combining business with pleasure, when he spent his six weeks of vacation in Hawaii choosing native musicians and dancers to bring back with him for his new Paramount film, "Waikiki Wedding." As a reward for her work in "Big Broadcast of 1937," singer Shirley Ross gets her biggest role to date, opposite Bing.

Under contract to no less than three studios, she's practically queen of Hollywood! She and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, and their new adopted baby, Mary Frances, have just moved into their lovely Norman French home in Holmby Hills—only a stone's throw from Joan Bennett's.

Irene Dunne

Joan Bennett

Maybe not queen, but surely the crown princess of filmland, for no one has risen more rapidly of late than this youngest of the Bennetts! She, too, is moving to Holmby Hills (almost next door to sister Connie and Irene Dunne) with husband Gene Markey and daughters Diana and Melinda.

Whirls and Twirls

With a Famous Pair

Presenting the Astaire-Rogers super-model for 1937—sixteen wheels and the best "breaks" in the world! The rest of us would be more than satisfied if we could dance only half as well as Fred and Ginger—but, no, this great dancing team is eager to try something even more difficult. You'll be seeing this excitingly novel routine in "Shall We Dance?"

New romantic idols come and go, achieve a popular niche of their own, or fade into oblivion, but Clark stays right where he's been—at the top of the heap—ever since his phenomenal hit in "A Free Soul" seven years ago. And a new contract guarantees he'll be an M-G-M star another seven years!

Clark Gable

Errol Flynn

But Gable's perennial popularity doesn't prevent the sudden rise of the Taylors and Powers. Here's one sensational recent star who promises to achieve the same measure of success since his skyrocketing to fame in "Captain Blood." Latest in his string of hits is, "Prince and the Pauper."

AN OFF SCREEN CLOSE-UP OF Claudette

By SARA HAMILTON

Becoming Mrs. Pressman has changed Miss Colbert a lot—an intimate portrait of a great star as she is today

THE morning I arrived at Claudette Colbert's new Georgian house in Holmby Hills I found the lady half way out her bedroom window deliberately spying on Irene Dunne across the way.

"I've hung out this window practically all morning," she explained, "trying to glimpse Miss Dunne's newly adopted baby. I can't see a thing of it. Or hear it, either." Frank disappointment showed in her face.

"Ever think of adopting a baby of your own?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she answered quickly. "I shall have one of my own some day."

And somehow you knew she meant it. So write that down for yourselves as a bit of interesting advance news concerning Miss Colbert.

If you have wondered, even faintly, about the girl Claudette Colbert as she moved across a silver screen in a roistering bit of comedy, or a throbbing bit of drama, or even a DeMille-ish dish of grandeur, I want to tell you just a few things about her.

If you have wondered about the off screen Colbert, her ideals, hopes, ideas, expressed and unexpressed, I hasten to jot down a few facts that will make you better acquainted with her.

She's that real! She's the most untheatrical of all theatrical people in Hollywood.

Loyalty is the outstanding virtue of Claudette Colbert. Loyalty, deep, abiding, ever constant. It has molded, this capacity for loyalty, the woman as you see her today and will shape whatever future lies ahead.

It takes this form. Her allegiance to family is first and foremost with Claudette. Over Hollywood or any frills Hollywood has to offer, her family—her mother, her husband, her aunt, her brother, her sister-in-law—takes precedence. They have taken the place of the many, many back-slapping praise-slinging friends other stars gather about themselves. "There's such a feeling of having people about us all the time with six of us in one house," she told me, "I guess we have grown rather self-sufficient."

But it's more than that. True to the French traditions carried out in the Colbert home throughout Claudette's childhood, privacy and sanctity were always maintained. There were no friendly neighbors, no schoolgirl chums or playmates flitting in and out the Colbert home. The family, in true Gallic fashion, lived for one another alone.

Claudette, though a bright, glamorous movie star, remains loyal to that tradition. With any number of exciting people ready to flock around at her slightest nod, Colbert still clings to the family that means the world to her.

She conserves herself for the few she loves, never scattering herself among crowds who mean little or nothing to her. And yet her friendliness, her warmness, her simple natural charm are a delight to those who really gain the coveted friendship of Claudette.

Her real friends, so very few in number, are chosen slowly; accepted only when their sincerity (*Continued on page* 82)

Claudette is so very happy these days in her new home, across from Irene Dunne's

—and so happy, too, with her new husband, Dr. Pressman, pictured here at a benefit.

Those HAPPY OAKIES

and how they live

By KAY PROCTOR

"Gag" gifts are their greatest delight—and these three cards were part of one of Jack's.

SORRY to rush you, honey, but this is the big night for pappy and the little woman and we've got to dress."

Benignly, with his arm around the shoulders of his dark and lovely wife, Venita, Jack Oakie was showing me the door of his rambling home on a tree-studded and secluded estate overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

Technically, it was the end of the interview. Logically, it should be the beginning of this story because it shows so clearly and effortlessly exactly what has happened to the erstwhile number one playboy of Hollywood since I wrote his marriage story one year ago.

"Big night?" I mused, trying to recall some important social event scheduled for that date in the film colony.

"Sure thing, honey," he boomed. "It's cook's night off. We're goin' to the *city!* Big stuff! Dinner in town, a movie and maybe even an hour or so at the Troc."

He was not clowning! This was on the up and up from the guy who once thought a beautiful babe on either arm, a dozen drinks inside and a ring-side table at the hottest night spot in town was the only way of spelling happiness. Time *has* marched on, double quick.

Not only has Oakie obviously found a new way of spelling in that elapsed year but, in so doing, has made first class chumps of all of us. All of us wiseacres who confidently predicted the marriage wouldn't last six months, who cracked: "Oakie settle down? Don't be a dope! As soon as the novelty of behaving himself for a change wears off, he'll be on the loose again. And how!"

Well—

"Jeeves, the cutlery," Jack ordered.

Obediently Venita curtsied, left the room and returned solemnly carrying a knife and fork. These Jack handed me with a flourish.

"Be a good little girl and eat up your words for papa."

What's more, he was right.

It was not the obvious domestic bliss I saw around me that afternoon we spent in front of the slow-burning log fire, nor even what they said. I've had things *said* to me before. Marian Marsh made a swell sucker of me once with her so earnest tall tale of a mysterious love in the Alps and all the time she secretly was engaged to Al Scott and darned well knew it. That still rankled, so I confess I approached the Oakie set-up with jaundiced skepticism. I've *seen* things before, and they turned out to be a clever act, done for a purpose obscure at the time.

Then, too, rumor had been getting in a few public licks

about the discord in the Oakie homestead, so, smoke . . . fire. Those rumors, incidentally, used to burn the Oakies to a crisp. Venita would rant and Jack rave. It got so it was occupying most of their time. Now they laugh; it saves wear and tear on the nerves, they discovered.

No, it wasn't anything I saw or heard that afternoon that made me so sure those two kids are content with each other and life. It was, rather, something I felt, five minutes after I had settled down in one corner of a deep davenport in their comfortably informal living room. That is, if you can call it settled when one or more of their eleven dogs (one of the afghans a prizewinner in a recent dog show and two of them, "Little Bit" and "Big Bit," just plain mutts) was leaping over me; or Jack was insisting I see him work the electric train Venita gave him for Christmas; or Venita showing me how expertly she can spin her new top; or inspecting the bar, Sloppy Jack's Joint (the butler definitely does not approve of the name, insisting it is no joint); or being witness to Venita's contention that Jack did *not* hang up his green sweater that morning because there it was, still on the floor where he dropped it.

Well, there you have the secret of why they're happy though married after one long year. They have fun living together in that big house, miles away from Hollywood where only the people they invite can find them. They make their own fun and the battier and screwier it is the better it suits them. Jack may lock Venita in a closet and then serenade her for an hour with touching love ditties, but she will get even. She'll make Jack help her plant a bed of pansies and when the back-breaking work is done, tell him that's so she can keep in touch with him. Both a bit "tetched" and adoring it!

Take, for instance, cook's day off. . . .

Parenthetically, it must either be an enormous relief for the four Oakie servants—cook, butler, gardener, and "Old Poop," the chauffeur—when Wednesday rolls around or downright sorrow that they have to leave and miss the fun. For they lead a life, I'll warrant, no other servitors in Hollywood do.

The butler, for instance, is just as likely as not to be called upon for a stirring aria from *Carmen* while serving dinner, and the cook never knows what's coming next. Last week she had to make a cocoanut cake in the shape of a French poodle. The fact its ears wouldn't stand up shows how she takes her work to heart. It is the gardener, though, who's on the spot. Jack insists he must be a Tibbett, Venita holds out for a Crosby. The closest he has come to satisfaction yet was "Celeste Aida" liberally sprinkled with boo-boo-boos. He was pruning the eucalyptus trees at the time.

"I believe in self-expression for the working man!" Jack explained. "After all, all God's chillun's got a right to a break. And why not a little temperament from the cook or Old Poop? There's plenty to go 'round and 'round and come out here. Yes, sir, Oakie, the Working Man's Friend."

Jack and Venita get up a bit earlier on cook's day off so the servants can get an early start on their one-day holiday and the Oakies on their fun.

It was a Wednesday a hapless Fuller Brush man rang the Spoleto Drive doorbell. Venita had spied him approaching and yelled the joyous news to Jack.

Yes, sir! Jack's settled down, now that he's married to Venita Varden. Only you might not call it "settling down" after this intimate peek into their home life!

"Come in, come in, my pretty little chickadee," Venita greeted him warmly. "The marster will be down directly."

In a moment Jack strode into the room, beaming a personality smile. "Good morning, sir," he said, bowing low. "If you have a moment, I have something here I'm sure you'll find most useful in your work."

Taking the salesman by the arm, he led him to the kitchen.

"Show the man your pretties, papa dear," Venita chirped. "First the egg-beater."

"All in good time, all in good time, my pretty pigeon," Oakie said, opening a kitchen drawer. "First the lo-ve-ly carrot grater. Here we have (*Continued on page* 101)

THE WEIRD SUCCESS STORY OF Dorothy Lamour

In their early days it was Dorothy Dell who encouraged "Dowie" in her career—but accomplished her dearest wish after death!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

THIS is the almost unbelievable story of a promise kept in death. "If I ever get anywhere in pictures," Dorothy Dell wrote her friend, Dorothy Lamour, "I'm going to see to it that you get in, too." The letter was written in December, 1933.

On June 12, 1934, the dark danger of night, a sharp curve and a speeding motor car, took the life of the screen star, Dorothy Dell. But her word was as strong in death as it was in life. Today at Dorothy Dell's own studio, Paramount, there is a new star, a new singing star, "another Dorothy Dell," a girl brought to Paramount's attention by Dorothy Dell herself. That girl is Dorothy Lamour.

When the first Dorothy died, everyone who knew her mourned her, and even those who knew her only by name and by her image on the screen spoke in awed tones of the tragedy. She had already made three pictures; in another year she would have been a star. By the thousands they went to see her in her last picture, a post mortem release. By the thousands they sat silent, feet not tapping, bodies refusing to sway, as the so-alive girl there on the screen sang "With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming." With her eyes wide open, lying there on the cold cement by a curve in the road, dead.

In the lobby of a Chicago theater where the picture was playing, Dorothy Lamour stood for a long, long time outside in tortured doubt. She stood there, near the box office, filtering coins through her fingers, and a casual observer, taking in the last year's look of her clothes, would have supposed her hesitation a matter of money. But had her long black

The two New Orleans girls entered beauty contests, learned to sing, sought fame—always together! Left, the ill-fated Dorothy Dell in "Wharf Angel" (see story). On the other page, Dorothy Lamour in "Swing High, Swing Low."

eyelashes lifted, had the observer come a little closer, he would have seen real pain in her eyes. And softly, in a whisper to herself the hesitant girl was saying, "Well, Dorothy, what would you want me to do?"

She turned then, and looked at the large poster which she had been so careful to avoid looking at, looked long and bravely. Then she suddenly nodded to herself, clicked her change back into her purse, walked away. Yes, it was better that way—to remember Dorothy as she had last seen her, her own lovely flesh and blood self.

Back in her hotel room Dorothy Lamour began to pack hastily. But first her hand shuffled through an old trunk full of odds and ends and found at the bottom the thing she was looking for, a scrap book which wore on its cover a slightly askew picture of Dorothy Dell. Inside were newspaper and magazine clippings from here and there, letters, theater programs, a menu or two, even a scrap of material from a dress. All in all they tokened four momentous years of Dorothy Dell's life; from the day she won her first beauty contest, back home in New Orleans, to the day when her last picture was reviewed. Dorothy Lamour now turned to the page after that. She reached for the newspaper which she had put away in the top bureau drawer, found manicure scissors, scalloped-clipped the large headlined newspaper story of her friend's death from the front page, found glue, pasted it in, blotted up a tear, and started to put the book away.

Part of an old letter fluttered to the floor: "If I really click in pictures, if I really ever get anywhere, you *know,* Dowie, that I'm going to do all I can to get you in, too. You'd be great in pictures. This is just the place for you. And think what fun we'd have being together again, just as in the old days, only better. I'm going into my first picture, 'Wharf Angel,' pretty soon. And don't forget, Dowie, even if you do hate running that elevator now, just be patient. You're going to be a star, too, I promise."

Dorothy Lamour couldn't bear to read any more. She thrust it back in the book hurriedly, heartbreak in her gesture. "Poor Bebie," she said. "Poor Bebie, that's one promise you won't keep." An hour later she took the train for New Orleans for Dorothy Dell's funeral.

It was not the happy homecoming they had planned. Only a few years before both girls had left New Orleans for a high perch on the ladder of success. They would come back, of course, some day, but not until they could come back to the plaudits of the folks back home . . . huge crowds at the train, flowers everywhere, telegrams, "members of the press," all the trimmings of fame. Well, they had them now—the telegrams were there, and the huge crowds, even the flowers and the press—but none of it was as they had wished it. They had planned to receive the ovation, hand in hand, smiling, standing on the rear platform of a train. How ironical now! Dorothy Lamour, still an unknown singer in an unimportant band, coming in from the North. Dorothy Dell, silent, unsmiling, riding in from the West.

It is hard, even now, over two years later, for Dorothy Lamour to talk about it. Still she feels that the many things Dorothy Dell did for her are a story that should be told. "For the inspiration it might bring to others," she says simply.

(Continued on page 76)

If you don't believe that Babs and Bob mean that love scene on the cover, just observe that look in Stanwyck's eyes as she rehearses her dialogues with Taylor!

Above, a dramatic scene from this story of federal crime-busting in the days of President McKinley.

"THIS IS MY

Barbara Stanwyck as "Lil," a stage belle of Spanish-American War days, and Tyler Brooke head the spectacular "Gay Nineties" number.

But it isn't all gaiety and romance when they are working at the studio. Below, an electrician carefully centers the romantic stars under the lights.

Above, Director William Seiter is actually telling Bob and Babs how they should act toward each other!

Below, Darryl F. Zanuck, vice president in charge of production at 20th Century-Fox, who's supervising the film himself, talks things over with Barbara Stanwyck.

Affair"

All three of the stars, Bob, Barbara and Vic McLaglen, stroll through the very modern 20th Century-Fox lot in their 1900 vintage clothes.

Kiss and make up? Well, anyway, Bob is holding the mirror for Barbara as she retouches her make-up between scenes of "This Is My Affair."

By DOROTHY MANNERS

The AMAZING STORY of Mary Astor's Surprise Wedding

Concluding a brilliant analysis of the life and moods of a woman who is always in the headlines

BOTH of Mary Astor's marriages previous to the surprising elopement with the twenty-five-year-old del Campo were means of escape, as well as romances in her life. By that I do not mean that Mary did not love Kenneth Hawks when she married the popular director who was fourteen years her senior. She was devoted to him. She respected him. But also, he was the first person in her life up to that time who had treated her as an individual. She had been so strictly repressed by her parents!

Kenneth Hawks gave Mary individuality and personality and lighted the flame behind that russet beauty of hers. It was impossible to see her without realizing that she was scooping up great handfuls of happiness. Her career was as promising as any young Hollywood star's.

For two years Hawks guided Mary's life, encouraging her, building her self-confidence; and under his experienced tutelage she became an utterly fascinating creature. Whereas before she had been a lovely but rather colorless girl, she blossomed into a witty and poised woman.

She was playing in a local stage version of "Among the Married," with Florence Eldridge and Edward Everett Horton, when Kenneth Hawks crashed to his death, along with nine of his technical crew, in an airplane accident off the coast of Palos Verdes, January 2, 1930.

No one will ever be able to weigh what the loss of her husband did to Mary.

It was as though the very foundation of her newer life had been torn from under her. It was the beginning of a long seige of broken health from which she has never completely recovered. For two months she lay in a hospital room, the utter despair of doctors who were trying so valiantly to build her back to mental and physical health.

Though her condition was not much improved, at the end of the second month Mary left the hospital and, with a nurse in attendance, took a small apartment in Hollywood for the purpose of hiding out to complete her recuperation.

It was an agonizing time for her. On every hand she was being besieged by lawyers. Suits were being instigated against the Tanner Air Delivery to recover damages for the nine lives lost. At first, Mary refused to be part of any such action. But finally, when she was brought to see that the combined suits of the other widows and mothers were seriously weakened without her support, she became party to the suit.

It was at this confused and bitter time in her life that she met Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, a handsome young Hollywood specialist with a brilliant future. He had been called in as a consultant on Mary's case by another physician who was in despair at the lack of interest in her recovery displayed by his patient.

Franklyn Thorpe, quickly realizing that Mary's condition was nine-tenths mental and one-tenth physical, took an entirely different manner with her. He did not plead with her to take hold of herself. In brisk efficiency he dictated to the sick girl, refusing to coddle or humor her.

It was the only treatment that would have been in the least effective. Mary's life had lost motivation. Now came this dictatorial young physician, who told her what to do and saw that she did it—and fell in love with her.

Perhaps Mary fell in love with him, too. At least he became vastly essential in the grip on life and happiness she was now trying so desperately to regain. Slowly her strength returned.

A year after their meeting, June 29, 1931, she and Dr. Thorpe drove to Yuma, Arizona, and were married in a secret ceremony.

The news of their marriage did not become public until October of the same year, then the conjectures concerning the secrecy flew fast and furious.

Rumor said that Mary did not want a second marriage to become public knowledge while the damage suit against the air company was still pending, and it is true this did have some bearing on the situation. For herself, Mary was never financially concerned. Kenneth Hawks had left her properties and insurance, and her film salary was $2500 weekly. But she did not want anything she did to have any effect on the outcome of the suit as far as the other women were concerned.

From the beginning, Mary's second marriage was beset with difficulties and trouble. She and Dr. Thorpe were still on their honeymoon when Mr. and Mrs. Langhanke filed their sensational suit against their daughter, charging her with neglect and non-support.

Eventually the suit was dropped, but not before Mary had been dragged through explanations and counter charges to protect herself. With ledgers and facts and figures she proved her statement:

"Ever since I was fourteen, Father received every check I earned. I have made as high as $3000 weekly in pictures. After my marriage my parents received $1000 monthly for their support . . . "

The minute the suit was settled out of court, Dr. Thorpe took Mary away. They set out for the South Sea Islands on their yacht. Three months later, their daughter was born in a Honolulu hospital.

When they returned to Hollywood with the fat, chubby little girl they both adored, they seemed to be an ideally happy couple. For a little while, anyway, that happiness must have been real.

Then, three years later, Dr. Thorpe's divorce action against his wife, asking the custody of the child, burst on Hollywood like a bombshell of surprise. Strange as it seemed, Mary permitted this action to go unchallenged. Dr. Thorpe obtained his divorce, and the custody of his daughter.

Six months later, everyone who could read a line of English type knew why! Mary entered her now notorious counter suit asking that the court set aside the custody decision.

Is it necessary to go into the hectic months of the mud-splashing Thorpe *vs.* Thorpe suit? Mary charged her husband with misconduct with a beautiful blonde named Norma Taylor—who later brought a hectic suit of her own because she had been named.

In answer to this, Dr. Thorpe produced the "diary" that served as reading matter over America's breakfast tables for months.

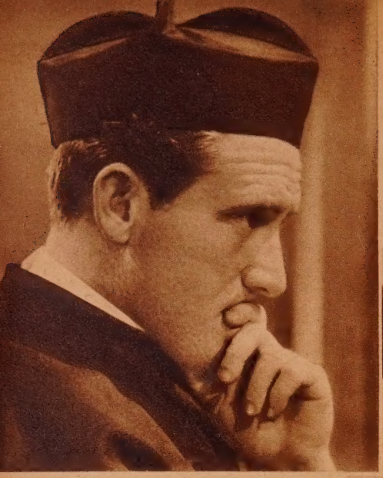
The diary reeked of purple notes of "moon-filled rooms" . . . of romantic adventures . . . of the most intimate secrets of a woman's life. "I hope my daughter some day reads this so she will know what kind of woman her mother was," was one of the most quoted lines.

The gossip was even more feverish than the diary revelations. Columnists hinted that great men in Hollywood were trembling in their boots that their names would be dragged into the melee that had put a Broadway playwright's into headlines. George Kaufman's name appeared in the diary as a "great lover." (*Continued on page* 110)

Rumors always run riot around every action of Mary's—her recent marriage to Manual del Campo (above)—her suit for custody of little Marilyn Thorpe (right). What are the facts?

How THEY PREPARE

Stars never know what sort of part they'll be called on to play next. Some of those assignments aren't so easy!



Spencer Tracy as a priest in "San Francisco"

Fred MacMurray as a pilot in "13 Hours by Air"

Ann Sothern as a Swedish girl in "Let's Fall in Love"

A LITTLE over a year ago there was a stranger living in a small Chinese village in northern California. This stranger was Paul Muni. He was preparing for his role of Wang in "The Good Earth."

At first the difference between Paul and the Chinese with whom he worked in the fields and fished in the sea was marked. But gradually, as Paul absorbed a feeling for the things the Chinese felt and did, this difference diminished. He came to know the manner of things that amused them and excited them. He noticed when they moved slowly and when they moved quickly. At last only those who stood close enough to discern the difference in Paul's features and coloring were aware that one of the men bending over the young green shoots on the farm or spreading the fish to dry in the sun was a stranger.

For three weeks or more Paul Muni was absent from Hollywood and the comforts of his own home. Accepted in this Chinese colony through the influence of a Chinese friend, he lived among these people not as a superior observer but as one of them. The same tasks filled his hours that filled their hours. His hands, too grew rough and hard. He wore their loose black clothes. With his chopsticks he dipped into the same bowls for his food.

Not by happy chance has it been that through the medium of Paul Muni so many vivid people, among others "Scarface," "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang," and "Louis Pasteur," have lived on the screen. It has been by just such intensive preparation as I've described here. In Hollywood they speak of Paul with quiet respect as a hard and thorough worker.

Nor is it by chance that any other fine motion picture performance is achieved. Long before any player of any standing goes before the camera the preparation begins. A detail like an accent which we in the audience accept unthinkingly often requires weeks of study. Ann Sothern worked with three different teachers before she was satisfied with her Swedish accent for "Let's Fall in Love."

"I didn't want to sound like a Swedish comedienne," Ann explains. "I wanted to sound the way Garbo sounded in her first talking pictures. Towards this end I hoped to go to Minnesota and live with the Swedish-Americans there. That would have been the ideal way to acquire the rhythm of that speech. But when there wasn't time for me to do this I had to take the harder way and study with teachers at home."

Everything done to perfect a role adds to the enjoyment that is derived from it, naturally. For while only a few in the audience may be intellectually aware what certain details of conduct and speech should be, when these things are right everyone *feels* they are right and the illusion is greater.

Before Claudette Colbert played the psychiatrist in "Private Worlds" she paid many visits to a mental sanitarium. Following the first visit she was depressed for days but with subsequent visits, as her knowledge about the patients and what could be done for them increased, her depression grew less.

"One patient," Claudette says, "a woman, wouldn't utter a word. But constantly with her fingers she would trace the form of the words she had to say on her left palm.

for THEIR ROLES

By
ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

Fredric March
as a blind man in
"The Dark Angel"

Claudette Colbert
as a psychiatrist in
"Private Worlds"

Paul Muni
as a Chinese farmer
in "The Good Earth"

"I discovered, among others things," Claudette went on "that many mental patients are happier in the strange worlds they create for themselves than some sane people are in facing reality. There was, for instance, a sweet-faced, white-haired woman who waved goodbye to me from her window every time my car passed through the gates. She believed herself a princess in a tower. She was quite content."

What most absorbed Claudette during these visits was the doctors' attitude towards their patients, their attitude of casual friendship which she transmitted so faithfully to the screen.

"If I hadn't seen those doctors working with their patients," she says, "my attitude would have been entirely wrong. Either I would have been too severe or I would have been too indulgent. Without my visits to that sanitarium I wouldn't have known that my attitude towards my 'Private Worlds' patients should be that very nice blending of friendship and authority."

Fred MacMurray spent a week at the Burbank airport before he played the pilot in "Thirteen Hours by Air." During that week he sat at the controls. He learned how to manipulate the ascent elevators. He was tutored in the business of banking and of making a descent. And he spent many hours in the air, in the cockpit.

"You don't have to act any certain way to be an aviator," Fred explained, "but to seem to be a real aviator you do have to manifest a casual familiarity with the workings of a ship. My week at the airport and in the air helped me acquire it."

Fortunately no gossip writers were on Ida Lupino's trail all those weeks before she started work on "Yours for the Asking." Had they been, more than ordinarily insidious items probably would have resulted. In this picture, you'll remember, Ida played a trollop. So she had need to study ladies in alcoholic fogs. And she did this as coldly as a scientist making tests in a laboratory. During her weeks of research for this difficult and unfamiliar assignment, Ida slept all day and spent the night cruising from one bar to another. And invariably she joined the group which had in it the lady least sure of herself.

"Any laughs I get in that picture," Ida says, "I owe to the very foggy ladies I met at bars at three and four o'clock in the morning. For I watched those ladies as they grew more and more vague until they hardly seemed to have any faces at all, until their faces became soft blobs. I watched them look right past me as they called me endearing names. Studying them I grasped the complete indifference I must show in that scene where I pick myself up after falling on my face, less concerned than you ordinarily would be if you stubbed your toe."

In "Yours for the Asking" Ida was a scientific drunk. And very funny, too.

One of the most sensitive performances I've ever seen was Fredric March as Allan Trent in "The Dark Angel." Fred didn't give a theatrical picture of a man blinded in the war. He wasn't stumbling and uncertain. Instead he walked with a fairly sure although a measured step. And he didn't appear utterly tragic or bitterly (*Continued on page* 104)

He Had to Learn to Laugh

By SHEILA WORTH

Today Mischa Auer makes the whole world shake with laughter. But it took him many years to forget the horrors of the Russian Revolution.

MISCHA AUER might have been a wealthy Russian nobleman. He might have been a great musician. Or he might have been a surgeon. He had the background for all these things. Instead, he chose to be an actor; but to say that this was merely his choice is not enough. More than his choice, it was his salvation.

His is one of the strangest stories to ever find its end in Hollywood. Today he is one of the most amusing men on the screen, yet sixteen years ago, when he was fifteen, Mischa was *a boy who could not laugh!* That is what makes his biography so dramatic. At fifteen he was a boy to whom all life was grim and desperate and futile . . . a boy to whom nothing seemed important . . . a boy who scoffed and scorned and glowered and belittled. Today he is a happy, successful man.

To tell Mischa's story properly we must go back to St. Petersburg in 1912, when Mischa was six.

In a little serge sailor suit, in memory of his father, a Navy man who had been killed during the Russo-Japanese War, the young Mischa sat on a high-backed chair in the hall just outside his grandfather's studio. His grandfather was the famous Leopold Auer, known throughout the world as one of the greatest violin maestros. The boy waited impatiently and toyed nervously with the violin which rested on his lap. Finally the door opened and his grandfather's secretary said, "Your grandfather will hear you now, Mischa. Your mother is waiting, too." Mischa slid down off the chair, tucked his violin under his arm, and walked slowly into the great room.

Mischa's mother coughed nervously, trying to attract her son's attention, but Mischa passed without once glancing in her direction. He knew all too well the anxious look there in her eyes, the unspoken words, "Now, Mischa, please do your best!" He knew how she hoped to have him please his illustrious grandfather. How often she had said, "Somebody in this family *must* have inherited his musical talent!" But first Ivan, the eldest son, had disappointed her, and then Leo, and now there was only Mischa left. He felt the responsibility, but at the same time he knew it was no use—and he *hoped* it was no use. Who wanted to be a violinist, anyway!

"Now remember, Father, he's been studying for only six months. Six months isn't very long—you must be lenient," Mischa's mother said.

"After six days you can tell." The old man's words were scoffing, but his tone was gentle. He stirred in his chair. "Well, young man, let's begin."

During the first few bars Mischa managed to keep his mind on his music, but then suddenly, beyond the windows, he saw the first snow of the winter begin to fall, and his mind wandered. Snow in St. Petersburg, and the frightful cold—that meant they'd be moving to the winter estate in Finland soon! It would be cold there, too, of course, but not as bad as here, and there would be all that wonderful fun, hunting for wild jack rabbits, riding horseback, skiing and bobsledding in the snow . . . (*Continued on page* 87)

Star Fashions

By GWENN WALTERS

What could be more fun than a glimpse of the clothes of a bride-to-be! So we scooped the first pictures from the lovely wardrobe of Jeanette MacDonald, who will become Mrs. Gene Raymond in June. Palest green chiffon, with a large shoulder corsage of wild roses, is used for this new evening gown. Soft fullness flows into the back and front skirt panels from a fitted waist yoke, and brief sleeves are fashioned of double chiffon loops. Jeanette's pendant and bracelets are of diamonds and emeralds.

Powder blue, one of Jeanette's favorite colors, was her choice for this occasional frock of heavy crepe. A draped yoke of marine blue, white and mulberry chiffon knots at the back. Her large cartwheel hat of matching linen straw has a dropped edge bound in the fabric of the cleverly draped crown. The future Mrs. Raymond's travel ensemble, on the right, is of milk-chocolate light-weight wool—a flattering color contrast for her golden hair. Charmingly simple, the two-piece and short-sleeved frock, belted in tan, is topped by a matching coat tailored with sleeve fullness and wide revers. Jeanette's off-the-face hat of brown felt has a bandeau of tan and green chiffon with streamers. All accessories are of tan kidskin.

The all-important cape and the color beige are featured in Jeanette's afternoon ensemble of chiffon wool. The cape, circular in cut, with trimming of beige fox, tops a simple frock—arresting, however, because of its novel dressmaker detail of hand quilting on the collar, blouse, pockets, waist tie and sleeve edging (sketched at right). Perky pompons of beige and brown trim her beige felt hat. Her shoes are combination kid and sueded kidskin in beige.

If you're to be a June bride, and would like trousseau hints, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

Here Jeanette ensembles a sport frock (shown in the sketch) with a boxy sport coat of leaf green nubby wool and beige fox. Again, a simple frock achieves interest by its dressmaker detail and its smart pocket monogram. The beige felt hat has a draped crown of green, beige, and brown chiffon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
GEORGE HURRELL

How would you handle "the problem child of the screen"? This is how Mrs. Withers herself does it!

By DORA ALBERT

Bringing up JANE WITHERS

THE phone in the bungalow court rang, and Mrs. Withers answered it. Her heart sank as she recognized the voice of the manager.

"It's your Jane, again," he said. "There are red labels pasted all over the court, and the children say Jane did it."

Mrs. Withers' voice faltered a little. "I'm sorry," she said wearily. "I'll speak to Jane about it."

When Jane came in, bouncing with energy, she didn't bother to deny the accusation. "Of course I did it, Mother," she said. "One of the prop boys at the studio gave me a bunch of red labels, and a gang of kids and I pasted them all over the court. Gee, we didn't think anybody'd be mad about it. We just thought it was a lot of fun."

Mrs. Withers threw her hands up into the air. "Jane," she said, "you'll have to quit playing pranks like that. The manager is furious, and I don't blame him. Since you put the stickers on, I'm afraid you'll have to pull them all off, one by one."

"All right, Mother, only—"

"Only what?" The sweet Southern voice was impatient now.

"The other children helped me put them on," Jane said. "Don't you think they ought to help me take 'em off?"

And that was the way it was arranged, very much in the tradition of that Gilbert and Sullivan operetta in which the chorus sings, "Let the punishment fit the crime."

I've always been curious as to how movie children are brought up. Goodness knows, mothers have plenty of trouble bringing up just average children. But suppose there's born into a family a child who is far above the average, who has unusual creative ability, great talent and exceptional vitality. How in heaven's name is a mother supposed to bring her up?

Personally, I'd rather handle a keg of dynamite. It's less explosive. But Mrs. Withers has done an exceptionally fine job with Jane, for I've heard several Hollywood stars comment on the fact that Jane has remained warm-hearted and lovable in spite of all the fame and adulation that have been heaped upon her.

The newest brat of the screen, the wildest little toughie who ever cavorted under Klieg lights, was lying sick in bed when I went to call on Mrs. Withers in her hotel in New York, where she was staying for a few days between Jane's personal appearances. Mrs. Withers has dark hair which falls in soft waves and dark eyes, and in her simple black and white dress she didn't look like the mother of a million-dollar movie child, but like your neighbor or mine, the kind of woman from whom we wouldn't hesitate to borrow jam if we needed it. And if our Gwendolyn had a cold or flunked in math or got a black eye fighting with the iceman's boy, she's exactly the sort of neighbor to whom we'd turn for advice.

"If there is one thing I hate, it is to see a mother putting a child on a pedestal," Mrs. Withers told me. "No mother does her child a favor by pampering her. Instead, she does the child a grave injustice, unfitting her for life and making it impossible for other people to like her.

"While Jane was still a baby in Atlanta, Georgia, I made up my mind that, though she was an only child, she was not going to be one of those difficult children who are entirely wrapped up in themselves and who are never willing to consider the rights of other children.

"Instead of letting her nurse take her to the park, where she might be cut off from the companionship of other children, I had a miniature store with counters built near our home and invited all the neighborhood children to come in and play with Jane. Jane and the other children took turns playing storekeeper, and I saw to it that Jane didn't get more than her share of turns.

"From the beginning I was determined that there'd be no fits of temperament in our family. When Jane first started to act, I said to her, 'If you ever feel you don't want to do something you're asked to do, come to me. We'll settle it between us.'

"Jane has never complained about anything she's been asked to do, because she seems to love her work in motion pictures. If she didn't, I'd never have allowed her to go into pictures, for I've seen too many mothers drag unwilling, reluctant children to the studios and try to get parts for them."

When a writer in Boston who was planning to appear in some pictures as an extra asked Jane for advice, Jane said to her, "Be yourself and don't try to put on any airs. If they tell you to sweep a floor, sweep it just as if no one were looking. If they tell you to wash dishes, just go ahead and wash 'em as if you were doing it at home."

"I hope," said the (*Continued on page* 95)

Jane's store-keeping activities were started by her wise mother (above, with Jane) to bring her little daughter in closer contact with the neighbors' kids.

SHE CLOWNS TO Hide

Martha Raye rose up from poverty and bad luck to fame and fortune—but success brought her a hopeless, thwarted love

By JACK SMALLEY

MYRTLE SLAPHAPPY is the character Martha Raye plays in "Waikiki Wedding." She wears an old sweat shirt and takes pratt falls, she makes faces with a mouth as capacious as Joe E. Brown's and sings nutty ballads while the hero falls in love—with somebody else.

Yet Martha Raye, the Cinderella girl who never got to the prince's ball, can't help wishing that she could be allowed to be pretty just once and have handsome men fall in love with her. She'd like to have a lovely name like Carole Lombard, and be photographed looking like a normal girl instead of the next thing to a gaping tunnel through the Rockies.

Martha knows that she'll be playing Myrtle Slaphappys as long as her career lasts, for if she quits clowning and mugging she's done for. Sure, it has brought her furs and a fine home and a big car. But if you really come to know Martha you worry more than a little about her happiness, both now and in the future.

Even as a year-old baby, Midge had her mouth open!

Consider these facts:

Six years ago, when she was fourteen, she cheerfully met a desperate crisis and accepted her destiny.

It was the bleak winter of 1931, the Great Depression gripped the country, and the vaudeville team of Reed and Hooper was on its uppers. Their last engagement, with a miserable little tent show playing one-night stands with a two-bit admission, had folded with just enough to get them into New York.

There were Peggy and Pete Reed and their three kids, spaced two years apart like steps. The girl who was to win fame as Martha Raye was then Marjie Reed—little "Midge," as her family called her—and although she had helped in the vaudeville act since she was three, Midge didn't care much for that sort of career. And little wonder, for all she knew was hardship, playing the five-a-day in jerkwater towns, living on beans when no booking was to be had even over a third-rate circuit, crowding into drab hotels and dodging truant officers who illogically wanted to know why she had no schooling.

Next in the family came Douglas, called "Buddy," and then Melody, the little sister with a name like a song.

In that valiant group it was all for one, and one for all. If one ate, all ate, but now it looked as if all would starve. Midge listened to the hopeless discussions and declared there was still one chance—she might be able to land somewhere doing a single.

They looked at little Midge with dubious appraisal. She certainly was no beauty, with her too-big mouth, stubby nose and chubby body. Still, she had pep, and that's something, and she had grit and determination, which is everything.

So Midge sallied forth, and what's more, she came back with a job with an orchestra that was going on the road.

"I gotta have a professional name," declared Midge. "Something nice, now. Gee, why didn't you name *me* Melody?"

"What'll we call our little ray of sunshine?" mused Peggy.

"Call her Martha," somebody suggested. "Martha Raye."

"'Martha'!" exploded Midge. "That's such a plain name!"

"Well?" chorused the family.

So Martha Raye it was.

Martha departed on the road to fame and fortune. She was back in three weeks, without a job, and her last dime had been used for railroad fare.

But she had grit, and a try-out for Paul Ash brought another job. She had landed in the big time at last. After that engagement she sang in night clubs, worked in a kid act with Buddy and Vilma Ebsen, Sunny O'Day and Hal LeRoy, toured the Lowe circuit and did a bit in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book."

It was a tough life for a youngster, but it was a living. Vaudeville was shot, dead, buried. It had supported the family through years and years of trouping, but Reed and Hooper was now just one of many teams that had drifted into limbo. Martha Raye, the new generation, survived.

She had no chance to go to school, but she learned to read and write. She worked all night and that meant sleeping most of the day. Sundays she'd look up a riding stable and go horseback riding. Between engagements she'd work on her wardrobe and hunt for another job.

Working night clubs, Martha developed a drunk act by mimicking the customers, and it was a wow. She'd drop her jaw, let her mouth sag, and stagger about until the audience howled with laughter.

Always she had her heart set (*Continued on page 79*)

Heartbreak

Like any twenty-year-old girl, Martha would like to be glamorous and beloved, but her one little romance withered in the hot glare of Hollywood publicity.

The PERFECT WAY to a *Perfect Figure*

THE gaunt, nightmare-monster called nerves is one of the greatest unseen forces in the world today. In Hollywood it is the reason behind the temperament and eccentricities and most of the divorces of the stars; and it is the most stubborn problem with which I have to deal in keeping the famous men and women here well and happy and beautiful.

From the bulk of your letters to me, I assume that you—housewives, debutantes, college women, working girls—are in exactly the same spot. Wherefore in this and the following article I am setting myself the task of steering your shattered nervous systems back to calmness, as in the past two years I have done for dozens of my stellar clients.

Nineteen thirty-seven has brought with it a pace for living which exceeds in speed and danger even the rollicking swing of the post-war generation. Your waking hours are a loud, scrambled symposium of motor exhaust and sirens and ringing bells. Six daily editions of newspapers, hourly radio reports, scream at you the turmoil of a world at war; the city you live in is tied up by strikes; there is little peace, or rest.

Even so you face a less exacting routine than the stars of Hollywood. One by one they come to me, collapse in chairs, light a new cigarette from the old one, and ask for help. Bad publicity is ruining them, options and contracts haunt their dreams, the new picture will be a flop, their romances are going badly, endless parties are keeping them from getting any sleep at all, and when eventually they do get to bed they lie awake for hours.

"You see before you," they tell me, "a potential nervous wreck. And not so potential at that. What shall I do?"

My advice to them—a prescription applicable to those of you who are on the verge of breakdowns (or just irritably touchy, for that matter)—follows on these pages. The stars who have observed it faithfully have, within a few weeks, managed to forget they possess such trivia as nerves; they have been able to continue their work at top spirits, re-adjust the contract difficulties, and become normal human beings again.

I will list a general routine of living, a special diet arranged to re-build your nervous system, and a course of exercises. Follow them, and return to happiness!

Aside from physical wear-and-tear, nerves come from fear; so that you must, first, analyze the things that frighten you and abolish them. If your health has been worrying you, don't take any chances. Go to your doctor and get a thorough examination—shoot the works. Then if there's anything wrong you'll know exactly what to do, and it will resolve itself into a specific problem, with a cure.

More than likely you'll come away with a clean bill of health and a very minor bill—five to ten dollars—for professional services.

Next sit down and establish definitely exactly the things that are worrying you currently. If you're a college student, and you're flunking two subjects and your favorite boy friend is disturbing you, list those troubles. If you're a housewife and the bills are piling up in enormous batches, add them up on a piece of paper. If you're a secretary and the boss' zeal is too much for your supply of energy, make a note of it.

Then drop out of the courses you're bad in and take them next year, on an easier program; have a come-to-terms chat with the boy friend, and either work out the situation or drop him for a while. Borrow enough money to satisfy all your creditors and pay it back in small monthly sums. Take a week's vacation from the office, on any pretext (you're a woman—you should be able to think of plenty), and re-build your vitality to meet the demands of your position.

In any event, *slow down*. At first it will be a matter of will-power to curb your activities and your helter-skelter pace; but after a few days of correct diet, mildly relaxing exercise and enough sleep, you'll find being calm a pleasant habit that comes naturally to you.

There is, after all, plenty of time.

A woman—a newcomer to the screen who is already almost at the top in box-office averages—came to me two weeks ago. She was genuinely frightened. "With all this

Under Don Loomis' expert direction, Cecelia Parker demonstrates a routine for the muscles and nerves at the spine's base. Stand with the feet eight inches apart, fold arms over the chest. Then bend and raise the body for twenty times.

competition," she said. "I've had to work like a fool for a year now, and it's only beginning. The actual work is nerve-wracking enough but I never have a minute of freedom. I'm tired all the time. Interviews, sittings, parties, too much liquor, no sleep, eternally keeping up with somebody or something. D'you think I'm going crazy?"

She would have been ready for a sanitarium in a few weeks.

Yesterday she came to my office laughing. "I've got a new contract," she told me. "I'll make fewer pictures and a little less money—but I'm going to live about ten years more than I would have. And even if it takes longer I'll get to the top; I'll be a better actress for the experience."

That's being smart.

For the general change in living, you're lucky in that summer is just beginning. The sun is back again, and it is the best cure-all for nervous disorders in existence. Insurance statistics show that more people die in the month of March than in any other month—specifically because it is the ending of long dark winter days, with the sun long lost in clouds and weather.

Your cue is to live out of doors every minute that you can.

If your job keeps you inside a building six or eight hours a day, at least get up earlier and walk outside in the morning; spend your lunch hour strolling in the street; and then don't come home and settle into a chair in a closed room. You've spent months breathing furnace fumes and looking out of windows; now that the weather is good go native. Stay in the air.

If you're a housewife, rig up a card-table on the terrace or under a tree in the garden and serve all your meals there. Let the dust accumulate indoors and cultivate the flower borders. Open every window the house possesses for the hours you must necessarily spend in it.

To the stars who are my patients I prescribe daily sun baths. They run down to the beach for an hour if they can, or merely find the flat top of a studio building and spread blankets on it. You should follow the same routine, though adjusted to your personal circumstances.

Wear absolutely as few clothes, made of light materials, as decency permits. Linens, organdies, loosely cut simple clothes are smart, and they're swell for the nerves.

Sleep at night with the lightest of covers. You'd be amazed at the amount of energy you consume holding up heavy blankets during the eight hours you spend in bed. Invest in a down comfort, as an investment in health; get a scientifically built mattress that can't sag in the middle. And by all means use a thin, smooth pillow. The nerves in your spine and neck are twisted and tortured when you put your head on a big, bunchy cushion stuffed hard with feathers. Rip a little hole in the thing, take out the stuffing until just enough is left to make a soft rest for your head, and then sew it up again.

The discarded feathers you can burn to kill the mosquitoes that keep you awake.

You don't need to be told how to make sure whether your nerves are bothering you or not. If they are you'll know it—and so will everyone else in the family. Your appetite will be bad and you'll complain at the dinner table; your interest in things will be utterly lost, so that people with enthusiasms will bore you senseless, and you will do most of the things you do with a spiritless dragging manner—one of the first danger signals.

You'll be so irritable no one can live with you.

At this point you'd better get busy. Cut out every stimulant of every sort. This includes liquor, coffee, tea, cigarettes and all kinds of tobacco, violent exercise, over-exciting literature, and quarreling.

This is an inviolable command. And I'm not joking in the least about the latter three items mentioned above. Running, fast dancing, driving too fast in traffic, are all ruinous to delicate nerves. Bloodcurdling mystery stories are as stimulating as a pot of mocha.

Above all else, don't get into arguments with anyone. If your nerves are in condition to make you snap at people for the slightest reason, you must control the impulse for your own sake, since the emotion of anger is as bad for you as fear. If you feel a fight coming on, leave as quickly as possible, so long as you're as yet unable simply to agree with the other person and thus avoid the squabble.

(*Continued on page* 108)

Nervous strain is beauty's deadliest enemy. The stars' own physical trainer shows you how to guard against it

By DONALD LOOMIS

Here's another exercise to relax that tight, nervous feeling. Lie flat on your stomach, toes touching the floor. Stretch body upward by means of the arms, then lower the body slowly by bending the elbows. Do this ten times consecutively.

Jimmy Cagney LIVES SO WISELY

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

REBELS in Hollywood usually come to no good end. Jimmy Cagney's the exception. First of all when Jimmy went into court to break his contract not so long ago he won. He didn't have to go back to work on the Warner lot, hat in hand, meek as a lamb—not that I can imagine his doing this under any circumstances. Secondly, now that Jimmy's first picture for Grand National has been released, you don't find him in any spot. Even though it may not be the best picture he ever made, Jimmy's delighted, of course, that "Great Guy" played week after week to capacity houses even on competitive Broadway. But even if this hadn't happened he would have known no need to be apologetic or defensive. You see Jimmy didn't quit his old company because of his pocketbook or his artistic conscience but because of a simple little thing like self-respect.

He's a human fly, this Jimmy Cagney, not in the usual sense of the word because he walks along the precarious edge of high buildings, but because he has eyes in the back of his head. He must have. Otherwise he couldn't see things so clearly always, and from so many angles.

"Even if 'Great Guy' hadn't turned out to be a good picture," Jimmy says, "I wouldn't have any regrets. I had to do what I did. When your self-respect dictates you don't argue. There is no argument. Something in you makes it impossible for you to go on. So you stop. And whatever it costs you to stop you're no hero, you're just another guy who won't be pushed around."

Self-respect is important to Irishers like Jimmy. They're wonderfully proud. And last year when Jimmy reminded Warner Brothers of a gentleman's agreement in which he claimed that they had promised he wouldn't have to make more than three pictures a year and they couldn't for the life of them remember saying any such thing he couldn't for the life of him go to work again. That was all there was to it.

I saw Jimmy during his New York stay at the dignified and faintly British Hotel Gotham. He was wearing a dark blue foulard dressing-gown. His socks were wrinkled over his shoes. And in a corner of the room a group of men friends talked over Scotch and sodas.

"The thing I like best about 'Great Guy,'" he said, "is the idea, the fact that the story concerns itself with weights and measures. That gives it basic appeal. And human appeal. After all, forty-five per cent of the national income is spent on food."

Perhaps you've heard the rumor (*Continued on page* 110)

He's had to fight for everything he ever wanted, but he knows how to get it!

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG *Duchess OF Leinster*

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

• Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

• (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.

Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

SHE will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!

Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Murder in the Mauve Sedan

(*Continued from page* 30)

"The beautiful blonde star's dead body, slumped over the wheel of her mauve sedan, was discovered by her manager and dearest friend, Miss Ruth Errol . . ." This was the incredible report that flashed over my radio!

picture before its release, and she brought along the rest of them. The other girl, the pretty brunette in tailored satin, is her manager, Ruth Errol."

"But this Seton. Hasn't he any pride?"

"Perhaps he is commercial-minded, too." I didn't really think that. I was very fond of Paul Seton and proud of his behavior when Lorre had so unceremoniously dropped him for the handsome Irishman. My trouble was that I also was fond of Lorre.

"I'd rather hear about the gals," Barry whispered.

I waited until the waiter had removed our dinner plates and placed salads before us. There was no attempt at general conversation. Heinrich was expounding on his "Salammbo," something about jewels set in the gills of her pet fish. Mercedes was investigating her salad and sending swift, hot upward glances across the table. Paul Seton and Ruth Errol spoke together in low tones and Lorre concentrated on O'Day.

"You know about Lorre," I said. "Well, the sultry-eyed Mercedes is G-B-L's newest importation from below the Rio. She's got her hooks out for Lorre's place on the top rung of the box office ladder and I think she'd also like to annex the dashing Irishman."

"Why didn't I go in for directing instead of insurance?" Barry complained.

"It hasn't made Heinrich happy. For years he's been yearning to do a superfilm of ancient Carthage, hunting for an actress to play the exotic 'Salammbo.'"

"I should think Mercedes might do the part."

"She might, but Heinrich is tied up with Lorre for another year. She's never had (*Continued on page* 70)

"It really began with this snapshot"

"I'D heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances...use it always... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

You'll see her...you'll love her...you'll nominate her the screen's loveliest. She dances; she sings; she romances; she wins her way into your heart. Watch for the glorious, glamorous ANNA NEAGLE in Herbert Wilcox's "Backstage" and other forthcoming GB releases.

(*Continued from page 68*)

any other director and she wouldn't release him. In the meantime, he pursues research, designs costumes, and reads Gustave Flaubert."

"I wouldn't call it hard luck, directing the Lorre."

"Heinrich does."

The waiter took our salad plates. I remarked that there was no use in Barry eyeing Lorre, not while O'Day was around, and he flushed under my grin.

"Lord, Phyllis, was I staring? I wouldn't touch one of these movie queens with a pole. They're not real people."

"You! A hard-boiled detective falling for that glamour stuff. Girl's are all alike, no matter where you find them."

"She's an eye-knocker-outer," Barry admitted.

There was something special about Lorre's beauty tonight, a restless, pulsating verve which animated her like a flame. Her soft tobacco brown eyes under their provocative lashes glowed with reckless challenge. She wore a dusty-rose gown and a little glittering red jacket, soft as silk and rich as Sheba.

IF you think she's a menace, how do you rate the little Mexican blister?" I asked.

"Not my type."

I nodded. Mercedes was not really beautiful—a matter of mouth and chin contour—but she had a lovely brow and unbelievably expressive eyes. "I'd hate to turn her loose on you," I jibed.

"She's got O'Day all steamed up."

"All I can add to that is that Mercedes better watch her step. Lorre is taking Danny in dead earnest and she's plenty dangerous."

"She isn't any too bright, bringing them together that way," Barry commented.

"Oh, that's Hollywood. To doubt your own charms is to lose face. I warned Lorre that Mercedes wouldn't take anything but the best and wouldn't care whose frame she climbed to get it."

Although emotional fireworks are my pay check, I wasn't happy over this situation. Three of these people were my friends and I hated to see them do anything foolish. I glared at my dessert.

"Aha!" Barry whispered. "The ex-husband is falling for the plain little manager."

Paul had leaned close and was whispering to Ruth. Her cheeks flushed and she gave him a swift, tender look. I was sharply aware of a new situation. Well, why not? Lorre had wrecked a promising career when she meddled in Paul's life. If anyone could retrieve it, that person was Ruth Errol, the most thoroughly regular girl I knew. I liked the idea of Ruth and Paul. It would make a swell come-back story for him.

"Ruth isn't plain," I said. "She just isn't spectacular and so goes unnoticed in this town." I knew that Ruth's authority as manager ended where Lorre's affairs of the heart began; but a screen star's romances cannot be separated from her career, and Ruth had a tough job.

Heinrich rose, included us all with a wave of one great arm, and we followed his huge figure toward the projection room. It was really a small theater in one wing of his hacienda home, and after-dinner guests now filled it. Heinrich loved to run out his latest film before its release and always made a ceremony of seating the featured members of the cast in a reserved loge.

Tonight he placed Lorre in the center, Danny O'Day on her right and Ruth on her left. Mercedes pushed in to sit beside O'Day and, with a shrug, Heinrich put Paul next to Ruth. Barry and I were behind Lorre and Ruth, and Heinrich sat to one side. From Lorre's stiff back I knew she was furious to have Mercedes beside Danny.

It was a better than fair picture with clever dialogue and plenty of passionate quarreling—in which Lorre excelled—between the lovers. Half of the film had been reeled past when Mercedes leaned across Danny and petulantly asked Lorre to excuse her—"The so bad headache."

In the dim light, Lorre was rigid with anger. Heinrich hissed loudly, whereupon Mercedes climbed across the others and noisily departed. Lorre leaned over, her lips close to Ruth's ear and whispered. Ruth shook her head, but Lorre insisted, and Ruth gathered up her bag and quietly drifted out.

I was filled with excited forebodings. Here was publicity in the raw. Short of one male star socking another in a night club, it couldn't be surpassed for wildfire spread in every fan magazine and columnist's chatter. The public loves a grudge fight, in the ring or out.

Mercedes had opened hostilities. What would Lorre do? Although she was my friend, this was business and I could not let myself be scooped. But I could make the deliberate affront of the Mexican star appear as bad manners. Whispers slithered across the theater and by the time the lights came on everyone there knew what had happened.

WHILE Heinrich was receiving congratulations, Lorre whispered to me to follow her. I disposed of Barry Barton by introducing him, as the most famous insurance detective in the country, to a black-browed author then working on an arson script. Lorre led me to a bedroom, locked the door, and gave way to her rage.

It was a fancy display and lost nothing because pride kept her voice low. Coherent at last, she flung at me: "Danny left, too, Phyllis. He's following her. I know he is!" She set her teeth and spoke through them: "Mercedes is not getting away with this? You hear me?"

I tried to be casual. "After all, Lorre, Danny is of age."

"Don't lecture me about men. There's nothing on earth easier to get. But she picked on the wrong woman's man this time."

"Well," I suggested, "You still have your pride. Throw him out on his ear while he's still yours."

Lorre stared past me, chin raised, eyes proud and humiliated and rather desperate. "That's the rub. I want Danny more than I want my pride." She came close, like a little girl coaxing, and took my hand.

"You've got to help me. I can get him back and keep him, too, but first I've got to handle that she-pirate."

"How could I help? What crazy scheme are you up to?" (*Continued on page 72*)

"It's a shame for any girl to risk Cosmetic Skin" says MERLE OBERON

SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR

CREAMY and smooth as magnolia petals is Merle Oberon's flawless skin. She tells you her way of keeping it lovely—a way *any* girl can follow. "I use rouge and powder all I like," she says. "But to guard against Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores—I've made Lux Toilet Soap my regular complexion care."

"The ACTIVE lather guards against choked pores,"

she tells you. "It removes stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—keeps skin smooth." That's because it goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale cosmetics, dust and dirt.

Romance comes to girls who keep skin lovely . . .

Take Merle Oberon's tip. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap!

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Husband finds why he eats like a millionaire

at 3¢ a portion!

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Franco-American is no ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste of its tangy, cheese-and-tomato sauce, with its subtle blend of eleven delicious, savory ingredients, will convince you right away. Ready to heat and eat, how it does save time! It's grand for making meals out of leftovers, too! Try this!

DELICIOUS THRIFT DINNER

Panbroiled meat balls
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
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SERVES 4 • COSTS 60¢

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(*Continued from page 70*)

"All I want is for you to drive me somewhere in your car tonight. You know how conspicuous mine is. I don't want to be identified and you are the only one I can trust." Her eyes shone recklessly and I was suddenly afraid. I argued.

"Why don't you go home? Think this over for a few hours. Mercedes hasn't done herself any good tonight. Tomorrow all Hollywood'll be on your side." She knew I was right—no one would dare laugh off such an insult, it might happen to any one of them next time—but Lorre would not be stopped with words. A high proud temper drove her on to her lonely fate.

"This is something I planned before Mercedes did that," she insisted. "Come on, Phyllis, give me your keys. I'll wait in your car."

I didn't like it. "How do you know Danny isn't asking to be pirated? Maybe he's falling for her."

"He loves me!" Lorre cried in a passion. "I tell you she's doing it to annoy me." Her face darkened. "Listen. If it cost me my place with G-B-L, I still wouldn't let Mercedes have Danny."

"You'd risk . . . "

YES, I would, but I don't intend to be put in the doghouse because of her. I won't be, either, if you'll help. How's about it?"

I allowed Lorre's confidence in her own power to sway my judgment and gave her my car keys, adding my two cents worth to a situation which upset the movie capitol as nothing had since the Baylor murder. As she opened her purse to squirrel the keys away I saw something that shook me—the .25 automatic which she always kept in the pocket of the sedan. Lorre turned away without knowing I had seen the gun.

When I came out, Barry Barton was still involved with the black-browed author so I went through a side door, minus my wraps and poise. It did not improve my state of mind to be kept waiting outside my own car, and when Lorre hurried up it was evident something had happened to irritate her still further.

"Darn Paul Seton!" she panted as she unlocked the car door and slid under the wheel. "Stopped me and insisted on coming along. I wonder when he's going to get smart and fall for someone with time to guide his childish steps."

"That's unfair, Lorre. Probably Ruth sent him, and Paul could stand on his own feet very well before he met you."

"I know. Pay me no attention. I'm in a rotten mood, but I do get sick of criticism."

"Where are we going?" The car was headed into the foothills back of Heinrich's estate. Mercedes lived up there.

"You know darn well where we're going." Lorre drove on, her face tense, eyes ahead.

I couldn't forget the automatic. She was in just the right mood to do something reckless or stupid and Hollywood forgives neither if it brings sour publicity. Her purse lay on the seat between us. Murmuring against the cowl light, I reached out and pushed the switch. Before she could get accustomed to the darkness, I opened her purse, slipped out the little gun and closed the bag again.

Lorre stopped the car at one of the side gates to Mercedes' house and got out. As she picked up her bag its lightness betrayed me. For a moment she stood quite still and then she laughed softly.

"I hadn't intended to use that on Mercedes. There are so many nastier ways of destroying a person in this town; but if it makes you feel better, keep it until I get back." She moved to the gate and disappeared inside.

I waited, smoking and restlessly straining my ears. From somewhere inside I could hear voices, but their tone was not quarrelsome. When my wrist watch told me Lorre had gone twenty-six minutes, I threw away a cigarette and followed her through the gate. After all I am a newswoman.

Across the lawn there were lights by the swimming pool and the voices came from there. I made my way carefully in that direction, not exactly anxious to be seen. Lorre was nowhere in sight. I was near enough to identify the voices as those of Mercedes and Danny O'Day when they ceased suddenly. An instant later their heads burst through the water by the fountain in the center of the pool.

O'Day shot up from the water and swung himself to the edge of the fountain, sparkling all over—wet black curls, lean tanned face, fine body. He laughed in masculine satisfaction as he drew Mercedes up beside him. Then, with the rainbow-lighted water spilling over them, he kissed her—a kiss which lasted so long I wondered how they could breathe.

"Cut!" a mocking voice called, and there was Lorre, standing in the full glare of a light. For a moment even the eloquent Danny had no words. It was just as well. He couldn't have gotten them in for Lorre was pouring out her torrent of outraged anger and wounded pride. It was all about scandal and publicity and disgrace.

"But thees you cannot do!" Mercedes cried. "Eeet ees no scandal to kees some man. You will be laugh at."

"Can't I? Come over here, both of you."

O'Day whispered a curt sentence and they slid into the water and swam to the side of the pool. Lorre bent down. I could see her face, white and strained, her enormous dark eyes, and moving lips, but I could not hear.

WHATEVER she said, it made Mercedes turn horrified eyes on Danny O'Day. He was looking up at Lorre, and he must have spoken because suddenly she wilted and made a pitiful gesture as if to ward off a blow, although he had not lifted his hands from the bright tile. Then she turned and ran around the pool toward the gate. I had already started and when she came out, I was sitting behind the wheel, lighting a cigarette.

"Well, you took your time," I began. "Have one?"

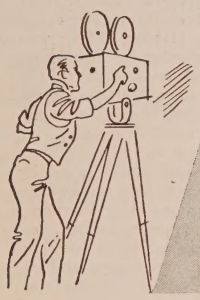
She drew a cigarette from my package with trembling fingers and I lighted it for her. "Let's get out of here, Phyllis. Guess I've talked myself into trouble this time, but she . . . they . . . he was kissing her."

"That's Hollywood" I started the car. "If you keep your mouth shut it'll probably be forgotten by tomorrow. Where to? Heinrich's?" (*Continued on page 74*)

MAKE YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'!

"Calox is undoubtedly a favorite dentifrice in Hollywood. It is particularly valuable for keeping the teeth sparkling and bright."

Claudette Colbert



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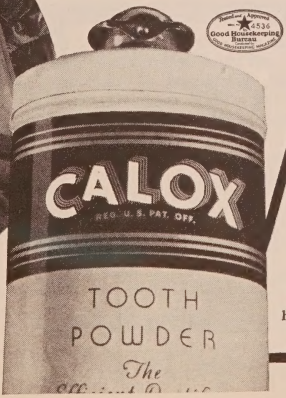
CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *filming her newest Paramount picture, "I MET HIM IN PARIS." Plan to see it...and when you do, notice her "starry" smile.*



WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O. K."

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2. SAFE BECAUSE IT'S SOFT. Calox contains no grit—no pumice—nothing that could scratch the precious enamel.

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4. MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE. That is important in a product you put in your mouth. Calox is made by McKesson & Robbins—who have supplied physicians since 1833.

(*Continued from page 72*)

"I guess so. My car's there, but I don't feel like any more party."

I kept silent until we came again to Heinrich's parking place. Lorre got out. The attendant hurried over and opened the door of her mauve and silver sedan. She disappeared inside it to my immense relief. Fond as I was of Lorre, she could be very difficult when her pride or position was threatened. I drove on out.

At the telegraph office (where I saw two Hollywood correspondents who had been at the preview sending their gossip to New York while I tried to color mine up in Lorre's favor) I was startled to find the .25 automatic still on the car seat and remember thinking that was probably just as well, it being a question whether Lorre would go home or start more devilment.

I DID not want to go back to Heinrich's. The atmosphere of make-believe, the constant synthetic emotionalism which stimulated these youngsters to experiment with love, suddenly sickened me. Only my responsibility for my guest made me return and I took the long way back.

The unsatiated author was still prying insurance data out of his reluctant victim and Barry Barton gave me a foul look.

"I had to come clear down here to learn that a Hollywood party is nothing but a business conference with food," he grumbled as he swung me onto the dance floor.

I was inordinarily proud of Barry's success, for he really was the best insurance detective in the country. He had an investigative company which took over questionable claims and probed into suspicious matters for insurance companies.

I heard a familiar laugh above the music and craned my head in surprise to see Lorre dancing past with Paul Seton. She grinned and rolled her eyes at me and I smiled back, relieved to see her in such good spirits. At that moment Danny O'Day appeared and cut in on Paul. He was smiling too, but his lips were tight over his fine teeth.

A little later our progress brought us near to Lorre, still dancing with Danny. They whirled close and I saw her hand doubled against his chest, gripped so tightly that her fingers were puffed.

Barry made a turn closer to them and I looked into Lorre's face. Although that grip must have hurt cruelly, the expression in her eyes was not pain. It was rage and savage hatred, and it stopped me for a moment, as I remembered her words of love spoken only a little while before.

Danny was saying, "No. It's got to be tonight." Then Barry swung me away.

Paul Seton cut in and as he took Lorre's hand he saw the marks on her wrist and his blue eyes flashed with an anger I had thought him incapable of. At that moment I was guilty of leading. I pulled Barry nearer the two and caught a broken sentence from Seton's tight lips:

" . . . could kill you for letting him treat you . . . "

"Get me out of here, Barry," I whispered. "I've had all I can stand. Why can't men fall for the right girls?"

"Meaning?" His eyes were dark with that intent and yet dreamy concentration. It annoyed me and I snapped:

"You heard them. You know darn well what I mean. Paul Seton! He's still punch drunk over Lorre. If Ruth falls for him she's plain nuts."

We got through the door and into my car with Barry behind the wheel and headed for the Ritzhoff Hotel where I had a suite. Barry had taken a room there and Lorre Lorellen occupied the top floor which, if it had been built later, would have been called a penthouse.

I said nothing regarding Lorre's ride into the hills. Being very fond of her, when she wasn't on an emotional bender, I always tried to play down that side to my friends, especially those at all snooty about the movie colony.

As we drove to the Ritzhoff, the gods that sit and laugh above Hollywood, must, even then, have been manipulating the strings to put their human puppets through that dreadful performance embracing murder and a web of strange entanglements in which blind chance played the lead role and brought to me scoop after scoop which I dared not give out.

THE next morning I reached out and turned on my bedside radio. At once a voice sprang into sound:

"Flash!" it shouted. "Lorre Lorellen was found dead this morning! The beautiful blonde star's dead body, slumped over the wheel of her spectacular mauve and silver sedan, was discovered by her manager and dearest friend, Miss Ruth Errol. Alarmed when she discovered that Miss Lorellen had not returned to their apartment on the Ritzhoff Hotel roof, Miss Errol went to the garage . . . "

There was more, but I was at the telephone asking for Ruth's apartment. When the desk answered that it would put me through as soon as possible, I realized what Ruth was up against and began to climb into my clothes.

Murder is murder anywhere, but in Hollywood it is murder *plus*. It is publicity and hot curiosity and eager sensationalism and merciless speculation. It is ruin for the innocent as well as the guilty, and sometimes it is mystery, forever locked inside the unknown.

While I was dressing, Ruth called me, asking if I would come to her at once. I took the public elevator to the roof—a mistake, as I had to shove my way to her door. The vestibule was packed with police and reporters and curious guests. Many of the newsmen knew me and tried to attach themselves.

The officer at the door nodded when I gave my name and set a square finger on the bell button. Lorre had no resident servants and I recognized the maid who admitted me as a member of the Ritzhoff staff.

Ruth was alone when I came in. She gave me her hands and I received the immediate impression of quivering nerves kept under stern control. She never wore much make-up and this morning had none at all. Her eyes were enormous, the saddest I have ever looked into; but there was something else in their dark depths.

"You're frightened," I said, putting my arm about her. "Poor kid. What is it?"

For just a moment she trembled against me and her lip quivered. Then, "Don't, Phyllis. Don't baby me. I've got to be tough or we'll have a scandal that'll rock Hollywood. Poor Lorre. There's only one thing I can do for her now. Sit down. I want to ask a favor."

WE moved away from the door to the big south window and Ruth, gaze fixed on her clenched hands, told of finding Lorre dead at the wheel of her sedan. I listened, full of pity and sorrow. Ruth had never been just a hired manager. She was Lorre's dearest friend and the blonde actress had been lovable and gay and generous. It was only when dramatizing one of her emotional experiences that she blew up as she had last night. Ruth said:

"I love Lorre's mother and father as if they were my own. When she won that beauty contest and trip to Hollywood, they sent me with her, paid my way, and asked me to watch over her. You may think that funny—I'm really a year younger—but they knew I was steady and mature for my age. They didn't realize how set she was on an acting career. Lorre had studied voice and dancing, and had acted in the high school and little theater plays, while I had gone to business college.

"It's because of them that I want to avoid scandal. Last night you drove Lorre out to Mercedes' place. Danny O'Day was there. There was a quarrel. You know what the papers will make of that. It was bad enough to have Mercedes insult her at the preview, but if that other incident gets to the scandal sheets, the . . . the . . . police may step in."

"You want me to forget about that ride?"

"Forget it or say you went somewhere else." She didn't look at me. Her thumb nail was moving up and down a welt of her corduroy slacks. The telephone in the other room kept up a continuous ringing and we could hear the maid saying: "Miss Errol cannot answer now."

"How about Mercedes and Danny? Won't they tell it?" I asked.

"They won't talk if they can help it."

"You *are* afraid," I said. "Listen, Ruth, that man I had with me last night is a detective, one of the best. Let me send for him. If this is going to be," I avoided the ugly word and said, "going to be a police matter, he knows all the ropes and I'll vouch for him. May I call him?"

"I don't know what to do." For a long moment she hesitated. Fear and bewilderment and grief flickered in her eyes. "I have no one but you, Phyllis. I can't drag Paul into this. Yes, get your friend here quickly, before any more investigators come."

I called Barry on the hotel phone and he said he'd be right up. Ruth instructed the maid to have him admitted and sat down again beside me. Somehow I couldn't believe that her fear was only of scandal. She had lived in Hollywood long enough to know how devastating that could be, but she was fighting a deeper terror, something tangible and searing, something she wanted to hide even from herself.

Barry came and was introduced. I repeated what Ruth had told me and what she wanted me to do. His face was very sober as he turned to her.

"Why do you believe there will be a police investigation?"

"It has started already, because of the way she died. There's to be an autopsy."

"Yes, but it can end there." He looked at her keenly. "Are you worried because the police surgeon insists Lorre was dead at one a.m.?"

Ruth nodded. Even her lips were pale. I stared and Barry continued:

"And she was seen by many people dancing at Heinrich's as late as two-fifteen?"

Again that stiff jerky nod from Ruth. Barry frowned.

"I know Doc Magee very well. He's been autopsy surgeon here for years. He prides himself on his ability to set the time of death within almost a matter of minutes. I'd bank on his accuracy. He has a set of tables worked out covering weather conditions, room temperatures, age and occupation of the victim, muscular reactions, and the findings relative to blood and digestive data. The fact is that he makes few mistakes and he'll defend his findings savagely."

"What good will it do him?" I demanded. "If Lorre was dancing at two-fifteen she couldn't be dead at one. He'll just have to admit that he's made a mistake this time."

"Miss Errol is right," Barry said. "While Doc Magee is admitting his mistake, if he does, the police will be investigating. You can't start a controversy of that sort without getting the press wild."

There was a moment of painful silence and then I said. "Lorre left Heinrich's at two with Paul Seton. He'll . . . "

"Paul was not with her," Ruth said. "She sent him away. He was with me."

"With you?"

"Yes. I was waiting outside Heinrich's in Paul's coupe." She caught Barry's inquiring look and hurried on: "I was worried about her . . . that trouble with Mercedes. Lorre was drinking a lot and it is my job to see that she doesn't do anything foolish. Paul was inside keeping tabs on her. When she left, he followed, but she was angry and said she wouldn't be spied on."

"And then?" Barry prompted.

"Paul and I drove out to the beach. I was tired and—well, fed up. I wanted to stay out in the air for awhile. You will help me, Mr. Barton, won't you? I need someone terribly."

For answer Barry took a telegram from his pocket and handed it to Ruth. I moved so I could read it, too. It was from a well-known insurance company, advising that Lorre Lorellen was insured with them in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, with double indemnity for violent death, excepting in the case of suicide. Paul Seton was the beneficiary, and the wire instructed Barry to represent them.

Ruth's fingers tightened on the yellow paper until they flattened with the pressure. My own were curled painfully and Barry was rubbing the back of one hand with the palm of the other. We were all thinking the inevitable thing—once the police got wind of that policy, Paul Seton would be under suspicion, and his alibi depended on the word of a girl who was obviously in love with him.

Is the net closing about Lorre's ex-husband? There are startling developments when the District Attorney questions all the people who last saw the beautiful blonde star—and tries to clear up that puzzling time element! You can't afford to miss next month's installment, in July MOVIE MIRROR, out May 26th.

rising from his box, he tried to address the [illegible]

PERSONAL

BOB, I can't stand it any longer. Your constant criticism is driving me crazy. I'm going away for good. Daisy.

Aunt Susan: But why? How did it happen, Daisy?

Daisy: Oh, Aunty, it's been one row after another for months! Every morning he kicked about his shirts—they looked so gray and dingy. A few nights ago we had company and Bob said the linens were a disgrace. We had a nasty scene and I walked out.

Aunt Susan: Honey, I know it sounds mean to bring this up now. But why don't you *do* something to get that tattle-tale gray out of your clothes?

Daisy: Good glory, I work like blazes. What on earth more can I do?

Aunt Susan: Stop using those "trick" powdery soaps that don't wash clean, and switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. It's one sure way to get *all* the dirt—thanks to its wonderfully rich *golden* soap with *lots of naptha* right in it.

Daisy: Oh, why didn't I think of that before! I'll try Fels-Naptha right away!

FEW WEEKS LATER

Bob: Gosh, but I'm glad you're back, Daisy. And I promise I'll never nag again as long as . . .

Daisy: As long as I stick to Fels-Naptha Soap and get your shirts and everything so sweet and white! Don't worry, darling—Fels-Naptha and I are pals forever!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

The Weird Success Story of Dorothy Lamour

(*Continued from page* 47)

"You see, Dorothy was one of those rare individuals who was not only ambitious for herself, but for those she liked, too. And that is what made her so amazing, especially in the theatrical world where everyone is usually jealous of everyone else. I don't know why it was, but even when we were kids she seemed to have just as much confidence in my future as an actress as she did in hers. She was always pushing me ahead, urging me on, painting beautiful pictures to me of the things I could do. It was her initiative that made me go into show business, not mine at all. If Dorothy had ever given up on the subject of me, I'm sure I'd still be just a home girl, living lazily back there in New Orleans.

I REMEMBER the first time a man on one of the newspapers asked Dorothy if she wouldn't run for the title of Miss New Orleans, in one of the annual beauty contests down there. The winner of that first contest was then to go to Galveston, to compete with girls from all over the world. The Bebie and I were in high school at the time. I remember she dashed up to me in the hall between classes and whispered, 'Dowie, we're going into the beauty contest. A man from the newspaper asked us to, and look, Dowie, if I win as Miss New Orleans, you go to Galveston with me. And if you win, well, then I can tag along with you.' Of course, that last was unnecessary and I knew it. I didn't have a chance of winning with Dorothy in the contest, nobody did! But it shows you the kind of girl she was. I tried to get out of even entering the contest, but she wouldn't hear of it; she said again and again that my chances were as good as hers, and that the agreement was a fair bargain.

"Well, she won the title, and insisted that I live up to the agreement and go with her. She even told the officials that she wouldn't go without me and made them pay both our expenses. Going to Galveston was a big thrill for me, especially when Dorothy walked away with all the titles—Miss United States, Miss Universe, everything! And then the offers began pouring in. Of course, they were only for Dorothy, but she had let it be known that she wouldn't accept any contract that didn't also include a job for me. I was sick about it, I was sure I was standing in her way, but she wouldn't even let me talk to her about it.

"She would always say, 'We agreed to go through with this thing together, didn't we? If you were in my shoes now wouldn't you do the same thing?' And there was no getting around that. Ziegfeld and Earl Carroll both wanted her for their shows, and offered big money. There was also an offer from Fanchon and Marco, who operated a vaudeville circuit from Hollywood. They offered the least money of all, but in the end we went with them because they were the only ones who would take me, too.

IT was the best job we'd ever had, the first real money." Dorothy Lamour smiled wistfully. "Maybe that accounts for what nearly amounted to a tragedy. I wonder if you know what it is to starve all through your childhood and then suddenly to have money for food! Oh, I don't mean that as kids the Bebie and I ever went hungry for very long, but we were starved for good things. Like many of New Orleans poor folks, we were brought up mostly on a sort of cereal made of beans and rice—you could always buy a lot for a nickel. Then suddenly there we were with money enough to order ourselves a seventy-five cent breakfast, for example! Oh, it was divine. Some mornings we even had pie a la mode to top off our pancakes and sausage. Well, you can see what might easily happen—and it did. We got fat! I went from a hundred to a hundred and thirty-seven pounds in four months, and the Bebie was almost as bad. With the inevitable result that Fanchon and Marco didn't renew our contracts.

"There was nothing for us to do then but diet and try to get other jobs. In that, as in everything, Dorothy proved herself more successful than I. In a few weeks she was 'in shape' again, and had another

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Start Now
IT'S DARLING OF YOU TO GIVE ME THIS DRESS, AUNT EM - I ONLY WISH IT WOULD COVER UP MY PIMPLES - AND MAKE ME A GOOD DANCER
4 WEEKS LATER
LOU SENDS HER CARD FILLED WITH LABELS FOR DANCE BOOK
FEW DAYS AFTER
LOOK, JANE - IT'S REALLY EASY TO DO THIS RHUMBA MOTION
I'LL SAY SO - THAT BOOK SURE MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR
(TO HERSELF) ISN'T IT JUST MARVELOUS HOW HER FACE HAS CLEARED UP
SAY - YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST GIRL AND THE BEST DANCER HERE - HOW COME I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE
OH, I HAVEN'T BEEN 'ROUND MUCH TILL NOW —
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY ME - MY, BUT I'M GLAD I ATE THOSE YEAST CAKES!

offer from Ziegfeld. For a long time she held off taking it because of me, waiting for me to get back to normal so we could go job hunting together. But it was no go, and finally, because we were out of money and one of us had to do something, Dorothy went on to New York, and I went home, back to rice and beans. We figured that would make me lose weight, if anything would.

BUT less than a week after I got home I picked up the New Orleans *Item* and there was my picture, big as life, with the announcement that I was entering that year's contest for Miss New Orleans. Dorothy had sent in my application from New York! I knew it the minute I saw the picture, and sure enough I had a letter from her that same day, saying that now I'd *have* to get in trim. You see how she was my incentive always, in everything? Some day I hope I can be that kind of help to someone who needs it . . . really, it's one of my keenest ambitions in life.

"Luckily for me I won the title, but by that time Dorothy was about through with her Ziegfeld run in New York and wrote me that she thought the show would be taking to the road pretty soon, so instead of joining her in New York I decided to go to Chicago and see what I could get there. I had no luck at all. I decided to put my contest money into a business course, and get just an ordinary job somewhere. Dorothy was furious when I wrote her about it, but there was little she could do this time by mail. She came to Chicago though with the show a few months later and then the struggle began all over again. I remember she introduced me to a Miss Gulman who was handling publicity at the Morrison Hotel. They had 'theatrical night' there every Wednesday, and Dorothy arranged for me to sing there, as sort of guest artist one night. I didn't know about it until the afternoon before and if anyone ever had the jitters I had them then. Why, I didn't even know a song to sing. I *couldn't* sing. Dorothy said she'd teach me. Then I said I didn't have anything to wear. She said she'd lend me something. It was like that with every objection I brought up and, of course, in the end she had her way.

"All that afternoon and evening we struggled with a number called 'Dancing on the Ceiling'. I knew the song perfectly by the time we left my hotel, but when I got on the dance floor at the Morrison, with that spotlight showering me in the face, and the orchestra playing the introduction behind me, I forgot every last word. It was horrible, and all I could think of was Dorothy, and how ashamed she must be of me. Finally there was nothing to do but turn around and ask the orchestra leader for the sheet music. He gave it to me. Somehow I managed to get through the song.

"After that I said I was through. No more theatrical career for me! Dorothy was wasting her time. I couldn't have her put up such a struggle for me. She had enough problems with her own career. It was then that she said the thing which she was always saying, and which always made me feel so funny inside. She said it laughingly, kiddingly, but there was a strange conviction in the words, too. 'Oh, Dowie, long after I'm dead and buried, you'll be standing them up in the aisles! You goof, I'm only trying to give you the benefit of what I learn in this game.'

"It's true, as was printed many times after her death, Dorothy always had a premonition that she'd die young—and in an automobile. She'd been in a bad accident in New York, in Central Park, just a few months before, and after that she never would ride in a car unless she absolutely had to. And she never would learn to drive! Even later, in Hollywood, when she was making good money she never owned a car of her own.

"Still I was pretty low and upset about my flop at the Morrison and I couldn't see myself ever going through it again. It was then that I got myself a job running an elevator at Marshall Field's. But that didn't discourage Dorothy any. She kept right on helping me to get auditions and try-outs and whenever I'd have to get time off for one, she was always the doctor's asistant, or my mother, or my sister, who would call Marshall Field's to say that I was ill.

THEN Dorothy came to Hollywood. That was when I got that letter from her I told you about, written in December, eight months before she was killed. It was sort of a turning point for me. It made me feel like a quitter. There was Dorothy pushing ahead, hoping to pull me along with her as always. There was I, doing very little about my own fate. Well, I decided it was about time I did do something, about time I got myself a job that would get me some place.

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BUT, LOU – YOU'RE SO SLENDER AND LIGHT ON YOUR FEET YOU OUGHT TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DANCER
OH, I DON'T GET ASKED OUT ENOUGH TO KEEP UP WITH THE NEW STEPS — THESE PIMPLES — THEY SORT OF CRAMP A GIRLS STYLE
THAT NIGHT
I'M N-NEVER G-GOING TO ANOTHER P-PARTY AGAIN. NOT ONE SINGLE B-BOY ASKED ME TO D-DANCE
LOU-I HEARD LATELY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HELPS PIMPLES-YOU JUST EAT 3 CAKES A DAY AND KEEP IT UP REGULARLY-WHY NOT TRY IT?
NEXT DAY
I WANT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST PLEASE
HERE YOU ARE, MISS – AND HERE'S ONE OF THE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARDS-SAVE YEAST LABELS-STICK 'EM ON THIS AND YOU GET A FREE BOOK OF DANCE LESSONS

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Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include *your* name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

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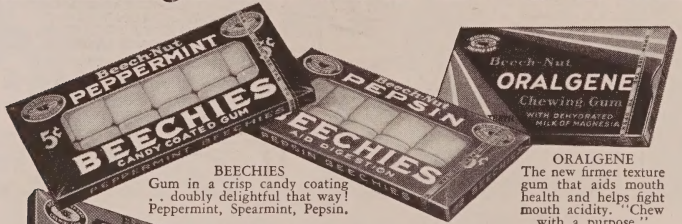

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SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

"This new determination worked. A week later I had a job with Herbie Kaye's band. On one of our vaudeville engagements we played in San Francisco, and being that near I rushed down to Hollywood to spend a week-end with Dorothy. It was the last time I ever saw her. She was working on re-takes for 'Wharf Angel,' so we had to spend most of our time together at the studio. When we said goodbye she was putting on make-up. 'Take a good look at how it's done, old dear,' she said. 'You'll be doing it yourself one of these days.'

"As I look back on it, that was the Bebie's exit line for me.

"Herbie Kaye went back to Chicago shortly after that. And there I read about her death. It—well, you know what a shock it was to everybody. You can imagine what it was to me . . . I'd had a letter from her just the day before. After the funeral I went back to the band. I'd lost the one person in the world who ever gave me ambition, who ever drove me on. A year went by. Two. I sang on the air for a while. Then suddenly a Paramount scout approached me about a test. I made it—they signed me. And so I came to Hollywood. It all seemed too Cinderella-ish to be true. It didn't seem possible that anything so marvelous could happen to me, at least not without Dorothy to make it come true.

BUT I should have known. It *was* Dorothy who made it come true! There was nothing supernatural about it. It was simply a note she had written to her mother several months before she died, which she had put away with some of her things in a trinket box. 'You know how you have to keep after Dowie. So please, darling, do all you can to see that she makes the grade. Introduce her to whoever you can, and if she needs any money, well, I hope I'll leave enough so you can help her that way, too!' Poor Dorothy. She hardly left enough to be buried with. That was because of that foolish generosity of hers. She always gave away everything she ever had.

"Mrs. Dell didn't read that note till well over a year after Dorothy died—she could never bring herself to open the Bebie's trinket box—but when finally she did read it she sat right down and wrote Paramount—one of the most wonderful letters I have ever read. The man she wrote it to still has it. She told him about me, told him how friendly I had been with Dorothy, how 'sold' she had been on me, and begged him to have the studio look me up. He had always been fond of Dorothy, so naturally he saw to it that a scout was put on my trail.

"And that . . . well, that's why I'm here today. Can you see why I have to make good? For that friendship's sake! I don't dare fail now."

WHEN BOB TAYLOR DECIDED TO QUIT THE SCREEN!

The movies very nearly lost this great screen idol when Bob felt himself forced into a momentous decision. Read all about it in July MOVIE MIRROR, out May 26th.

She Clowns to Hide Heartbreak

(*Continued from page 62*)

on getting to Hollywood, and at last she reached her goal. She landed a spot entertaining at the Century Club, a little box-like cafe with a postage stamp dance floor that was popular because it served good food and stayed open all night. Word got around that they had a kid there who sure could put over a song.

From there she landed at the top spot in town, the Trocadero cafe where all the movie colony dines and dances. She was nineteen. She had worked up from nothing to $250 a week. But she had never had one moment of just plain laughter and fun.

Norman Taurog was dining at the Troc one night and caught her act. It struck the director that here was just the comedienne for a bright bit in his "Rhythm on the Range." They could write in her drunk act and get some sure-fire laughs.

The night of the preview, Martha was too excited to sit still. At last she was in the movies! She could hardly wait. I remember seeing her come into the theater out in Westwood Village, pushing through the press of fans out to see the stars. One or two studio friends greeted her, but the fans knew her not at all.

WHAT a different story when the picture was over, and the crowds streamed out! Martha Raye learned what it was to make a hit on the screen. In the lobby the fans swarmed upon her. Autograph books were thrust at her. Dazed but delighted, Martha took one.

She scribbled on the page and reached for another book.

"But you've written 'Myrna Loy,'" exclaimed a startled fan.

Martha looked in astonishment.

"I was so dumbfounded I didn't know what to do," Martha told me. "I can't figure why I signed her name, unless I was thinking that Myrna Loy was my favorite actress. Was I confused!"

Martha repeated her hit in "The Big Broadcast" and then went into "Waikiki Wedding," again with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. Then came a fat radio contract. And gosh, how the money rolled in! Right into a trust fund, too. No more poverty. No more living in dumps, scraping along on nothing. Each week Martha bought some one thing she especially wanted and it was usually perfume.

But somehow the picture wasn't complete. True, she had everything she wanted, yet there was something missing. At twenty, Martha had never had time for enjoyment. Now, for the first time in her life, she was settled in one place. She began to make friends. She began to meet boys.

One to whom she was attracted was a nice looking youth in the technical department at Paramount—Jerry Hopper. He had quit acting to start in at the bottom of the ladder at Paramount, learning the sound recording end of the business.

Martha, new to Hollywood, forgot one little item; she was at the top of the ladder, Jerry was at the bottom. She didn't know what that would mean until later when it

● *"Look! See what she's got in her pocket...her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"*

● *"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful."*

● *"There!...Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?...And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"*

● *"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!" And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!*

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LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By *Lady Esther*

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of *color!*

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a *romantic* shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (34) **FREE**

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

was too late to save her from heartbreak.

The first thing she discovered was the difficulty a girl in the movies finds herself in when she likes a man and wishes he'd ask for a date. When other young girls were sitting in the parlor with the gang, eating candy, dancing now and then to the radio, talking about parties coming up and adroitly hinting, the picture was different for Martha. She sat on a crowded movie set, with a camera crew falling over her chair, gaffers yelling at juicers, the hairdresser fiddling with her coiffure—and she wanted Jerry to ask to take her to dinner. She forgot the Hollywood caste system, if she was ever conscious it existed. She didn't comprehend that technicians, no matter how nice or young, are not supposed to go out with stars.

A girl hasn't any chance to be subtle under such circumstances, so Martha said to Jerry, finally:

"How's about you taking me over to get something to eat?"

After all, they were both working on an evening shift filming "Waikiki Wedding," and they had to eat some place, didn't they?

"He acted sort of funny about it and finally admitted that all he had was two and a quarter," related Martha, smiling as she remembered Jerry's embarrassment.

I TOLD him I'd curb my girlish hunger to fit his pocketbook, and we walked a block from the studio to eat at Lucey's. Jerry told me about his ambitions, about his cousin Glenda Farrell, whom I adore, and what he thought of the movies, and they added up our bill. It came to half a dollar more than he had, and no money for the tip, either.

"Well, I dug down and couldn't find a nickel. Finally I got a waiter who would vouch that I was Martha Raye and worked at Paramount, and I signed the check."

After that Jerry took her to meet Glenda, and everything went along fine until Jerry had a date with another girl. He hadn't objected when Martha had to go out with others. They had discussed this very problem and thought they could lick it. But just the same Martha was miserable. She drove out to Glenda's seeking consolation, and made the guests fidgety by wandering around trying to be bright and chipper and failing to fool them for a minute. Finally she burst out: "Here I am, wise cracking, when my heart is breaking!"

After that Jerry and Martha became engaged. The way it happened was this:

One day on the set Jerry handed her a bit of prose poem to read. It was all about a young man being unable to sleep for thinking of the girl he loved.

"You really mean this?" Martha asked, ducking as a carpenter squeezed by with a ladder.

"Honest, I mean it," said Jerry, getting out of the way of a prop boy lugging a chair. "I love you," he declared.

"Well, I love you, too," said Martha.

He gave her a beautiful ring and it was to be a secret engagement because Jerry didn't make much money and they couldn't marry just yet. But the newspapers got hold of the story and Martha was not sorry. She wanted everybody to know she was engaged.

One day the ring was gone from Martha's finger. Martha's eyes were sus-

piciously red. The engagement was broken.

"What chance has a girl?" Martha asked me. "Hollywood tears you apart the minute it finds out you're seriously in love. We finally had to give it up, although I thought I'd crawl off somewhere and just die.

"But unless the boy friend is on the same publicity level as you are, you're licked. He can't afford to take you out, and that's tough for both of you. He doesn't want you paying the bills because he feels funny about it.

"The studio has certain public appearances it expects you to make, and you're supposed to go out with a 'name.' Like the Zukor Jubilee Broadcast. I had to sit up with the names while Jerry was somewhere in the crowd. Somebody grabbed me as I came in and said, 'Jack Oakie is your escort.'

"Jerry and I tried to make a go of it, but we didn't have a chance. Two stars can fall in love and evidently it's all right. They're at least able to sit together at dinner and go to the same parties. But kids in our circumstances are out of luck.

"The only solution is to throw away your career, and I worked too long and too hard to toss it all out the window just like that. So I have my work, my furs, my nice car. Yes, and so what?"

I DON'T know the answer. Nobody does. Yet it seems a pity that, with all her success, Martha can't have the love which every girl wants.

She could be very pretty, if they'd let her. But that isn't her racket. She has to be the dumb cluck and cut ridiculous capers for the laughs.

She's still giving out rays of sunshine, no matter how much gloom may settle in her big, generous heart.

And there is a lot of compensation for her in the movies. There's the thrill she had when they asked her to lead the Screen Actors Guild ball not long ago, the big annual event in the colony when all the stars turn out. They took her picture with Eddie Cantor, Joan Crawford, and Gloria Swanson.

Her movie future is assured. Martha Raye, who wished she had a romantic name and a pretty face, is a tremendous success.

But there are times when she wistfully wishes she were not a clown.

For her valentine, Jerry Hopper, signing himself "Your ex-boy friend," sent her a picture of two broken hearts, with an inscription. It began this way—

"Dear Angelpuss Raye. . . ."

Angelpuss! Well, that's Martha Raye!

WHAT LOVE HAS DONE TO GENE RAYMOND

With the eyes of the whole fan world turned on the forthcoming wedding of Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, you'll find this story of their romance and how much it has changed Hollywood's "perennial bachelor", a particularly fascinating true-to-life revelation! In July MOVIE MIRROR, on the stands everywhere, May 26th.

Now Her Date Book TELLS THE STORY!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE SINCE SHE KNOWS THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MEN JUST CAN'T STAND a girl who's careless about perspiration odor! So why take chances? Cashmere Bouquet Soap makes it so *easy* to be sure. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather keeps you so sweet and clean, removes every trace of body odor; frees you from any fear of offending!

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PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO! Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing . . . yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

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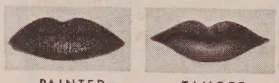
Youthful Lips

Tangee's Color Change Principle brings lips youthful beauty. Orange in the stick, Tangee *changes on your lips* to warm blush-rose. Paris says, "No painted look!" Tangee *isn't paint.* Use Tangee Rouge for cheeks.

Use Tangee Lipstick at bedtime! Its special cream base makes lips soft, lovely. Doesn't rub off, need not be removed at night. Try Tangee: 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.



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Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
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An Off Screen Close-Up of Claudette

(*Continued from page* 42)

is felt in the very depths of her heart. Somewhere within her is a warning bell that conveys—definitely and unfailingly—a message to Colbert when insincerity comes wandering in in a cloak of sincerity.

I hadn't seen Claudette for well over a year and these are the new things I discovered about her. New, that is, since love and happiness in marriage came into being.

She has become decidedly prettier. Always lovely, with those brown eyes so ridiculously wide apart they give her piquant face a very rare beauty, she has suddenly blossomed forth into a really beautiful girl. Her eyes shine, her hair curls up, and her laugh has grown two shades warmer. Claudette, in short, is a woman in love. And with her husband, at that.

She's less given to moods. She declares with out and out frankness that her husband, Dr. Pressman, is cute.

IN fact, cucumbers are the only tangible threat to their happiness in a year of happy marriage. Dr. Pressman is decidedly for them and Claudette convinced they're good for no one. "There is nothing in any book of medicine that says cucumbers are bad for me," he'll say and go on eating them in enormous quantities.

It's the only thing—cucumbers, I mean—that has come between them so far. Or no, there's one other. I'll tell you about that later.

This is another new quality we noticed. Her ready, eager willingness to tear apart her beautiful new home for her husband's comfort. The upstairs sitting room in her new home, you can mark down in your little book, is the gem of all rooms in Hollywood. And yet out comes the spacious window seat, and out comes the exquisite corner cupboard so that the whole may be remodelled into a dressing room for Claudette. Dr. Pressman may then have for his own Claudette's present dressing room—the one that gives the enchanting view to the sea and receives the early morning sun. Things torn down, done over, remodelled for his comfort, you see.

She's a worker. That work of hers on the screen is real, is serious, is vital to Colbert. As a slip of a girl out of school, she began her New York stage career in a small walk on part in "The Mad Wescotts." She rose to the lead in "The Barker" in just a few years and made the leap from stage to screen in slow but sure stages. Movie stardom was a matter of a few good pictures for Claudette.

Her amazing lack of social activities may be attributed again to her complete happiness. She certainly believes in big parties but attends few and gives none. "That'll be fun," she announces to herself when invited out. But somehow next day the party idea has lost most of its appeal. By the time the date rolls around, it hardly seems worth the effort. So she seldom goes.

"I'm worried about it," she told me. "I kept telling myself it was because I lived in rented houses that weren't built for parties that I didn't give any. 'That's it, that's the reason,' I pretended, and felt better. 'In my own house,' I thought, 'it will be different.'

"It isn't. I still don't give parties. It must be laziness."

Two cents says it is. If you must know, she's the laziest sleepy head in town and would sleep till noon every day if work didn't prevent.

But the next day after the party, to which she didn't go, is something else again. Claudette is bound to have one of the guests in for tea to hear all the details of the affair. "It's more fun talking things over than going, anyhow," she says.

Somehow Claudette never has a good time on holidays. "I sit and think how every one else in the world is having a good time, but me," she says, sad over it, really. New Year's Eve is practically the saddest event of the year because Claudette wants to wear a paper hat and throw things like other people, but just can't get around to it somehow.

She hasn't the proper paper hat perspective, which I think tells volumes and volumes concerning Colbert.

Just as loyalty is her great spiritual virtue, those hands of Claudette Colbert's are her greatest physical asset.

Notice them sometime. The fingers are long, strong and vital. In fact, it's the hands of Colbert that reveal the strong will and capable mind behind that intelligent beauty. Make no mistake about that.

Claudette's maid was struggling one day to open a bottle of olives. All sorts of openers were resorted to with no effect. "Hand the bottle to me," Claudette said, and with those strong fingers gripped about the bottle, it opened easily.

Now here's a timely thing. Timely, I mean, in face of her choice of a doctor-husband. She's always been mad about fixing people's wounds and bruises. People declare they believe Colbert takes a gleeful delight in seeing her friends with scratches or bumps just so she can wrap them up in her incredibly neat bandages.

ONE night the projection machine broke down in the middle of a "March of Time" newsreel, her favorite, by the way. The projectionist tinkered and fussed with it to no avail. Dr. Pressman poked and prodded to no avail. Two men guests also took turns tinkering to no avail. Claudette waited until they were all through.

"Now," she said to the maid, "run upstairs and bring me Dr. Pressman's medicine kit. The one with the bandages."

With those long, capable fingers she took out the adhesive tape and bound it carefully about various wires. The doctor's scissors went snip, snip, snip and in two minutes, the operation successfully completed, time marched on at a great rate.

She simply adores having her friends say nice things to her even when deep down in her heart she knows doggone well they aren't so.

Coming out of a preview of one of her pictures she'll say, "Now didn't you think that was a good picture?"

Naturally the friends will agree. "You were wonderful," they'll say. "The picture was marvelous."

A few months later Claudette will say, "Honestly, wasn't that picture a dud?"

But at the time she loved and adored the flattering fib, even though she knew full well it was a fib of the first water.

And heaven deliver me from that woman if she thinks someone has a secret she's keeping. She'll—well, I promise you, she'll drive her crazy until she's pried it out. But once it's Claudette's, the secret is never revealed.

She'll spoil the point of a story nine times out of ten. In a room full of people, don't, I beg you, ask Claudette if she's heard the latest joke about the two Irishmen.

OH, you mean the one where the Irishman says so and so or does such and such?" she says. "Oh, yes, I've heard it." Spoiling it completely, of course, for everyone else in the room.

Quiet little Sunday evening dinners at Claudette's take this turn. Claudette, at the head of her own table, politely leads the conversation in the direction of art, music or the political situation in France.

Halfway through the discussion someone will say, "My, you should see the strip dancer at Minsky's burlesque this week. Whewie!"

Claudette, with a withering look, will go right on with her French political discussion for all of one minute. And then she'll pause in the very middle of a sentence.

"What does the strip dancer do?" she'll ask, all ears.

"I've invited the wrong people, that's what I've done," she'll say when the laughing subsides. "I've invited the wrong people." But she never gets back to politics.

Not without cause has she been called the Fretting Frog. Claudette will find something to worry over if she has to make it up. This particular day I called, it was ex-King Edward who had her in a fine nervous state of mind. Would he be happy? Was he making a mistake?

"I even worry and fret over some actor's line of dialogue," she admits, "and why, I don't know. *I* don't have to speak it or even listen to it if I don't want to, but no, I'll have the actor worked up, the director in a turmoil and the whole studio upset over one little line of dialogue that never was mine in the first place."

She's more than comical, really. Colbert is fun.

She's intelligent, she's well read, and she possesses a keen mind. Eventually she catches up with all phoneys.

Now here's a revealing trait about her. Let her discover you're the least in awe or afraid of her, and you'll pay the price. She'll take advantage of that ridiculous fear by showing no hesitancy in being hours late for appointments. "I'm sorry," she'll say, but just the same she's late.

Frank Lloyd, who directed "Maid of Salem," met Claudette on her own ground and she loved it. He earned her respect and she repaid him with promptness.

Once, however, he was all ready to shoot a scene and no Colbert. "I told her eleven o'clock," he said, "I told her myself."

He fumed and paced.

At eleven-seven a very disheveled Miss Colbert dashed madly on the set. All apologies, deeply concerned.

"I said eleven," the director said quietly, "and we rehearse now. This minute." And they rehearsed.

Nearly seven minutes late, but she felt dreadful over it.

Colbert has a healthy respect and ardent admiration for the person who meets her face to face with facts and plain dealings.

She's really a swell fellow, this Colbert.

Once a studio friend and Claudette stood outside the dining room, talking. "For that, Claudette," he said, "I'm going to give you a nice mild kick where you deserve it," and proceeded playfully to do so.

At that moment a door opened and out stepped her director and two studio executives.

"Oh, no, your eyes aren't deceiving you," Claudette laughed, "I'm really a star on this lot. And look what I get from Paramount. My own company. Just a kick in the pants."

THERE'S a constant but silent struggle in force between Colbert and her husband.

She tries to keep his weight down and he tries to keep hers up. She tries to keep him from overeating. He tries to see she eats plenty.

The score is in favor of Claudette so far. Her husband has lost thirty pounds and Claudette has gained ten.

She isn't afraid to speak her mind when the situation demands it. Plumbers who cozily installed a two-bath water tank in the Colbert home know what I mean.

I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!
THAT NIGHT
THAT FORTUNE TELLER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARK HAIRED MAN, SUE! I HAVEN'T SEEN TOM IN WEEKS!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, ANN! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME SISTERLY ADVICE, YOU'LL SEE DR. LANE ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
ANN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. LET ME TELL YOU...
"HOW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH"
"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth which are the source of most bad breath ... of dull, dingy teeth ... and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel — makes your teeth sparkle."
THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

A certain assistant director in Hollywood also knows what I mean. Claudette takes Smoky, her French poodle, on all location trips. When it came time to board the train for one trip, she discovered no arrangements had been made for the dog except a part of the upper berth provided for her maid. And during the entire journey Smoky and the maid did their traveling together.

The assistant director responsible for the stupid business was told in no uncertain terms by Miss Colbert exactly what she thought. She thought plenty.

You've probably heard this story before, but it is such a grand one and so indicative of Claudette's complete lack of showoffness that it bears repeating. A friend tells of going on a shopping cruise with the actress. A certain suit was brought out and tried on by Claudette that sent both the friend and saleslady into raptures.

"It's a dream on you," they cried. "You simply must buy it."

"Oh, but I couldn't," Claudette said, caressing its bright folds, "I'd be too conspicuous in it."

SHE constantly displays a deep concern for those she loves.

A friend of Claudette's once took suddenly ill and was carted off to the hospital. While attending an Actors' Benefit that night Claudette heard of it. She made one dash from the Benefit to the hospital. It was quite late and the hospital was closed to visitors, but no difference. Claudette banged on doors till they were opened and she tore upstairs to her friend's room. Nurses were scared out of their wits.

"Are you all right?" she demanded. "Have you a good nurse? Is your doctor the best?" And on she went at a great rate until in her mind she was convinced all was well. And then she left. Her friend had gained two more degrees of temperature, of course, but nothing was left that wasn't probed into by Claudette.

And now for that certain business that keeps coming between Claudette and her husband. His name is Smoky and he's Claudette's beloved friend, the French poodle.

He adores Claudette. And just as thoroughly he hates the man who, he feels, has come between them. Quietly he'll get up from Claudette's side by the fire when Dr. Pressman comes in and go off to a corner. His eyes, however, will never leave the doctor's face. Brooding jealousy and, yes, heartbreak are in his eyes as he watched the one he loves and this strange being who is taking her away from him. As soon as Dr. Pressman leaves, Smoky comes back to his place by Claudette's side.

Day after day, night after night, this silent watching goes on.

I think, more important than anything else, is the fact that Claudette gives up a friend as she gains one. Slowly. It's a slow heartbreaking process for Claudette.

Reluctantly she'll part with friends who have betrayed her with disloyalty. She'll actually suffer at the operation.

But once it's over, never, never again do they regain their lost place in the heart of Claudette Colbert.

Such loyalty as hers knows no compromise for disloyalty.

Claudette is more than fun. She's just plain grand.

Movie Mirror Jr.

(*Continued from page* 10)

post office in Westwood, where we live. I told them I wanted to start an account. They asked me several questions and took my finger-prints. They gave me two one-dollar vouchers, for the two dollars I wanted to save. I did not let my aunt go with me when I did this. I surprised her with the news.

I go to school five hours a day, and come to the studio for my lessons whether I am working in a picture or not. I study algebra, Latin, English, history, geography, science, spelling and chemistry. Very soon I am going to take commercial law and typewriting. I like all of my studies, especially mathematics and history.

When I do not have to go to school, or work in a picture, I spend the day at our new house in Westwood. Westwood is a little village just a few miles from Hollywood and very pretty. I get up about seven o'clock, eat my breakfast and take a ride on my motor-scooter, or go for a horseback ride. I love to ride. There is a very nice stable, called the Pickwick Stables, in Riverside, where we rent the horses. I also like swimming very much.

I HAVE two pets. Miss Constance Collier, the actress, gave me a Spaniel two years ago, and I call him Concol. Last week I got another Spaniel, and named him Captain Manuel Tobias. His nickname is Toby. I'll tell you how I got Toby.

Just the other night, the producer of "Captains Courageous," Mr. Lawrence Leighton, phoned to my aunt and told her that he would stop by our house and take us to a sneak preview of my picture. I was very excited, as you can imagine. I had never before attended a sneak preview. That is where the picture is shown to an audience before the regular preview, before it has been cut the way it will finally be shown.

Mr. Leighton arrived at our house about dinner time. In the back seat of his car was a present for me, he said. It was Toby. He is a dandy, all black Cocker Spaniel.

I like to go to previews. Usually I go to bed around eight o'clock, but on preview nights it is sometimes close to midnight. The only trouble is, I do not get to go to many of them. I never go to parties in the evening. Whenever my aunt and I go out for dinner, or to a dinner party, as we did the other night to Gloria Swanson's house, dinner is usually served early. I am back home and in bed at the usual time.

My favorite food is hamburger smothered in onions. I always order it when we dine out. Aunt Cissy laughs at me a good bit, because of my choice, but I am very fond of it. I also like green peas and mashed potatoes, orangeade and peaches and cream.

I guess I am not very exciting. I have never had any of the things a good many children have, such as whooping cough, mumps, chicken-pox, and things like that. I did have my tonsils taken out, though, when I was five years old. That was in London.

Would you like to know what I do, when I am working on a picture? First, I must

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"I was heartbroken about my blemished skin. Then my aunt, whose skin is smooth as a girl's, begged me to try Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream."
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Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to guard from blemish and to soften lines. Vitamin D ingredient stimulates the skin to breathe

GERMS are unfriendly to the delicate skin. Just waiting for some crack in its surface to set up a blemish-infection. So use a beauty cream that is *germ-free* . . . Woodbury's Cold Cream!

Less chance for germs to cause ugly blemishes when Woodbury's softens your skin. This cream arrests germ-growth.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains another protective element that all skins need . . . Sunshine Vitamin D. Vitamin D wakes up the quick-breathing process of skin cells. And when the skin breathes fast, takes up oxygen quickly, it retains its youthful vigor.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to keep your skin soft, young-looking, clear. Use Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder base, to hold make-up smoothly. Each of these lovely creams $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

MAIL for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7478 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

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FOR 70 YEARS thousands suffering from asthmatic paroxysms have depended upon Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR...druggists throughout the world have recommended and sold it as a quick and dependable aid to relief. You, too, should experience the same beneficial results. Try it now! Ask your druggist for Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR — in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or send for FREE supply of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California. Dept. M

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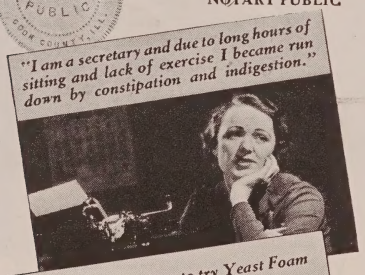
Don't Be a Slave to Cathartics

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice J. Ruttinghi
NOTARY PUBLIC



"Now after three months trial I have been cured. I highly recommend them and will never be without Yeast Foam Tablets."
LAXATIVES? I NEVER NEED THEM ANYMORE!

NOTE: *The above letter is but one case but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of constipation or digestive disorder.*

IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only *temporary* relief. Such remedies merely bring about a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the *real* cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. These precious factors are sadly deficient in many typical everyday diets. In many foods the B complex is *almost completely lacking.* When these factors are added to the diet deficient in them, in sufficient amounts, constipation due to this trouble goes. Elimination becomes regular — complete.

Energy Returns, Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and *yeast is the richest known food source* of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function, when these disorders, as is often the case, are due to the B and G deficiency.

With the *true* cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches of the constipation type will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it will not put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today . . . refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail This Coupon Today

You may paste this on a penny postcard

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Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) RG 6-37

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

get to the studio at nine sharp, in the morning. Edward, our chauffeur, drives me from home. The make-up man works on me, while I am dressing in the clothing I must wear for the scene. We then go to the set and rehearse our parts. When the director thinks we are sufficiently good at them, he tells the cameraman to start shooting, and the scene is taken. When we aren't busy rehearsing or shooting, we study our lines, or go to school, or play.

I study my script each night at home. My Aunt Cissy helps me. She plays the other parts, while I memorize my lines by repeating them. I must memorize each line exactly as it is written in the script.

There are many other things to do at the studio, too. Two or three times each month I go to the gallery and have portrait sittings made. And, just before a picture of mine is released, I must have many more pictures taken in the gallery. These are called stills.

I guess that is about all I have to write you, Juniors, at this time, except to say that I do hope you will write to me.

My best wishes—

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW.

I will give ten autographed photographs of myself to the ten boys and girls who write me the ten best letters on the subject "Why I like to go to movies." That is easy, isn't it? Now, just why do you like to see pictures?

Your letters will be judged by their interest and sincerity, and Miss Betty Turner and I will act as Judges.

Write to me in care of MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. But be sure to mail your letter before June 5, 1937.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

Winners of Shirley Temple Movie Mirror Junior Contest

1. Ethel Pflueger, 506 Race St., E. Pottsville, Pa.
2. Patsy and Jo McDonald, Box 527, Cranbrook, B. C., Can.
3. Mary Alyce Foster, 4708 Ohio River Rd., Huntington, W. Va.
4. Carolyn Virginia Telling, 553 North College St., Decatur, Ill.
5. Herbert Hoffman, 8237 Blackburn Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
6. Michael F. Theena, Box 56, Metamora, Ill.
7. Mary Stetz, 138 Passaic St., Passaic, N. J.
8. Hazel Hauser, 2602 S. Main St., Winston Salem, N. C.
9. Mary E. Mayes, Hannibal, Mo.
10. Joy and Jack Cross, 346 Villa Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
11. Nona Jean Bee, 139 E. Chippewa, Brookhaven, Miss.
12. Maurine Helm, 1416 Argentine Blvd., Kansas City, Kans.
13. Bettie Orso, 251 St. Joseph St., Mobile, Ala.
14. Nadine Taylor, 410 E. Oak St., Walla Walla, Wash.
15. Stanley Gome, G. Bettercount & Co. Ltd., Georgetown, Dem., British Guiana.

He Had to Learn to Laugh

(*Continued from page* 54)

"That's enough, Mischa!" It was his grandfather. He had risen from his chair now, and was pacing up and down. He turned to the mother. "My dear daughter," he said, shaking his head. "My dear daughter! Can't you see your son doesn't even *want* to be a violinist? *None* of your sons wants to be a musician. Why should you force it on them? I'm sick and tired of it! Why don't you let them be what they want to be?" Then tenderly he turned to the boy. "You don't want to be a musician, do you, Mischa?"

NO," he answered. He felt like shouting it loudly, eagerly, but in deference to his mother whom he loved, he said it softly, as though it were a sad concern to him, too. "No, I don't," he went on. "I think I would rather be a surgeon like my other grandfather, or I should like to do something like my father did—go to military school and be a brave man."

"There!" said the grandfather. "You see?"

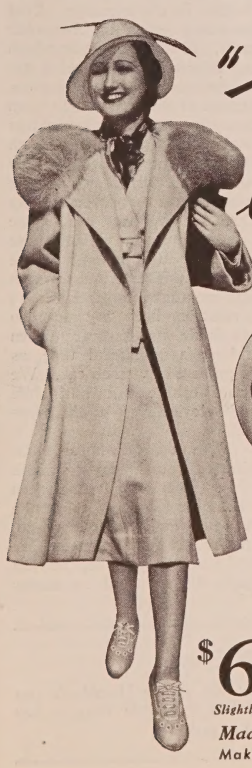
Thus in that moment was given up the idea of Mischa's ever becoming a great violinist. But still he felt guilty about the disappointment he had caused his mother, and later, in his childish way, he offered a compromise. "I will study the piano, if you like, Mamma! Perhaps I will be better at that!"

So for six years he went on with the piano, but his study was more farcical than serious, as Mischa well recalls. "I was required to practice two hours every day, and when Mother was home, believe me, I did practice, but when she was away it was a different story. I had a governess and a tutor who were supposed to watch over me, but fortunately they knew nothing about music. I would pound the keyboard any old way, or I'd just play the same simple exercises over and over; usually I was reading at the same time, or making faces at myself in the mirror. Unless, of course, they happened to look in on me, and then I'd turn the music pages so fast and furiously that the turning of them actually stirred up a wind.

"Otherwise I believe I was a very well behaved little boy, as I look back on it. You see, we were brought up very strictly. I remember each evening after dinner, the three of us would line up in front of our mother, click our heels, kiss her hand, and say, 'Thank you very much for the delicious dinner, Mamma.' Of course that isn't as strange in Russia as it is here. There, guests always thank their hostess for the meal after the last course. Still it was quite an unusual formality among children.

"But all this happy, well-ordered life ended with the Revolution. We were only what is known as 'petty nobility,' but still when the Revolution broke we were doomed, along with all other aristocrats. My mother had to flee for her life and I was carried off to Siberia with hundreds of other children, to shift for ourselves. My brothers were at the Imperial Lyceum School at the time but they managed to escape somewhere, too, though I have never seen them since. It was all a very horrible thing which I can't remember in exact continuity or detail now—I try not to; I think of it as little as possible. However, you can imagine what a terrible period it was when I tell you that for many months the children's band, of which I was a part, wandered without clothes, without homes and often without food, through that awful wasteland. It was two years before I finally saw my mother again. She had found refuge in Constantinople and I joined her there. But she lived only a few weeks after we were together again. She had been working in one of the hospitals . . . there was an epidemic of typhoid . . . she contracted it and died. She died with a tiny silk pillow under her head and a steamer rug over her—they were the only two of our old possessions she had managed to bring with her from home. I have them with me now," Mischa added quietly. "They are the only things I have left, to remind me of that old life."

MISCHA, a refugee, as countless others were, finally managed to locate his grandfather, who had gone to America, and the old man sent for him at once, but when he saw Mischa for this first time in many years he scarcely recognized him as the



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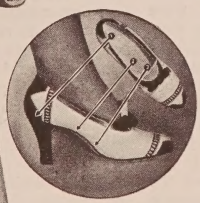

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Made by JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Makers of Fashion Plate Shoes . . . Recognized Style Leaders for Over 20 Years!

QUEST . . .
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● Why take chances now that *complete* protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

Quest is utterly effective—even on sanitary napkins. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet does not irritate skin or clog pores!

Try Quest today. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins—after the bath—under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, so can't interfere with the fragrance of perfume.

And Quest costs no more than other kinds . . . only 35c for the large two-ounce can. Buy it today at any drug counter.

QUEST
FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

happy, good-natured boy he had known years before. His manners were more like those of a little old man than of a boy. He was morose and moody and no smile ever showed on his face. After six months the grandfather despaired of doing anything with the boy himself, and sent him to one of New York's finest schools for problem pupils, the well-known New York Ethical Culture School. But after a while his professors gave up, too. They constantly complained that he refused to take any of his studies seriously, and to all such complaints Mischa only shrugged. What could seem serious to him now, after the serious, stark life he had seen during Russia's mad years!

Then suddenly came the way out of all their difficulties. Quite unexpected was the event which was to save Mischa. It was, strangely enough, a part in a school play.

THE play was "If I Were King." No one even suggested that Mischa try out for it; and, if someone had, it's quite possible he would have scoffed at the idea. But, as though by accident, he turned up in the school theater on the day of the try-outs, and asked for a chance. Much to his surprise—and to everyone's—he was not only given a chance, but the leading role as well.

For the first time in several years Mischa began to find some purpose, some balance wheel for his despondent personality. It was like a new toy—and Mischa lavished all his affection and attention on it. Now Mischa had no more time to sit in moodiness. There were plays to see and read, techniques to be studied, and, most intriguing of all, there were hundreds of things to learn about make-up. From the beginning this phase of it fascinated him above all else. He bought enough grease paint for an entire stock company, and a small camera, and proceeded to photograph himself in every sort of make-up. He photographed himself as old men, mad men, fat men, thin men; as rich men, poor men, beggarmen, thieves; as monks, devils and whatnot. Eventually these photographs proved to be the open sesame to Mischa's first professional engagement. Dudley Digges saw them, was duly impressed by his make-up wizardry, and cast him as an old man in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck."

The next season Mischa again worked for Digges. This time, however, there was no suitable part for him in the play, so he acted as stage manager and did one "bit" besides. However this bit was far more important to him than all his other duties put together. He had only to be a soldier, walking by a window, a mere moment's appearance in the second act, but if you had seen him making up for it you would have surely thought he played the title role. The make-up was so elaborate that he had to arrive at the theater half an hour before the other actors!

By the time Mischa arrived in Hollywood, in 1928 (he was playing here on tour, and stayed just because he liked it) acting had already transformed him into a different man. He was amusing to meet, and entertaining to know, and suddenly he was asked everywhere. At Hollywood parties where he was often the main laugh maker, producers and directors used to come up to him and say, "Good heavens, man, you're funny! I'm certainly going to make a part for you in my next picture." But, as so often happens in this town, the kind of parts for which he was most ideally suited never turned up. When he did work he always found himself cast in sinister, villainous roles. He was either an evil creature who killed little children, or a half-wit haunting a house, or a maniacal scientist transforming beautiful women into goodness knows what. Not until "My Man Godfrey" came along did he get his teeth into a real comedy role. It was all he needed—Mischa has been doing his funny stuff ever since, in one picture after another. There was his long-faced, droopy-eyed Indian in "The Gay Desperado," his alcoholic count in "Three Smart Girls," his hammy Hamlet in "Top of the Town," and on and on, as fast as he can change his make-up and get from one set to another.

SO Mischa Auer not only had his trials in Russia, but plenty of them in Hollywood, too. Still today you would never know that he had ever suffered. His career and his success and his joy in entertaining others have cured him of all that. He can even look back on the past, those glorious days before the Revolution, and drink to it in good cheer, without being too sentimental. "Of course," he explains, "a Russian can't help being a little sentimental now and then, especially along about three champagne bottles in the morning. That happens once every year, on November first, to be exact. That's the date on which several of my Russian friends and I get together to commemorate the old regime. They're all alumni of the Imperial Lyceum School which my brothers attended. Most of them are business men now, though there is one whose name you would know—Ivan Lebedeff. Our meetings are stag dinners always, always very formal—we wear full dress, and we have champagne and caviar, and every few minutes we click our heels, and drink a toast to the past. Naturally at this rate, as you can imagine, a time eventually comes when it's impossible to click our heels any more, so we just *sit* and drink our toasts from then on. Oh, we have a wonderful time, as only Russians gathered together can. We weep a little, of course, but mostly we laugh and sing—gloriously, I might say—into the dawn."

Thus each year, on November first, Mischa looks forward to an occasion which he couldn't have dared to face sixteen years ago. Thus he laughs now in the presence of a past which, at fifteen, only filled him with dread. It's because he has learned to make us laugh, that he has learned to laugh himself, and no career can do more for any man!

MYRNA LOY'S HOUSE OF DREAMS

There's more than love, more than a happy marriage, inside Mrs. Arthur Hornblow's new home—it's the fulfillment of so many lovely dreams! You'll find the whole story in July MOVIE MIRROR, on sale everywhere May 26th.

The Real Truth About the Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power-Loretta Young Triangle

(*Continued from page 29*)

Grumbling, he assented. But the evening came on with warmth and splendid beauty, as California evenings do, and Tyrone had nothing to do after dinner, and somehow or other there was only one thing he really wanted and only one person he really cared to see.

So in the clear dusk his sleek roadster came quietly to a stop several doors up from the Henie house, and after a moment Sonja, reading in her room, heard gravel rattling against the window glass. She went out on the balcony and peered down.

Below, Tyrone stood and, faced with the need for silence, made invitational motions with his arms. Sonja gestured back the impossibility of acceptance. He pantomimed insistence.

So young Miss Henie took stock of the situation. Her own rooms were separated from those of her parents by a bath and dressing room, and looking down the length of the porch she could see that in all the windows the blinds were closed. She was in slacks. There was a vine lattice leading down from the balcony to the lawn. And to a person with her physical training—

IT may have been undignified but it was awfully simple. In five seconds she was racing up the sidewalk with Tyrone to his car, and in ten the long black motor had zoomed flashing past the house, leaving a fragment of laughter behind it.

They were gone three hours. The Henies, pere and mere, never found out, either.

After that night there was no stopping them, studio or parents notwithstanding. I think, and so do her most intimate friends, that Sonja fell in love with Tyrone the moment he was pointed out to her across the crowded cafe on the 20th Century-Fox lot. It may have taken longer for Tyrone. He wanted to be very worldly, very smart. He didn't want to fall in love.

Yet the time came within a few days when he had to face himself honestly and admit that he had fallen like the proverbial ton of bricks. It was first love, exciting, ecstatic, all-important for both of them. They did all the things youth does when it is in love for the first time. They drove for hours along the beach and through the dark tumbled California hills, telling each other all the unimportant, intimate things that might conceivably make the one dearer to the other. They went to the races and to theaters and to night-clubs; and at parties after the first necessary attention to others they were suddenly, unostentatiously together, touching hands and wearing their hearts in their eyes.

Then Sonja's picture, "One in a Million," was finished and previewed and was a hit. She left for the East to fulfill a contract for skating exhibitions (not even for love can you disregard the thumping good offer of $10,000 a night) and Tyrone saw her off with many promises and a long kiss, despite photographers.

I was Never So Comfortable

. . . AND I'M TELLING YOU NOTHING CAN COMPARE TO THE 3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX

Morning at the Club—

① CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

Afternoon with Betty—

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By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping.

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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

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ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super — for different women, different days.

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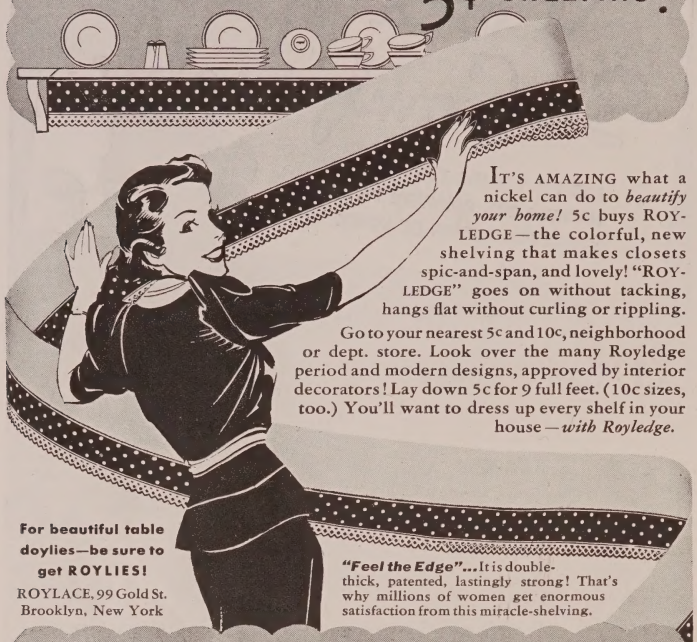
A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

Lovely to look at . . .
THIS 5¢ SHELVING!



IT'S AMAZING what a nickel can do to *beautify your home!* 5c buys ROYLEDGE—the colorful, new shelving that makes closets spic-and-span, and lovely! "ROYLEDGE" goes on without tacking, hangs flat without curling or rippling.

Go to your nearest 5c and 10c, neighborhood or dept. store. Look over the many Royledge period and modern designs, approved by interior decorators! Lay down 5c for 9 full feet. (10c sizes, too.) You'll want to dress up every shelf in your house—*with Royledge.*

For beautiful table doylies—be sure to get ROYLIES!
ROYLACE, 99 Gold St. Brooklyn, New York

"Feel the Edge"... It is double-thick, patented, lastingly strong! That's why millions of women get enormous satisfaction from this miracle-shelving.

9 FT. 5¢ "FEEL THE EDGE"

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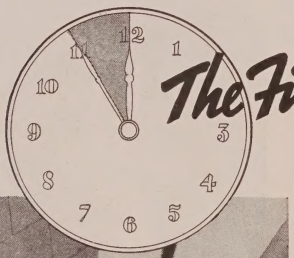

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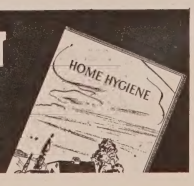
TO KEEP YOUR BATHROOM ODOR-FREE

Pour a few drops of Creolin into the toilet bowl each morning when you clean. Add it to the water when you clean the floor, walls, basin and tub. You will no longer be bothered with bathroom odors. Creolin disinfects and deodorizes. It has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. Your druggist sells Creolin, with full directions. Get a bottle today.

★ *Write* for Free Booklet, "Home Hygiene," giving complete information about the many other household and personal uses of Creolin, the reliable disinfectant, antisepic and deodorant. Merck & Co. Inc., Dept. MM6, Rahway, N. J.

CREOLIN *banishes* Bathroom Odors



The next day the studio called him into conference. He would be co-starred with Loretta Young in his next picture, "Love Is News." For purposes of publicity it would look well for him and Loretta to be seen going out together.

After all Sonja would be gone a long time, and business was business—and Tyrone was still smart.

Not long after, the whispers got about that the Power-Henie affair was definitely a thing of the past (*phffft,* translated the newspaper columns), that Tyrone that afternoon had accepted Loretta Young's invitation to a cocktail party at her home; and that of evenings the two were being seen about together quite a bit.

Now you must understand a thing about Loretta that most of Hollywood, and little of America, knows. She's young and fascinating and almost breathlessly beautiful, but she has been on the screen a long time; she's been in, and of, the picture colony since she was fourteen. Most of those years she's been searching for the genuine, complete love that she knows must come to her one day.

In a way there is an aura of tragedy caught about the head of this beautiful girl. She has fallen in love innumerable times, but in each case the equation of religious or other barriers has been an unsolvable one.

ALWAYS, sooner or later, she has gone on to a different man and a newer love. When the studio set-up introduced her to Tyrone she thought sincerely that she had the happiness she had sought for so long in the person of Eddie Sutherland, ace director and very personable young man.

They had been a Hollywood twosome for months, and recently they had agreed that no matter what barriers there were to surmount they would somehow be equal to the task. The date of their eventual marriage was merely a matter of conjecture.

Eddie, who had been married and divorced five or six times, went abroad on the *Hindenburg* and, according to those who know, he came back to the States triumphantly carting a set of dispensations from the head of Loretta's church. He was very happy and very much in love, and he carried the torch high for all to see. He still does.

But just about that time during one of those cocktail parties (or in a noisy cabaret, or on the set) Loretta discovered that Eddie Sutherland was just another friend.

Young Mr. Power thought Loretta was a very nice girl who danced well and managed to be impossibly beautiful all of the time. He liked Loretta about as well as anyone he knew.

But he *loved* Sonja Henie.

From his standpoint, consider these two girls. He is twenty-two and so is Sonja; she is utterly alive, with the gaiety born of a spirit which is at once ingenuously happy and brilliantly shrewd. She has always—all her life—found a way to get what she wanted. She is as young as a new blade of grass and as old as woman's wiles—and with this equipment, in addition to her personal beauty, she is perfectly able to reach and take the things she desires.

Loretta is primarily feminine in all she does. She cannot be much older than Sonja

but a woman's age is reckoned not from how long she has lived but how much; and Loretta has been an integral part of Hollywood for many years.

She has not ever managed to get for herself the one thing she wanted—an abiding love.

Don't be misled into thinking she isn't fascinating. She has the quality of great allure to which any man in his right mind must necessarily respond. But you see Sonja, in the course of things, got to Tyrone first.

So that while the guiding fates of the movie city chuckled maliciously, Loretta let anybody who cared to look observe how much she liked young Power—and he held her hand, to tell her how much he missed the little blonde star of the silver skates.

He flew back to New York at Christmas and spent a rollicking few days with Sonja there. Then he returned to the Coast and in accordance the papers broke out in a rash of publicity when he was seen with Loretta. Finally, a few weeks ago, Sonja quite suddenly cancelled a raft of Midwestern engagements and came unexpectedly home: the publicity had begun to sound pretty authentic.

Tyrone, delighted, met her at the plane.

Said Sonja: "You look wonderful."

Said Tyrone: "You look better than wonderful to me."

They agreed to meet for lunch at her hotel, and on his way there, at noon, Tyrone bought a morning paper. In her sitting room, while he waited for her, casually he flung wide the pages—and sat staring in horror at a four-column photograph of himself and Loretta seated at a festive table. Underneath, the caption was more than appropriate.

Sonja opened the door and he tossed the paper hurriedly into a wastebasket. "Let's go," he said and rushed her out of the room. If he could only keep her from buying that particular edition—

As they sat at lunch, later: "Oh, look!" Sonja said suddenly. "See the paper that woman is reading over there? It's got a picture of you in it."

Tyrone goggled. The woman had folded the pages so that only half the photograph was on the portion facing Sonja. "Isn't that nice?" beamed little Miss Henie. "Wonder what the rest of it is?" She got up and trotting across to the woman's table looked forthrightly over her shoulder.

Then she came back and, not smiling, sat down again to her lunch.

Tyrone explained for thirty consecutive minutes. During that time Sonja's small, enigmatic smile grew into an honest grin; until finally she touched his hand. "Of course," she told him. "Of course I understand."

I think she does, with reservations.

The situation remains at this standstill today. Loretta and Tyrone are working together in "Cafe Metropole." On the lot Sonja and Tyrone care little who is looking; they hold hands when they're together, which is during every free moment, and minor officials, dashing suddenly into empty offices, find them there and retire in confusion, burbling apologies. Even when you come smiling up to interview Sonja, and Tyrone rises politely to leave, she says abruptly, "Don't go."

When she went back to Detroit to finish several engagements, Tyrone gave up his projected vacation to Mexico and went also to Detroit.

Eddie Sutherland, after moping disconsolately about Hollywood for weeks, announced the other day he would beg out of his next assignment (which might have done much for his career) and go to Florida for a while. Loretta said nothing.

At one point of this triangle rests potential heartbreak, inevitably; and from the entire labyrinth of emotions and explanations and publicity Tyrone must discover one thing:

It is a fine thing to be very smart and very business-like about romance, when you are as bored with it as most stars are. But when you're twenty-two, when the heart is young . . .

What will happen? I wish I knew.

LORETTA YOUNG'S "STAR FASHIONS"

Next month, Gwen Walters' inspired selection of "Star Fashions" will be modeled by lovely Loretta Young, in some of the finest pictures of this screen favorite you've ever seen. Don't miss this outstanding style section in July MOVIE MIRROR, on sale at every newsstand, May 26th.

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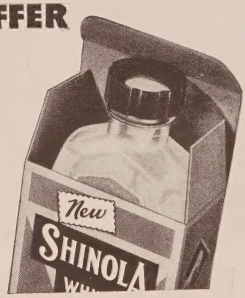

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Resinol
Ointment and Soap

News in New York

(*Continued from page 27*)

those narrow escapes that make actors and actresses shudder in horror. On her first evening here, she dined at the "21" club. As the coffee was brought on, she prepared to light a cigarette. Her escort leaned over with a match—the starched veil of her chic little hat burst into flames—and only the presence of mind of her companion, who put out the blaze with his hands, saved her from being scarred for life!

The tiny blisters were still apparent on her left cheek, and you could still see where her eyebrow and eyelashes had been singed, a few days later, but even these slight signs of near-disaster are rapidly disappearing. She looked very cool and comfortable, indeed, curled up in polka-dotted brown satin pajamas on a couch in the magnificent library of Mrs. Charles Payson's (Jock Whitney's sister and one of Elizabeth's best friends) home on Sixty-first Street. Very modern-looking, too, so that it was easy to understand her sad lament.

I'M tired of doing nothing but costume pictures," she wailed, in mock distress. "I'm tired of dragging those heavy petticoats around! I'm beginning to wonder if producers are ashamed of my figure, or think I have thick ankles. And, most of all, I'm tired of dying and having babies in every movie I make! It seems so illogical, since Hollywood brought me from England because I'd had a certain amount of success in sophisticated modern comedies—and I haven't really done anything in modern or comedy roles since I got here. Of course, I had a modern role in 'Men in White,' but I died in that. I've been dying, cinematically, ever since!"

She wasn't really being unhappy, however. Quite the contrary! She was thrilled over her new contract at M-G-M which calls for only two pictures a year, leaving her more time to make either film or stage appearances here and abroad. She was excited over the trip she was making to England for the Coronation. Most of all, she was elated at the prospect of seeing her family again in Lincolnshire, and her husband, Bill O'Bryen, in London.

This must have been children's month in New York! Stuart Erwin and his wife, June Collyer, brought their two adorable children with them on their visit. "Adorable" is a sadly over-used word, but it still applies to five-year-old Bill and twenty-months-old Judy. They're both named after their parents, Stuart Erwin, Jr., and June Dorothea Erwin, but those are names which are only used for state occasions. "We've called our son 'Bill' ever since before he was born," explains Mrs. Erwin. "Even if it had been a girl, we'd probably have nicknamed her 'Bill!'" Judy's name comes from a combination of June and Dorothea (Ju-Dee—get it?)

Judy's a bit too young to appreciate her first visit to the big city; she came specially to see June's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton J. Heermance, for her grandfather had never yet had a chance to see her. It's different with Bill, though. He thinks the city's grand. But then, he'd like any place so filled with automobiles, for Bill is really and truly car-crazy. He knows every make and can tell you what model it is! "I like

being in trains, too," he added, putting his hands in his little trouser pockets with a very grown-up air. And he loved his first view of the Hudson River from Riverside Drive.

Big Stuart was enjoying his visit, too. He's very enthusiastic about his new starring contract with Grand National and feels it's quite an improvement over the Class B pictures he was getting at M-G-M before he left. "The best pictures I've done in the past three years have all been made at other studios," he said, in his slow, drawling voice. "I think I enjoyed making 'Ceiling Zero' more than any other film. I particularly liked working with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. I've just finished making another picture with Pat—and Henry Fonda—called 'Slim.' Now that I'm on the same lot where Jimmy Cagney works I think that will bring me luck, too."

Their one problem in Manhattan was the active curiosity of little Judy and Bill, who were particularly fascinated by the artificial fireplace in their charming suite at the Waldorf Towers. Whenever no one was looking, they delighted in picking the colored glass "coals" out of the grate and stowing them away in bureau drawers along with their other treasures. That's where Bill ran into a particularly perplexing problem. He looked the situation over very carefully and decided that he'd rather live in California after all. "You know, Mommy," he said earnestly, "I don't think Santa Claus could come down that chimney!"

New York premieres are hardly the gala occasions that Hollywood provides. However, most New Yorkers don't know that and they crowd around the theater lobbies just as avidly as their California cousins, and are thrilled to death if one or two important stars attend the showing. Besides, what the audience lacks in movie personalities is often made up to a large extent by the political, theatrical and sports celebrities who attend. Manhattanites got a real treat at the premiere of "Lost Horizon," for there was one of their greatest idols—Jean Arthur. Young, gay, and laughing, dressed in simplest black, Jean posed for our picture this month with Mrs. Sam Jaffe, wife of the actor who did such fine work with the difficult role of the Grand Lama in the picture. Sam himself couldn't attend, because he's starring in one of the town's greatest spectacles these days, Max Reinhardt's production of "The Eternal Road."

THERE'S a little story behind that picture on our opening page which may help you to understand more clearly what a grand, unaffected person that Arthur gal is. As the photographers prepared to click the shutters, her infectious laugh rippled out. "Wait a moment, boys!" she called. Then she reached up and adjusted the brim of Mrs. Jaffe's hat at a more becoming angle that would show more of her face. "All right now," she laughed. And she hadn't spent one moment in primping to have her own picture taken!

Deanna Durbin seems to inspire as much affection and admiration in the people she works with as she does in her fans. When she celebrated her fourteenth birthday here not long ago, Universal executives in New York gave her a private party which was so unpublicized that this human little story has just leaked out. When they presented her with the huge, fourteen-candled cake, Beulah Livingstone, of the publicity department, told Deanna to make any wish she wanted and Universal would grant it. Eddie Cantor had just sent his protege her first fur coat, and everybody thought she'd ask for a dress or ensemble to wear with it. Or, perhaps, all the flowers and candy her heart desired.

Were they flabbergasted when Deanna said calmly, "I'd like to meet the Mayor of New York," and explained that she'd heard Mr. LaGuardia's father was a bandmaster and she was sure he must be interested in music!

Wires were pulled, a busy mayor's schedule was completely rearranged (very gladly, too, for he admitted he was a Durbin fan and listened to her every Sunday night), and Deanna met him in his office the very next day. She sat on his desk and sang for him, without accompaniment, and they exchanged autographs. "I think he's the nicest man I ever met—next to Uncle Eddie. You know, Eddie's a mayor, too."

Like so many stars, Deanna is an enthusiastic collector. Everywhere she went in New York she collected menus and match folders as souvenirs of her visit. Not just one of each, but two. She couldn't really neglect her stand-in, you see.

Time was when nearly every movie actress got her preliminary training in hair-raising serials. It's changed today, but Jean Rogers is one promising Hollywood young-

"LUCKY NANCY—I'LL BE WORKING HERE WHEN I'M 50!"
SUE DIDN'T HOPE FOR ROMANCE UNTIL...
I FELT ASHAMED OF SHOWING SUE MY RING—SHE SOUNDED SO LONELY
POOR CHILD—I'LL INVITE HER HOME. DROP HER A HINT ABOUT WHAT'S WRONG
SUE, I'M GOING TO LUX MY UNDIES. WANT ME TO DO YOURS? IT TAKES AWAY PERSPIRATION ODOR, SAVES COLORS TOO—
MARY—DO YOU MEAN THAT I...? I'LL USE LUX FROM NOW ON
NEXT WEEK
ANOTHER DATE WITH TOM, SUE? I CAN HEAR THE WEDDING BELLS
OH, HE'S WONDERFUL MARY, AND I'M SO HAPPY! THANKS TO YOU!
LUX
Avoid Offending . . .
Many attractive girls lose out on friendship, romance, because of one unforgivable fault—perspiration odor in underthings. Play safe—Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor without injurious cake-soap rubbing or harmful alkali. Protects fabrics—saves colors. Safe in water, safe in Lux.
Removes perspiration odor... Saves colors

"I was run-down—

"...looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... was underweight... felt tired."

"What did I do?"

"MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite...improves digestion...restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...restore your appetite...and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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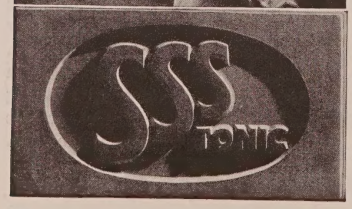


ster who started out as a serial queen. She was in town for a day or two on her first trip here in four years—since a year before she won a Boston beauty contest (under her original name of Eleanor Lovegren) and went into the movies. Incidentally, she has another distinction as one of the few screen-test winners in beauty contests to make a go of things in Hollywood.

"I never expected to stay," she said. "Mother and I just stored our furniture in Belmont (Massachusetts) and went to Hollywood for the fun of it. After my four-week prize contract ran out, we were ready to go home and call it a day. Then, through the encouragement of friends, I decided to stay and take a gamble—for that's what it really is, of course. After that, it was pretty discouraging. Oh yes—I had contracts and the money was welcome, but I didn't get a chance to do anything.

"Suddenly, at Universal, I made five serials in a row. I was busy enough, but I got a bit worried. I was afraid of being typed, though I enjoyed the work itself. It's really lots of fun—things like having a chance to drive a car as fast as you want to. Of course, they could use doubles for these bits of action, but I couldn't be cheated out of that excitement! I remember one day the director decided to pep up the end of an 'Adventure of Frank Merrivale' episode by having me fall out of a canoe while riding the rapids. In my heavy riding clothes, boots and all, I thought I'd never come up again! But I really miss the excitement now. I think working in serials took the place of stage experience for me—and everyone who wants to go ahead in pictures needs some special training."

The life of a producer isn't always as colorless as you might think. Some of them run into as much drama and excitement as the stars themselves. At least, there's been plenty of variety in the life of Producer Ray Friedgen, who just returned from supervising his latest sea-sports epic, "Killers of the Sea," in which he shared many of the hazards which beset his star, Captain Wallace Caswell, Jr.

But variety, as we said, is the keynote of many a producer's existence. When we ran into Producer Friedgen he was quietly sipping tea at the very British, very elegant reception which 20th Century-Fox gave for Gracie Fields. Gracie is probably the highest-paid entertainer in the world, even surpassing our record-breaking Mae West. Her income has been estimated to be a million dollars a year—even though most of us have never heard of her on this side of the Atlantic—for she's the undisputed idol of the British music halls. Figure it out for yourself; she gets $250,000 for every picture she makes, $10,000 a week for stage appearances, and royalties on her gramophone (phonograph, to you) records—which sell at the rate of 3,000,000 a year! Now she's going to try her luck as a comedienne in America, before American movie audiences.

It had been some five years since Gracie and Friedgen had met, when he was co-producer of one of her first films, "Sally in Our Alley." And what a change of scene! This party was really too elegant for words, champagne and stringed orchestra and all.

"It was rather different the last time I saw Gracie," Friedgen smiled. "The last glimpse I had of her before today, she was making a comic bathtub scene and splashing the suds about!"

AROUND THE TOWN WITH A CANDID CAMERA

Mary Pickford, unbelievably radiant and happy, sailing on the *Berengaria* to join her fiance, Buddy Rogers, in London . . . . still insisting that their marriage would take place in America, some time in May . . . . Tyrone Power planing into town for a ten-day vacation after completing "Cafe Metropole" . . . . and planing right out again after a broadcast, called back to the Coast for a new film . . . . Margaret Lindsay paying a flying visit to Manhattan and hurrying off to Washington, D. C., to be on hand when her sister's baby was born . . . . Glenda Farrell sailing for Europe, too, to make a picture at Warner Brothers' London branch . . . . M-G-M executives all excited after a sneak preview of "Captains Courageous" . . . . sure that Spencer Tracy has the Academy Award cinched for this year, at least . . . . Janet Gaynor raving over Margaret Sullavan's performance in "Stage Door," just before the show closed so that Maggie can prepare for the arrival of her first-born . . . . Constance Cummings and her playwright-husband, Benn Levy, arriving on the *Queen Mary* . . . . and Connie so ecstatically happy over being back in New York that she did everything but kiss the soil of her native land . . . . Jack Benny, on the other hand, wise-cracking and waving goodbye at the station, impatient to leave for Hollywood.

The Stuart Erwins (June Collyer) paid a real family visit to New York, bringing their adorable youngsters, Bill and Judy, to the metropolis to see their grandparents, June's father and mother.

Bringing Up Jane Withers

(*Continued from page* 61)

writer, "they won't ask me to sweep floors or wash dishes. I'd hate that."

"That's just the trouble," said Jane. "It doesn't matter whether you hate it or not. You've got to do just exactly what they tell you."

JANE has often insisted on doing more than the studio wants her to do. She has a boy double, who is supposed to do the dangerous stunts for her, the ones the studio would hesitate to ask any girl to do. When her role in "The Holy Terror" called for Jane to climb out of a window, run across the top of a roof and slide down a tree, the studio asked her double to do these stunts.

But Jane wouldn't hear of it. "Oh, boy," she said, "that'd be fun," and she insisted on doing the stunts for which her double was being paid.

Jane never permits anyone to fuss over her.

Do you remember the picture, "Poor Little Rich Girl," in which Shirley Temple played the part of the little girl who couldn't even sneeze without having a whole battalion of servants go into action, without having a physician called, and without being sent to bed for the rest of the day? You might imagine that a ten-year-old movie star like Jane, who earns $1,150 a week for her work in pictures and $5,000 a week for personal appearances, would be treated like that.

But things aren't done that way where Jane is concerned. Never would tomboyish, gay, sensible Jane permit it. There was, for instance, the time when Jane had to slide down a banister in "Pepper." There was an ugly curve near the bottom of the banister, and Jane went down so fast that instead of stopping at the foot of the banister she bounced off and hit the back of her head on one of the steps.

Worried about what had just happened, the director, the extras, the prop boys and the electricians all gathered round Jane. They waited for her to cry out in pain, and consulted with one another in whispers as to what to do.

But there wasn't a murmur out of Jane. She simply rubbed the back of her head ruefully with her hand and said, "Just let the crowd get away and I'll be all right."

Then there was the time when Jane, excited about something or other, bounded bare-footed into the living room of the hotel in Chicago where she and her mother were staying, and stepped on a needle, which had carelessly been left by a maid. Suddenly she was conscious of an ugly, searing pain; part of the needle had become embedded in her foot.

Mrs. Withers rushed to the phone to call a doctor.

"We don't need a doctor," said Jane. "Just give me a pair of tweezers."

Mrs. Withers sterilized a pair.

"Don't worry, Mom, I'll take the needle out myself," said Jane.

"But Jane—"

Jane yanked fiercely, her brave little face puckering with pain. She got the needle out herself, and dabbed the sore spot with rubbing alcohol.

Not satisfied with this, Mrs. Withers called the doctor anyway. He looked at Jane's foot, smiled and said, "You did a good job, Jane. I couldn't have done a better one myself."

Never has Jane known what fear means. When kidnaping threats arrived at the Withers home a few months ago, Jane said, "I'd love to meet some kidnapers. I'd act so mean and cause 'em so much trouble I bet they'd return me in a hurry."

HOWEVER, the studio assigned a bodyguard to follow Jane, and though she resented his presence at first, she soon became very fond of "Uncle Jack." He makes an ideal companion for Jane, for he takes her horseback riding and plays croquet and monopoly with her.

While I was interviewing Mrs. Withers, a husky blue-eyed giant walked in and out of Jane's bedroom, and I was told that he was one of the two bodyguards who were taking care of her during her personal appearance tour.

"Jane," grinned her mother, "is keeping both bodyguards busy telling her detective stories. As fast as they finish with one,

THEY WEREN'T FOOLING WHEN THEY SAID "DON'T BRING LULU"
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, MAY? NO ONE EVER WANTS TO TAKE ME PLACES
YOU'RE SWELL, LULU—YOU JUST NEED A LITTLE FRIENDLY ADVICE HERE GOES—SWITCH TO LIFEBUOY
I COULDN'T HAVE "B.O." I BATHE PLENTY AND WITH A WELL-KNOWN BRAND OF TOILET SOAP
BUT IT DOESN'T CONTAIN THE SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT THAT'S IN LIFEBUOY
AND LIFEBUOY IS MORE THAN 20% MILDER THAN MANY SO-CALLED "BEAUTY SOAPS" "PATCH" TESTS PROVE IT
I'LL GIVE IT A TRY
TWO WEEKS LATER—
YOU WERE RIGHT, MAY! MY SKIN IS LOADS FRESHER AND I FEEL MUCH BETTER SINCE I'VE BEEN USING LIFEBUOY!
YES, LIFEBUOY'S A REAL HEALTH PROTECTION, TOO! I ALWAYS USE IT FOR MY HANDS—IT REMOVES GERMS AS WELL AS DIRT
AT THE CLUB
DON'T BRING LULU
A GRAND OLD TUNE—BUT I'D CHANGE THE WORDS! I'LL BRING LULU EVERY TIME! SHE'S THE SWEETEST GIRL IN TOWN AND SHE'S MINE
Don't gamble with happiness!
BATHE regularly with Lifebuoy and know you're protected! Its glorious lather contains a special purifying ingredient—not in any other well-known toilet soap. It stops "B.O."... And makes your body feel refreshed, extra-clean . . . Lifebuoy is a super-mild complexion soap, too . . . Helps bring fresh, natural beauty to the skin. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

she asks for another. She's restless because she's not accustomed to being confined indoors, and she has exhausted practically the whole repertoire of detective stories of both bodyguards."

Ever since she was six years old, she's been following all the kidnaping cases that appear in the newspapers. When she first came to Hollywood, the Lindbergh case was occupying the front pages, and she asked her mother to read her all the details of the case.

"And did you do it?" I asked Mrs. Withers.

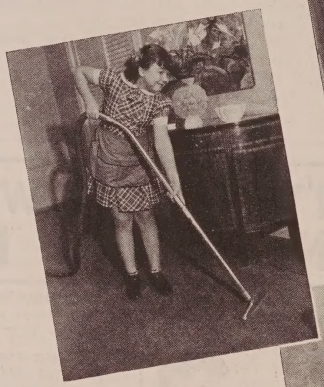
"I did," said Jane's mother. "Of course I would have refused if Jane were a nervous child. She had her own ideas on every detail of the Lindbergh case and, later, the Mattson case. 'Maybe they ought to go to work on this clue,' she'd say, and, 'I wonder if they're overlooking that clue.' It broke her heart when both cases ended tragically."

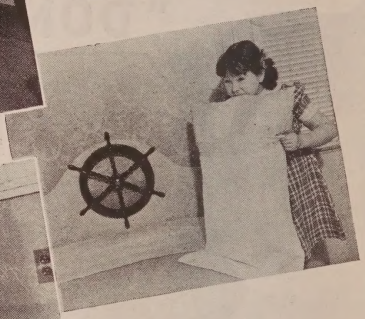
Jane Withers' home routine is very much like that of any other girl of her own age. She gets up at six-thirty or seven in the morning, takes a walk before breakfast, and when she's working in a picture gets to bed not later than eight in the evening. When she's not working she stays up until nine or nine-thirty.

In the day time she spends most of her time out-of-doors, jumps rope, rides a bike, and drives a specially built car.

Mrs. Withers sees to it that Jane eats plenty of green vegetables. Amazingly enough, Jane likes buttermilk and spinach and doesn't have to be coaxed to eat them. Unfortunately, she's also fond of prime ribs of beef smothered in gravy, apple pie à la mode and chocolate sundaes; and if she were always allowed to pick the foods she likes, she'd soon become very chubby, so Mrs. Withers guides Jane gently in the direction of the spinach and away from the sundaes.

A really practical course of housekeeping is just a part of her mother's schedule for "bringing up Jane Withers!"





And Jane goes about it with vim and vigor, since a trip to the zoo is her reward—though Emily Post mightn't approve her methods! (P. S. The dog's name is "Danky.")

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Get Double Protection This Way—

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When you brush your teeth with Forhan's, massage it gently into the gums just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your whole mouth feels! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the *new big* tube saves you money. Start using Forhan's today. *Also sold in Canada.*

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Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dept. 18-A, 254 W. 31 St. N.Y.

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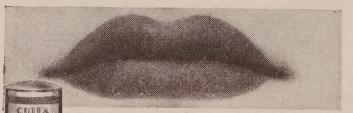
5 YEARS YOUNGER



A special oil in Cutex Lipstick helps make your lips look smoother, more alluring—5 years younger! Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try it! ONLY 50¢

CUTEX *Lipstick*

When they go shopping, she lets Jane pick her own clothes. She likes slacks, tailored overalls, turquoise blue and pink party dresses, Copenhagen blue sports clothes and tiny hats of the sailor type.

"I've never dressed Jane up like Mrs. Astor's pet horse," Mrs. Withers told me, "and I believe that's one of the reasons she got a chance to act in pictures. When I took Jane in to see James Ryan, the casting director at Fox, about the role of a brat opposite Shirley Temple in 'Bright Eyes,' Jane didn't have a trace of make-up on; her hair was combed back and held in place by a simple band pinned back with bobby pins. She was wearing a plain summer sunback dress with short puffed sleeves.

"All day long mothers had been trooping in with their children, and you know how movie children are sometimes dressed—many of them wore make-up so thick you couldn't see the natural child underneath the make-up; they wore elaborate party dresses and their hair was all done up in corkscrew curls.

WHEN Mr. Ryan saw Jane, he said, 'Well, she's certainly the most natural-looking girl I've seen today.'"

Jane's favorite colors are red, white and navy blue.

At one time Mrs. Withers told Jane she could have her bedroom painted in any colors she wanted.

"I don't want any baby colors," Jane said.

"Baby colors? What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Withers.

"Aw, pale pink and light blue. Now what I'd really like is a bedroom in red, white and blue!"

And so came into being the nautical bedroom, with ropes across the footboard of Jane's bed, a ship's wheel in the headboard, a blue rug, red and white wall paper, and a white curtain with red polka dots. Outside the bedroom was a sun deck, where, it was hoped, Jane would spend a good many hours. But she was too restless, and always after a few minutes on the sun deck she'd say, "Let's do something."

"Have you ever spanked Jane?" I asked suddenly.

"Not in the last five or six years," said Mrs. Withers. "I think spanking should be used only as a last resort. With Jane I have found that the most effective punishment is to tell her that she can't go to a moving picture. She goes to one every week, and loves them.

"At one time, however, she developed the habit of biting her nails. My husband put a stop to it. 'Listen, Jane,' he said to her, 'if you can't stop biting your nails, we'll just have to stop you from going to any moving pictures at all.'

"Jane promised to cure herself. She bought a little score card, and every time she put her hands anywhere near her mouth, she put an x on the score card. Now she hardly ever bites her nails."

She's very systematic in everything she does. Before she goes to bed she usually makes out a list of suggestions as to what she's going to shop for the next day. She gets an allowance of six dollars a week, and if she borrows any additional money from her mother, she always returns it out of her next allowance.

A few years ago, her weekly allowance was only one dollar, but even then she had a sense of responsibility about it. One day she was playing baseball with several other children and the ball went through one of the windows in a nearby house. To this day no one knows which of the children actually broke the window, but they were all terror-stricken and wanted to run away. Then Jane stopped the other children. "I'll go to the manager of the apartment house," she said, "and tell him I did it." She kept her word, and actually paid for the broken window out of her allowance.

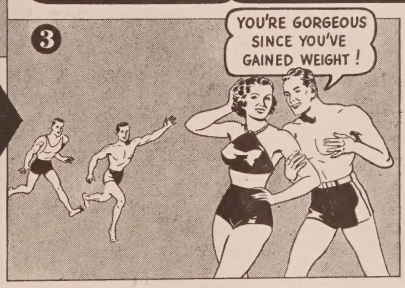
THOUGH, as a rule, Jane is very practical, she likes to go out and buy "surprises" for her mother. Sometimes those surprises disconcert Mrs. Withers a little; for instance, the time Jane came home with a bottle of perfume for her, quite different from the brand she usually uses. Realizing how sensitive Jane really is, Mrs. Withers felt that it would be cruel to tell her that she didn't like the perfume, yet it did seem foolish to encourage Jane to buy things that she couldn't use.

She solved the problem neatly. "Jane," she said, "the perfume's very lovely, but what I really need are powder and rouge."

That saved Jane's pride. "I'll go right back and exchange it," she said.

During her recent personal appearances, she was mobbed by children who waited at the stage entrances of the theaters where she was appearing. She begged Mrs. Withers to let her go out and say hello to them, but her mother knew that if she did, her clothes might be torn to pieces and she

A FEW WEEKS LATER



IF MEN "HATE THE SIGHT OF YOU"—READ THIS

THOUSANDS OF SKINNY GIRLS GAIN 10 TO 20 LBS.—QUICK!

IF you're skinny, gawky, lacking in that feminine allure of glamorous curves which attracts the other sex like a magnet, here's glorious news! Thousands of girls who'd never been able to add an ounce before have put on 10 to 20 pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh *in a few weeks*—with these new pleasant-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets.

Besides, these girls have gained naturally clear skin and lovely color, new health and pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.

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Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital food elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most good out of the body-building foods that are essential.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is imported ale yeast. By a new process this special yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets. And these little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of men and women, boys and girls, to gain long-wished-for pounds—in just a few weeks!

Try them without risking a cent

If you, too, need these vital food elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your skin. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new pep, new charm and personality.

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In Hollywood, Kleinert's Dress Shields are "required equipment" for dresses—*they* can't afford to risk spoiling costumes—can *you?* Kleinert's Blue Label Shields are especially popular because they can be *boiled!*

*Bra-forms combine dress shields with dainty uplift bras cleverly concocted to give both slender and mature figures that new high rounded line. In various fabrics, for a dollar and up in good Notion Departments. Washed in a minute—always ready for wear with *any* dress—and guaranteed to protect from moisture, friction, and under-arm cosmetics.

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might be hurt, so she had Jane stand at a little window, and from that window she waved at them.

One boy came with his Irish setter, and Jane liked the dog so much that she asked the stage manager to admit the boy every evening, so that she could see the dog. On the night she made her last personal appearance in Boston, the boy bought her a box of candy, and Jane invited him to her dressing room. "Gee," he said reverently, "I bet the other kids won't believe me when I tell 'em I was up here."

You can fool grown-ups, but you can never fool children. Children like Jane because she's regular.

Irvin S. Cobb once said of her, "If Jane Withers is a sample of what a movie career does for children, a law should be passed forcing all youngsters to have such experience. I have yet to know a sweeter, more well-bred, gentle, considerate and wholly natural little girl."

Take a bow, Mrs. Withers.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 6)

upon whom the responsibility rests for the selection, are too close to the business itself to make a fair choice. I admit that Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are splendid artists, but it seems to me they were chosen because they played in pictures which were epics, or outstanding productions.

The Academy has been prone to heed the echoing of spent dollars that bought glitter, glamour, and glory. No one can deny that "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Story of Louis Pasteur" were BIG. The movie fan is more able to judge the best piece of screen acting because he is seeing it from a distance and with crystal clear glasses.

I feel that the fans would have voted differently. I know I would have. I have been hoping that William Powell would get the "golden statuette" for the last three years because he is a consistently good actor. I would have voted for Miss Irene Dunne for 1936, for her work in "Theodora Goes Wild."

Miss Ada A. Morris,
Akron, Ohio.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Sometimes It's Worth It

I've always hated talent scouts!

They are the people who find new talent, and when it comes to new talent I'm a "dyed in the wool conservative." Simone Simon may cause a big ripple, but let her prove her ability is my motto. Even Robert Taylor with all his success is still an unproved quantity in my eyes. People may shout and stamp their feet over such and such "discovery," but I'll take the older proven actors and actresses every time. In other words, I keep my fingers crossed.

Or I did—until Bob Burns and Martha Raye crossed my vision! And then I was lost. Enthusiasm reached an all high pitch. I sat down and took back every single harsh thought I'd ever had about

movie beginners. Why, it's worth watching dozens of pretty punk discoveries if every now and then two sparkling, unbeatable comedians can be found! Whoever discovered them, congratulations!

And may the talent scouts live long and prosperously from this day on!

Ruth D. Eaton.
Sacramento, Cal.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Hollywood Bouquet

Kay Francis is a poppy,
Satin-velvet her finesse;
A violet is Gaynor
In her Cinderella dress.
Del Rio much resembles
All the splendor of a rose,
And Joan Crawford's like a tulip,
In her galaxy of clothes.
Helen Hayes is like an iris,
Shedding silver dreams around;
Greta Garbo is an orchid—
Subtle, mystic, and profound.
Beryl Mercer is a pansy;
Patsy K. a marigold;
Hepburn, like a water-lily,
Freshens hearts of young and old.
Ginger Rogers, gay and winsome,
Is a dancing daffodil,
And Loretta Young, a daisy
Blooming on a wind-swept hill.

Amy Vance Weeks,
Evansville, Indiana.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Hollywood Carnival

Errol Flynn—A ride on the Cyclone.
Boris Karloff—The Chamber of Horrors.
Clark Gable—The barker outside the Big Show.
Mae West—The hula dancer outside the Big Show.
Nat Pendleton—The strong man.
Gracie Allen—A ride on the carousel.
Tyrone Power—The man on the Flying Trapeze.
Simone Simon—The fireworks after the show.
Gary Cooper—The high diver.
Claudette Colbert—"Little Egypt."
Robert Taylor—With you when the ferris wheel is stuck at the top.

Grace Houston,
West New York, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

As a patriotic Briton, I have a bias in favor of good British films, but I envy your folk in possessing motion picture producers who have caught on to the fact that young fellows and girls of the present generation are not all lounge lizards or animated cigar-signs! Pictures from the United States are popular with youth because they indicate the "pep and sizzle" of American sports and pastimes and introduce young folk to the heroes and heroines of the cinder-track, the ball game, the tennis court and the football gridiron. Scarcely one picture in a hundred produced in British studios suggests that Britons, on the whole, are the greatest lovers of sport and the finest sportsmen and sportswomen in the world!—D. Grant, London, Eng.

Why do you always cast Carole Lombard as a highbrow? She needs no ermines or orchids to make her lovely and appealing. She just is! Take her off Park Avenue, put her in the slums; give her a baby to love instead of a lapdog to fondle. Let her fight for the man she loves. Give us some good tear-jerking scenes where she cries because she is truly sad, and not because Count So-and-So sent gardenias instead of orchids.—Lorry Warder, Warrensburg, Mo.

* * *

"Green Light" does indeed blaze with a clear, pure radiance among films of the current season, so far removed is it from the flip, cynical, run-of-the-mill movie. At any rate, it was quite novel to see a film in which there were no detectives, no broadcasts, no night clubs, and no theme songs!—Selma Gladys Katz, Brockton, Mass.

* * *

Clark Gable as Parnell—Parnell, the half-English, the English educated, the erudite, the slight, forty-ish statesman the tender lover, NOT the passionate. And they pick Clark Gable in a place where dwell Ronald Colman and others of the Colman type. The perfect Parnells! Why, oh, why?—Mrs. Sarah L. Sollars, Sebastopol, Calif.

* * *

I have noticed that noisy pictures, either comedies or dramas, get boisterous response from the audience. A school teacher knows that the louder she talks, the noisier a class will become. It seems to be the same way at the theater. Yesterday I went to see "Mama Steps Out." As the picture progressed, the audience seemed to lose its dignity. When I came out into the street after the thunderous climax to that picture, I myself felt like shouting and running down the pavement, pushing people right and left!—Douglas Wyman, Baton Rouge, La.

* * *

Sonja Henie sure is "One in a Million!" Boy! She is both a champion skater and an actress, and she was swell in the picture. But, like Simone Simon, they will give her a second- or third-rate picture for her next one and she will lose her standing with her public. Simone Simon was kind of on the shady side of good in her second picture, "Ladies in Love." So I hope Miss Henie quits her career in Hollywood before they spoil her in some bum show called "Park Avenue Love," or something or other.—George E. Heaps, Darby, Penna.

* * *

In discussing double features, many disadvantages have been cited—too great length, too much difference in quality—and to these I wish to add too great similarity of type on the same bill. Perhaps two consecutive stories of humor or sentiment might be endurable, but surely there is a limit to the amount of bloodshed a civilized person can witness without having it pall. Recently, after two hours of wading in gore, I felt only relief when the last character died a violent death—the twelfth I had witnessed that evening!—Phyllis Wynn Jackson, Tucson, Ariz.

"WHAT D'YA MEAN, FALSE ALARM! IT'S DELICIOUS SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES!"

Big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits, topped with red, juicy strawberries—it's the grandest flavor that ever put out a three-alarm call to appetites.

"I JUST REMEMBERED WE'RE HAVING SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES FOR LUNCH."

Dive into this delicious dish tomorrow morning—get its energy-building carbohydrates, vitamins, proteins and mineral salts!

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Don't Meet that New Man

UNTIL YOU'VE MADE THIS "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST

If any moisture at all collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will draw out stale "armhole odor" when you most want to make a good impression

PRETTY CLOTHES, appealing charm and amusing conversation may win a new man's attention. But your first exciting meeting will never ripen into friendship if you have carelessly neglected that little hollow under your arm!

If you have been deodorizing only, even though you *feel sure* of your personal daintiness, don't meet another man until you have made the "Armhole-Odor" Test.

As you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be shocked and surprised to find that your *dress* has a stale "armhole odor." That is the way *you* will smell to everyone you meet!

When you deodorize only, although it is quick and easy to do, you do not stop perspiration and do not give yourself complete protection. Perspiration occurs after you deodorize, and the moisture is immediately transferred to the fabric of your dress. Every time you wear the dress, the warmth of your body draws out an intensified odor of stale perspiration.

Girls who have tried all ways to master the art of personal daintiness know that one way is sure—complete dryness. Through embarrassment they have learned that quick, easy methods, which do not stop perspiration, are unreliable. They insist upon the complete protection of Liquid Odorono and gladly devote the few extra moments necessary to its use.

Odorono is entirely harmless to the underarm skin, yet by keeping the underarm *always dry*, it insures both wearer and frock against the slightest possibility of offense.

Protects Lovely Garments

The dainty shades and sheer fabrics of your evening gowns will never be marred by ugly greasiness or discoloration from perspiration if you protect them with Odorono. And you will find dry-cleaning bills on your entire wardrobe considerably reduced.

Start today. Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

To make sure your natural charm will be unmarred by offensive "armhole odor," send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

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I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

Why doesn't some director put Fred MacMurray opposite Jessie Matthews? Perhaps a story in which a girl like Jessie could dance and a man like Fred could sing, if given a chance to show their talent —Mary Lonasco, Philadelphia, Penna.

* * *

The "stocks" that form a feature of "Maid of Salem" would be a good idea for people in the audience who kick the back of their neighbor's chairs. The kick should be received from the performers—Connie Cowell, Vancouver, B. C.

* * *

I wonder if anybody else feels the same way I do about this star business? I wouldn't go across the street to a free show to watch 95% of Hollywood's high-salaried stars, male or female. But cast someone like Henry Armetta, Eugene Pallette or Hugh Herbert, and I'll sit through anything for the privilege of watching these masters of their art. More power to the bit part and character actors and, if you please, a little more credit for the success of the whole industry!—Roy Newton, Big Rapids, Mich.

* * *

What would the stars do without a Una Merkel or a Frank Morgan, or Walter Brennan and Eric Blore? And there are many more. So I take my hat off to the players who don't get enough credit for what they do to help put a picture over—Bertha Peplan, Reading, Penna.

* * *

I have seen quite a lot of gang-pictures but none, strangely enough, got my goat until I saw Joseph Calleia in "Tough Guy." His yegg-like acting in the aforesaid film was Marvelous (with a capital "M"). I was so deeply moved that I had to see "Tough Guy" for the second time. Jackie Cooper and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., were grand, too, not to mention the supporting cast. Here is a gold laurel wreath for Joseph, fresh daisies for Jackie and, last but not least, a dozen hot dogs for Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr.—Francisco A. Serrano, Legaspi, Albay, P. I.

* * *

"You Only Live Once"—a movie that is a perfect movie's movie. By that I mean it is the sort of a story that can be done superlatively well on the screen, and is, in this instance, done much better than it could be on the stage or over the radio. Talking pictures can be an art, with no pandering to the stage by transplanting plays, when producers and directors present such living dramas from modern life, and do it intelligently and artistically—Donald H. Reed, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

May I tell you of a quaint method I have of grading stars? I have two lists, one marked "Our Stars," the other, "Hollywood's Stars." This is a sort of race between Hollywood and us, the people. An actress is proclaimed a star; while she is just plain and sweet, we seem to have something in common; then she is "Our Star." But as soon as she begins to go high-hattish, she seems as far removed from us as the planets themselves. We have lost her to "Hollywood's Stars"—Helen Ignatius, Lakewood, O.

Those Happy Oakies and How They Live

(*Continued from page 45*)

Above — at the Oakies' recent "Southern" party in honor of their first wedding anniversary, the Jimmy Cagneys, the Jack Oakies, and the Dick Powells (Joan Blondell).

Above—Jean Hersholt shows his necklace of "quintuplets" (but in blackface in honor of the affair) to Lupe Velez. Left—Venita with the only couple who actually came in blackface, the Robert Youngs. The yard was decorated as a Southern plantation, there was a minstrel show, and the favors were wee nigger-baby dolls.

man's true friend. Always new, always bright, always ready. This year's model, too. Note the improvement? The slots are shaped in figure eights so you slice off pretzels as well as whiskers. What? You have one? You're a naughty little early bird, that's what you are!

"Very well then. How about this double-breasted pancake turner. Note the rounded edges. Gets in every corner. Refills at twenty-five cents. Slip out, slip in. Simple for a child."

"Papa, the egg-beater," Venita broke in.

"In due time, child, in due time. Now here we have," Jack opened another drawer, spread a spatula, an apple corer, a sieve, a measuring cup, two paring knives and a rolling pin in neat array on the floor beside the other utensils, "our latest number, out just this week from the factory. Gentlemen, I give you the one and one-half gainer!"

The salesman pulled himself to his feet. "I don't know who you two are, but you're

"I'VE BEEN HANKERING FOR THIS FLAVOR"

"So have I. It's a flavor that fairly melts on your tongue —a fresh pep and tang that sends a tingle right through you. That tight-sealed package keeps the gum chockfull of freshness and flavor. Your digestion is stimulated too; when busy days demand quick eating, chew Beeman's Pepsin for digestion."

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AIDS DIGESTION...

WOMEN! BE SMART

Don't be victims of old-fashioned prudery and stupidity

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem...Happy when she lives *without fear*...Prevents that agonizing worry which upsets so many marriages...*Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now bring you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use...*greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

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● Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear.

Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects.

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certainly nuts!" he said. "Let me out of here."

As he reached the gate, Venita came flying after him. "You forgot your free gift," she said reproachfully, handing him a sample size package of breakfast food. "And grapenuts to you, sir!"

Well, that gives you a rough idea of why life is never dull for the Oakies—or for their guests. Take the "Southern" party they gave to celebrate their first wedding anniversary. The fact that the most discussed topic in town just then was the casting for "Gone with the Wind" gave them an opportunity they couldn't miss, so their invitations read: "Scarlet Varden and Rhett Oakie invite you to a 'Come with the Wind' party." And did their guests have a good time? Well, just look at the pictures.

When it comes to screwy gifts they have given each other on occasion, or even when there wasn't any occasion—

There was, as I said, the fully equipped electric train Venita gave Jack (along with a pigeon blood star ruby ring, a watch and chain) for Christmas. And the musical top (along with a Packard, a mink coat and a diamond bracelet) he gave her. In addition there was Yvonne of the Quintuplets dolls ("One a year is good enough for any woman!"), a celluloid billiken that says "Pa-a-pa" ("So he'll get used to saying 'Yes child?' instead of 'What's it, toots?'"), a mustache cup engraved "To Grandpa," a pair of red flannel shorts, and a sand-box complete with pail and shovel.

There was also the florist's box delivered to Venita after a spat. In it was a single blossom and seventeen cards—some announcing the arrival of the stork, some formal best wishes, some of good cheer for the shut-in, some congratulations on the opening of the new business, some for Mother's Day, one Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—but all signed with these words. "I Love You."

Sure they have spats. All the time. They love 'em. Breaks up the monotony and gives Jack a chance to prove his theory that women are "never so mad but they forget about it if you buy 'em something."

But what they spat about is something else again. Usually it is because Jack has played duck in the bathroom again and drenched the place, or because Venita insists a certain sweater is too dirty to be worn another time. They had a knock-down, drag-out over that once. It ended up with Venita giving the sweater to the butler and Jack buying it back the next day. "A man's nothing if he's not master in his own home," he explained.

Her worst fault, he says, is starting an argument about wanting to go out at night when he comes home from the studio dog tired. His worst fault, she

Looks as though the North and South were rivals again, but the Pat O'Briens and Joe E. Brown are clowning.

Natalie Draper and Tom Brown were very proud of their huge old pistols—but discarded them soon enough when they proved too heavy! Right, Alice Faye, "best beau" Tony Martin and Dixie Dunbar. The house was actually crowded with crinolines!

DAMAGED GOODS!

Laura

ALL too unfortunately for thousands of innocent victims, this dramatic, true account of the charming high school classmates Laura and Alice, and the unclean man they both loved, could not have been published a few brief years ago. At least the stark truth could not have been completely told. Only recently has an ever-growing social consciousness of responsibility for the ghastly horrors visited upon the victims of the so-called "social diseases" made a frank discussion of the subject possible.

Prudery, which nurtured and spread the very things it sought to stifle by its silence, has had its disastrous day. Governments are speaking out. Municipal authorities are responding to the challenge for action. And PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE, for three decades a leader in the fight for the protection of American womanhood and babyhood, sees its campaign at last awakening personal and community alarm.

That is why it fearlessly publishes the startling and thought-provoking true life story of Laura and Alice and the disastrous tragedy that came to them through loving blindly and in ignorance. Here, in actual life, you have two case histories bearing directly on the courageous discussion in last month's PHYSICAL CULTURE of what every woman should know about venereal disease. If you were impressed by that forceful, forthright warning, you will find ample substantiation in this month's revelation, "My Daughter Became Damaged Goods." Every father, every mother, every young person considering marriage now or in the future should read this page from the book of living. It may well prove the deciding factor not only for your health and happiness, but even for your life itself!

JUNE

PHYSICAL CULTURE

NOW ON SALE!

counters, is yelling and getting mad at trivial things and laughing at the big things he should get sore about. Like the tickets for the broadcast.

"What was that?" I asked. I should have known better.

"Well, we were sitting here one night," Venita started, "when Mother called up to ask for some tickets for Jack's broadcast. I told him and he said he would take care of it."

That brought Jack upright. "No, Veepers," he said quietly. "That's where you're wrong. You said you'd take care of it."

"Jack, you know very well you said, 'Don't bother me now but I'll take care of it.' Anyway, so I told Mother . . ."

"You mean to sit there and tell me to my face that I said . . ." Buzz buzz buzz, bang bang bang, whack whack whack. Anyway, I got the idea. Suddenly Venita sighed. "Jack, you're just a problem child."

"Yeah? Well you're just prejudiced against the Chinese!"

There was a second's silence and they both broke out laughing. Those two charges inevitably put a hilarious end to any and all arguments.

Of course there are quiet times, too. Long hours when they read, or play rummy (they're desperate games, I can tell you, and for cash on the line. Venita showed me her winnings, hoarded in two boxes. She knew to a penny they totaled $43.15). She knits while he studies his lines for the next day's work—right now he is in the middle of "The Toast of New York" with Edward Arnold—and amazingly enough, the sweaters fit and are beautifully done. Amazing because Venita was a famous Follies beauty and still doesn't seem the home type.

It's a good thing they do take time off from nuttiness now and then and spend most of their evenings at home. It's a good thing they like to. Jack is working at top speed these days, what with feature role after feature role on the screen and his weekly radio program, and needs every bit of rest he can get.

We were about to call it an interview when Jack jumped up and said, "Hallelujah! Most forgot to show you our hope chest!" Docilely I followed them again into the bedroom to see a beautifully carved chest. Lifting the lid, he revealed a variety of baby clothes and gifts.

"Then you *are* going to have a child? And you've been denying right and left."

"Nope. Not right away, but some time in the future. What I said about little acorns from big Oakies still goes."

"But why the hope chest?"

"People wouldn't believe us when we said we weren't anticipating and insisted on sending these gifts. We wrote back 'Thank you'— and hope they don't hope to get 'em back!"

There's great plans afoot for the Oakie child, if, as and when it should be born. The name, for one thing. Jack's real name was Lewis Delaney Offield. If the child is a boy, he'll be named Oakie Delaney Offield.

"Get it? Oakie Oakie. France hasn't got any corner on that double talk business."

"But if it's a girl?"

"Simple. We'll call her Angel. Imagine, the world *having* to call an Oakie an angel!"

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I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market."—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

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Please rush new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powder Sampler. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada)... Send sampler checked:

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ARRID 39¢ a jar

How They Prepare for Their Roles

(*Continued from page* 53)

resigned. Watching him you felt he was a man who was adjusted to being sightless and that he had, therefore, found a world of his own, that world which belongs to the blind and concerns itself more with spiritual things which are felt than with material things which are seen.

Long before Fred essayed this part he visited the Braille Institute in Los Angeles. He talked often and long with the head of this institute, Mr. Atkinson, who has been blind for twenty years. From him he learned about the London home where men blinded in the war, as he was meant to be, were quartered until they adjusted themselves to their new life.

"To adjust," Fred says, "is, of course, the first problem we face, whatever happens to us. For not until we adjust to a situation can we be constructive about it. In that London home they realized it wasn't the men's blindness that threatened their future happiness and success as much as it was self-pity. And to kill any self-pity those men might know they were almost brusque with them."

FRED sat with the blind in their classes. The feel of a Braille page became familiar to his fingers. He watched the men at work. He came to know the meticulous way in which with the palm of his hand a man would measure how far back from the edge of his work-bench he set an object down so he might pick it up again without groping.

"I might have been able to sense the particular lack blind men know," Fred says, "but only through just such association with them as I enjoyed at that Braille Institute could I have come to understand their particular strength, and to portray properly a man who was blind I had to be aware of both these things."

It is a friend after whom Glenda Farrell patterns herself every time she plays a chorus girl—and you know how frequently and convincingly Glenda has been seen in this role.

"Hazel Forbes is a close friend of mine," Glenda explains, "and when you know Hazel you know all the chorus girls in the world. Today, of course, Hazel is a wealthy woman. Her husband, Paul Richmond, the cosmetic manufacturer, died only nine months after they were married and left her his fortune. But through all the changes in her life Hazel has remained the same swell girl I knew on Broadway. Like all chorus girls, she still kids to hide the fact that she's oversentimental. And it's only when she's very angry indeed that she cracks sufficiently to give you a flash of the person she is underneath that kidding, indifferent armor which has come to be as much a part of her as her skin."

Like physicians using fluoroscopes the stars train their observation upon all kinds of people in order to understand the things which go on inside of them to cause them to act as they do on the outside. For were the stars merely to imitate people without any understanding of those things which motivate them they'd give superficial, paper-doll performances which would convince no one.

It's the clothes Una Merkel has worn as the various people she has played on the screen that have helped her to sense what she should do and why she should do it.

"Any woman will understand what I mean." Una's smile was gentle. "Wearing a new gown which provokes her imagination about herself, many a suburban housewife has turned into the most bewitching creature at a party."

Before Una played Lil in "Riff Raff" she drove and walked through those little San Pedro streets which lead to the sea. She watched the wives, one of whom she was to play, standing against their narrow doorways, shopping at the corner grocery store, stopping for a few minutes' gossip with their neighbors. In her imagination she lived with these women from their early rising while it still was dark through all the hours of their day.

"But," says Una, "it wasn't until I put on the clothes I wore as Lil that Lil's dreams and bitterness and her fear and her courage came alive inside of me.

"At the Army and Navy Stores I bought a yellow eyelet dress. In a clothes bag filled for the Good Will Society I found an old sweater that was warm even if it didn't fit properly, even if some of the stitches had broken and ravelled into holes. At the Five-and-Ten I bought a bright pin and a showy ring. It was these things plus my observations of those San Pedro women that finally placed my mood and feelings."

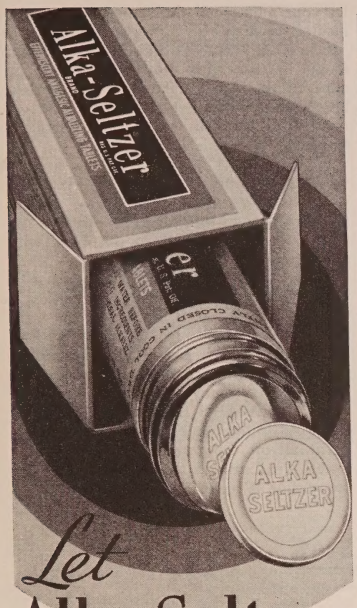
How well these things established Una's moods and feelings you know if you saw "Riff Raff." She never for a minute seemed to be playing the part. She *was* the part.

IT isn't a simple matter to get Spencer Tracy to tell you how he prepared for any role. Spencer's so deathly afraid of sounding Arty. I use the capital letter advisedly. He and I drank great quantities of tomato juice as we faced each other over a table in the Metro commissary while I questioned him regarding the preliminary work he had done for various parts. I was especially curious about his fine picture of Father Mullin in "San Francisco."

"I sweat blood for two months before I went into that part," Spencer said, "but not the way you think. Arguing. Fighting like mad because I didn't want to play it. I couldn't see that part at all. And it's high time the credit I've been given for it be turned over to Van Dyke, the director. Van's a good friend of mine. He kept after me. And when I finally went to work he built that part—which amounted to nothing in the original script—into what it turned out to be. Van put in touches to humanize the man.

"Remember that scene where I as Father Mullin tell Jeanette MacDonald about Clark Gable's and my childhood; how we used to play hookey from mass? Remember how, making a note on the desk-pad, I say 'And that reminds me, that Rooney kid did that today!' That was all Van's stuff."

It was then it developed Spencer had



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known a priest in Milwaukee, where he went to school, who, above everything else, had been a human being. He was the basis for the priest Spencer brought to the screen.

"There isn't, of course," Spencer explained, "any rigid classification of how any priest or businessman or physician or any other citizen, white and free, should act. In every such group there are all shapes and kinds of individuals. And it depends solely upon the individual in question how the influence of the particular circumstances of his life will affect him.

"That priest I knew in Milwaukee had reacted to his calling as I would wish to do. People loved as well as respected him. And since the priest in 'San Francisco' had to be a sympathetic character I felt by patterning myself after that Milwaukee priest I'd get the same sympathetic reaction from my audience that he always got from his parishioners.

"Therefore I thought a lot about him. Recalled various incidents. I also talked as much as possible to my brother, who had known him, too. So, gradually, I came to feel his human essence again. And it was just that, naturally, his human essence, that I tried to get over on the screen."

In Hollywood there are also, of course, many who make no such careful or sensitive preparation for their work. But their names for the most part remain unknown and obscure. Occasionally someone not a thorough and conscientious worker will rocket into prominence but just as quickly he will disappear again into the limbus of nonentities. In Hollywood you get to the top and stay there the same way you get to the top and stay there in any industry or profession, by an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Lipstick Lure

(*Continued from page* 15)

I prefer the good, old-fashioned method of applying it with the tip of my little finger. I like the medium shade for all occasions."

GRETA GARBO: A light dusting of powder and a light coating of lipstick is the only make-up she uses, for daytime or evening. She also uses a medium shade.

JEANETTE MacDONALD: "I prefer to use a lighter shade of lipstick during the day than I do in the evening. I find it easier to apply with a fine, camel's hair brush. I always carry a small brush in my purse for necessary touch-ups during the day."

DOLORES DEL RIO: "A lady's lips should define her nature and her character more clearly than even her eyes. Mouths should express the personality of the individual. Therefore, they should follow the true line of the lips, accenting the original outline of nature, rather than attempting to draw a new one."

UNA MERKEL: "It is my opinion that vari-colored frocks call for a variety of make-up colorings. I choose my shade to correspond with the tone of the dress I wear. I have several lipsticks and use them alternately."

LORETTA YOUNG: "I always use a

if not to thrill you when he admires? — And your rouge is so important!

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darker shade for my screen work than for private life. I do the lower lip rather full, but follow the natural line of the lip. The upper lip is raised slightly. I check up on my make-up frequently to see that it remains as I made it originally. Remember, almost any mouth can be made appealing if it's charmingly colored, vivid and fresh!"

SIMONE SIMON: Follows her own lip line on both upper and lower lips but adds a bit to the fullness of each. Uses a shade and a half lighter for evening wear. She says: "I apply my lip rouge with the aid of my little finger on my right hand, but for the screen make-up I sometimes use a small artist's brush for outlining my upper lip line. The make-up of the lips is very important, for the mouth is one of the most expressive features of the face, and, it seems to me, so much depends on how it looks. Beauty has two relentless foes, fear and worry, and the mouth will express these as quickly as the eyes, so keep your mouth looking attractive. It is so wise to cultivate a sense of humor and let your mouth tell the story of your true mental serenity."

GINGER ROGERS: Uses a vivid, flame lipstick with almost no rouge or none at all. Applies the lip rouge with a brush, and presses her lips over a piece of tissue to blot off any extra color. Thinks a smudged lip line is inexcusable.

KATHARINE HEPBURN: Seldom wears any make-up at all off screen, but when she does, it is lipstick. She prefers almost a brownish shade, as she insists the wrong shade of bright red is so bad with auburn hair.

ANN SOTHERN: Since Ann has a very white skin, she wisely chooses a very delicate shade of lip rouge, almost a rose. She says this makes her eyes look bluer. Ann advises girls to be careful about lipstick, not to be "all mouth," since the eyes are just as important.

DEANNA DURBIN: As you would expect, Deanna doesn't wear any make-up at all off the screen. She has a very sweet, small mouth, but for screen work the outline is made a little larger.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 24*)

brilliant crimson and gold of the native Borneo costume, told us while we danced with her that she is to give technical advice to Warners on the making of "The White Rajah," based on the adventures of the English family that conquered Borneo, has ruled Sarawak province ever since. Her husband, the Rajah, built and operates a modern movie house there, shows films before they reach England. Her favorite star is Clark Gable, with Gary Cooper runner-up.

Among the other hosts were the Paul Munis and the Warren Williams. Genuine roast pig and barbecued turkeys were served. Warren Hull, Lotus Lieu and several others formed an impromptu glee club and gave robust renditions of "Chinatown." All manner of costumes were worn, from coolie dress to princely robes. One gentleman of portly circumference bowed low and removed his chinese cap. Neatly lettered on his bald head was "Lichee nuts to you!"

Best News of the Month: We drove out to the rest home where W. C. Fields is restlessly residing, to give you the lowdown on what's happened to Paramount's comedian. He is well again, and will start "Bag of Tricks" this summer. Bill is much thinner, more jovial than ever, and is in the market for a house to rent. Yes, we gave him your regards and best wishes.

Moving Day: You'd chuckle to see the parade at Paramount. Gary Cooper moving to Goldwyn studios, George Raft moving into Gary's dressing room, Martha Raye lugging her perfume bottles to Raft's old quarters, Eleanore Whitney settling into Martha's former dressing room and Shirley Ross moving up into Eleanore's.

G-Man Story: Melvin Purvis, former Department of Justice agent, always got his man, but it gave us a chuckle to hear of his difficulties in trying to capture the heart of a certain young lady. It was at a reception given in New York for Fredric March and his wife that he met Janice Jarratt, Universal starlet, and famed photographers' model. And the chase was on. The G-Man trailed her to Hollywood, but she got away. He continued doggedly, however, and a year and a half later finally captured her. We understand she'll be given her life sentence in San Antonio, Texas, and give up pictures. Purvis is now a flourishing San Francisco lawyer.

A Touch of Irony: Jeanette MacDonald began her professional career as a dancer, but once in the movies she was never given a chance to dance. Hollywood could buy dancers at a dime a dozen, but singers, beautiful, shapely singers—that was something else! It has taken all these years for Jeanette to get a chance to dance in a film, as she will in "Firefly."

Poor Walter: "Too much drinking in the movies," the Hayes office warned producers. "Put a stop to it unless absolutely necessary to the plot." Which explains why Nero Wolfe, as portrayed by Walter Connolly in the Columbia series concerning the fat detective who drinks beer by the gallon, now confines his liquid refreshment to hot chocolate. Yes, Hollywood amuses us. . . .

Busman's Holiday: Much amusing to-do over the New York lad, Ted Peckham, who has organized a Hollywood branch of his gigolo service. He has a stable of handsome escorts lined up already for visiting firemen's wives, who must pay all expenses if they hire one of his lads. Rates: $10 for an evening to midnight, $15 if you keep your escort up until 2 a.m. and $5 for each two hours of overtime. He has a special on right now for bargain hunters—$25 for a week-end, if you submit evidence it's just a nice, conventional house party. Ted escorted pretty Helen Burgess ("The Plainsman") to the opening of "Lost Horizon," with supper. He paid the check.

Bright Boy: Johnny Downs, that attractive lad who is so earnestly in love with Eleanore Whitney, told her he'd like to visit Honolulu. Eleanore thought it was

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a grand idea, helped him figure costs, look up sailings, arrange for passage. She was, in fact, so enthusiastic that Johnny grew suspicious. If she wanted him out of the way, he'd fool her. He canceled the trip.

Haroun Al Raschid, Jr.: Harold Lloyd's son has always wanted to take a bus ride—just like other kids, you know—so Papa Lloyd arranged it. After elaborate preparations the young Lloyd was escorted to Wilshire Boulevard in the limousine, a bus was halted, and on board climbed the lad, Mamma Mildred, Harold, and two bodyguards. Trailed by the limousine, they took the bus ride, dismounted, and were driven home, with everybody satisfied.

That Kelly Gal: Patsy Kelly 'fesses up that she's on a diet. Patsy told us she is reducing "because I took up too much film." So far there are fifteen pounds less of Patsy in her Hal Roach comedies.

The Fine Flavor of Fruit Juices

(*Continued from page* 12)

It is very simply made, and don't be afraid it will have an "eggy" taste. It won't.

HOLLYWOOD COCKTAIL

Break into a bowl the yolk of one fresh egg. Pour over it one and one-half cups of juice. This may be orange, pineapple, lemon or grapefruit, strained. It should be chilled, but do not put ice into it. A good way is to put the can in the ice-box the night before. Now beat hard with an egg-beater till it foams up well and the egg has entirely disappeared. That's all, just the egg and juice, for sugar will spoil the delicate flavor.

Straight pineapple juice is another breakfast favorite, and is also frequently served in punches, but this use of it in cooking may be new to you, and if it is, I certainly urge you to try it, as it really does something to vegetables. Simply use one-third of the unsweetened juice to two-thirds of the water in which vegetables (with the exception of potatoes) are cooked. A famous chef here in Hollywood gave me that tip and I've treasured it ever since.

I think every cook has her own cherished blend of fruits for fruit cup. Here is mine, with ginger in it! You'll be surprised how well the flavor blends with the fruit, and incidentally, after you've tried it, if a good name for it occurs to you, do let me know. I've never had one.

FRUIT CUP

- ½ cup grapefruit juice
- ½ cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup canned cherries
- 1 cup canned pears
- ¼ cup finely chopped crystallized ginger
- Sugar to taste

Combine the juices, and add sugar if you wish, but I prefer it unsweetened. Take the stones from the cherries carefully so as not to cut up the fruit. Slice the pears in strips. Add the fruit to the juices and chill. Just before serving time, arrange the pear slices around the edge of each glass, with one cherry between each, at the top of the glass to hold the slices in

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place. Fill the center with cherries and pour over as much juice as the glass will hold. Sprinkle liberally with the ginger. Serving the cup inside a larger one, with chipped ice between, isn't necessary if the fruit is thoroughly chilled, but it does add to the appetizing appearance and insures the cup being at its most delicious coldness.

So many of you have asked for salads that I'm including this simple but unusually good tomato aspic. I made the one we photographed in a ring mold and filled the center with mayonnaise, but it is equally good in individual molds, or just in a plain round one. Don't be afraid of the hazard of turning the aspic out of the ring mold, as this recipe is sufficiently stiff to obviate its breaking, if you follow directions carefully.

TOMATO ASPIC SALAD

3 teaspoons gelatine
1⅓ cups tomato juice
¼ teaspoon salt
1 slice onion
1 teaspoon celery seeds
Dash of black pepper
Lettuce and mayonnaise

Stir the gelatine into about a third of the juice and let stand while you bring to a boil the rest of the juice with the salt, pepper, onion and celery seed. Take from the stove and pour in the first part of the juice with the gelatine. Strain out the onion, but let most of the celery seed remain. Pour into molds that have been rinsed out in cold water. Let stand in a cold place till firm. Lower the mold for just a second into a bowl of hot water, run a thin sharp knife around the very top, invert over the serving plate and you'll find the aspic slips out perfectly.

Nothing tastes better at the end of a meal on a warm day than fruit ice, and I'm giving you this simple recipe which can be used with many kinds of juice—and don't forget, this kind of fruit ice can also be served with the main course for a dinner party.

FRUIT ICE

Boil together for five minutes, four cups of water, two cups of sugar. Add three-fourths cup of fruit juice and let cool. Strain and freeze to a mush consistency. If you use lemon or orange juice, sprinkle over each serving a little of the grated rind of the fruit.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW delicious and different ways of using Fruit Juices—with meats, in candies and in summer drinks and desserts? Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for these, and if you'd like some interesting suggestions for afternoon entertaining, mention that too.

Cooking Department,
Movie Mirror,
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The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page* 65)

In addition you must get into the habit of taking cold baths and showers instead of lingering, vitality-sapping hot ones. This doesn't apply at night, just before bed-time; I'll discuss that later. When I say cold I don't mean an icy blast of water that will shock you into screaming when it hits; take the chill off first. And don't stay in it too long.

Next observe the rooms in which you spend most of your time. Look at the colors in them, the various objects, the decoration.

If there is a single thing there that annoys you, take it out. You may never have consciously noticed it, but that vase that has been sitting for years on your mantel makes you irritable even to look at it. Wedding present or no wedding present, put it in the attic. There may be a picture on the wall that subtly has been working havoc with your nerves; get a new one.

Pay special attention to the colors present. They may be the basis of your difficulties. Remember that purple and violet induce melancholy; red and orange incite to anger, actually quicken your pulse; black suggests death and suffering. Remove as many things in these colors as you can.

Then try to bring good shades of blue, which is calming and uplifting; green, which is restful and soothing; and yellow, which is cheerful, into the general color harmonies. Only be sure the yellow is the right shade; some tones imply illness.

Nervous disorders are as much psychological in origin as physical. Try a little sensible redecoration, and note the result.

Even if it's hotter than blazes don't succumb to your craving for ice-cold drinks. They shock the nerves of your stomach, retard digestion; and those stomach-nerves can be pretty nasty, especially when the rest of your system is tingling and tight, too.

As an absolute rule, when you have finished each meal, lie down for half an hour. You don't have to sleep, but you should relax utterly in a physical sense; and you should not have a single concrete thought during this rest period.

Choose a room which to you is the most pleasant, unexciting space in the entire house. If the sun is very hot outside, draw the blinds for shade; or if the idea of sunshine is relaxing to you, let it in. Find some very soft music on the radio. Then get comfortable and imagine you are on the deck of a yacht riding at anchor somewhere in the Pacific; the world does not exist and the only possible subject of thought is how incredibly blue the ocean is and how white the small clouds are.

Don't think of another thing, for half an hour.

When night comes, and you are preparing for the long hours of sleepless, nervous tossing, observe the following routine and you will be sound asleep within five minutes of crawling into bed.

First, if the evening is warm, go out and walk very slowly around the block, breathing deeply as you stroll.

Then come in and have a short bath, in water the temperature of your body. Cold water will stimulate you, hot water will fatigue you. Just lie quietly in the tub for

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five minutes, without bothering to scrub or lather, and then get out and pat yourself dry with a soft towel.

You should have a cup of warm milk, chocolate or cereal drink ready and when you've established yourself in bed sip it slowly. If music is restful to you, turn the radio on with the volume way down; if you are used to reading yourself to sleep, for heaven's sake don't do it with a detective story or with anything stimulating to your glands or your imagination or your intelligence. Try a book of Grimm's Tales, some innocuous novel or a volume of Chinese poetry.

When finally you have turned off the reading lamp, don't allow yourself to lie in the dark and think. That will ruin all the good your relaxing routine has done.

Picture before your eyes a blue sheet of paper, and concentrate on it; don't let any writing appear, and if you catch your mind getting away from that paper, drag it back immediately.

You won't have to bother for more than two minutes, because you'll suddenly open your eyes and it will be morning.

Diet and exercise are immensely important to this course in bringing your nerves back to normal and keeping them there. Avoid meat as much as possible, and things with high fat content, such as cream. Drink as much water as you possibly can hold; eat a predominance of fresh raw vegetables and acid citrus fruits, especially in the morning. And remember, stimulants of any kind are sheer poison to your condition. Meantime, forget worry, don't work too hard, laugh as often and as much as you can.

Next month Mr. Loomis will discuss in more detail the correct diets and exercise you need. Watch for his article in July MOVIE MIRROR, *on sale May 26th.*

The "old South" of Russia inspired the costumes of the Mischa Auers, at Jack Oakie's "Southern" party!

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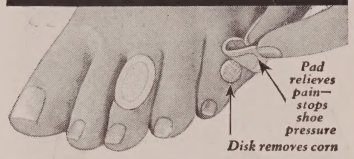

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Jimmy Cagney Lives So Wisely

(*Continued from page* 66)

reporting that Jimmy has gone arty and is about to dedicate his life to the Abbey Players and the Irish drama.

"What *is* this about the Irish drama?" I asked him.

"What is it about it? I like it," he said. "I'm going to do 'The Playboy of the Western World' in the theater, I hope. Between pictures.

"When you make only three pictures a year," he explained, "—and you can't make more than that because nobody could stand any more than that of anybody—you're away from acting for too much of the time. You lose your sense of things, things like timing. Every new picture you begin you have to warm up all over again. That's bad!"

Pop went another Cagney rumor, shot full of holes by a typical down-to-earth Cagney explanation.

In one way it's curious there always is at least one vague rumor floating around about Jimmy. He's so definite himself. In another way it isn't curious at all. For probably the very fact that he is so straight-from-the-shoulder keeps most people, muddled themselves, from understanding him. Whereupon, being human, they suspect that more goes on than meets the eye.

Therefore, when you hear Jimmy Cagney has gone temperamental or arty or Communist or anything else, discount it. He isn't the lost, groping kind that "goes" anything. He stands squarely balanced with his feet firm on the ground.

The day I saw Jimmy he also told me about the home he had just bought in Martha's Vineyard, a quiet New England community.

"The minute I saw that place I knew I wanted it," he said. "You know, something clicked. In here!" With a short, quick gesture he slapped his chest. "The house itself is about two hundred years old. It has wide dowelled planks in the floor and hand hewn beams in the ceiling. There's about seventy-five acres, including an apple orchard. I figure we'll live there just about half the time, come East whenever I finish a picture. Make it home."

His double pronoun, of course, included Billie Cagney. As usual she approved Jimmy's choice the minute she saw the place. Jimmy will tell you he and Billie get on because their instincts are the same.

"We understand each other, I guess," he says. "Probably shook down to the same approach to marriage in the beginning."

One leg went over the arm of his chair. "Pour yourself a drink, boys," he told his friends who stood talking in the corner. They held up a glass for him. He shook his head.

"One thing's certain," Jimmy went on, "Billie and I never have had to have any such uncomfortable adjustment as I hear a lot of married people talk about. We never had to find our way out of any romantic dream world to reality. We never had any romantic dream world—we were always too busy trying to scrape the rent money together.

"Well, that was fun, too, in a way. And looking back now I realize lots of the hard luck we had probably was good luck actually—because of what it did for us in the long run."

I know no one I envy as much as I envy Jimmy Cagney. He has what he wants, because he doesn't kid himself that he wants a lot of things simply because others value them. And he's doing what he wants to do, because he's always had the wit and the courage to decide what he wanted to do and then to do it. Best of all he isn't sitting around waiting for Some Day, because he has the common sense to know life can offer nothing finer than that satisfaction which comes from living purely for the sake of living and doing a good, honest job at work you enjoy.

I don't know whether or not my woman doctor is right about poor children generally, but certainly Jimmy Cagney, out of Hell's Kitchen, strongly inclines me to her views. For it seems to me, judging Jimmy's future by his past, that whatever happens to him—simply because he does see things from all angles and because he is as honest as he is—he has life licked.

The Amazing Story of Mary Astor's Surprise Wedding

(*Continued from page* 51)

First and last editions were filled with pictures of Mary, chicly arrayed, taking her place on the witness stand every day. They referred to her as the "Madonna" of the screen—who had turned siren. They called her "the flame haired beauty." It seemed so strange—so very odd—to think back on that girl who had never had a beau until she was married at twenty! It was the most violent piece of "miscasting" in Hollywood's personal history.

Publicity of this nature might have killed any other star. It is no secret that for months Mary's career hung in the balance. She had been in the midst of making "Dodsworth" when the hurricane broke.

Strangely enough, it was the women of the country who saved her. Experienced newspaper reporters will tell you there has never been another sensational case to parallel this one. Women are usually the first to condemn a member of their own sex in such matters. But before the trial was finished, the presiding judge was receiving hundreds of letters daily from women begging for another chance for Mary.

Perhaps a great many of us believed that the diary was the inviolate property of the woman who had written it. It had been taken from her possession. Fairly,

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or unfairly, its intimate pages had been used to blacken her reputation. But the public spoke through "Dodsworth," making it one of the most sensational box-office hits of the season.

Apparently the storm had passed. The court had decreed that little Marilyn Thorpe should spend nine months of the year with her mother, three with her father. Mary went into virtual retirement.

In the first installment of this story of Mary's surprising romantic destiny we covered the details of the casual meeting with Manuel del Campo at the home of Ruth Chatterton on New Year's Eve . . . . of the encouragement she gave the boy in his own Hollywood career . . . of the expectations that she would eventually marry her good friend and staunch defender at the time of her trial, scenarist Mark Goodrich . . . and then, out of a clear sky, her elopment in the middle of the night with the infatuated young Mexican socialite who was on his way to the funeral of his father.

Once again, the most impulsive woman in Hollywood had astounded friends and strangers alike! One columnist put it: *The inside on the Mary Astor-Manuel del Campo marriage seems to be that the boy was afraid his mother wouldn't let him return to Hollywood unless he had some real tie here . . . . so good-hearted Mary up and married him.*

WHAT effect will this marriage have on Mary and on her career? Your guess is as good as the next fellow's.

At the present time, del Campo is in Hollywood. On his return from Mexico Mary entertained with a cocktail party at her beach home to introduce her bridegroom to her friends.

They seemed very happy. They stood in the door together hand in hand, greeting Mary's friends and many of the press people as they entered. Several nights later they were dining and dancing at one of the popular night clubs. It is said they will have an opportunity for a short honeymoon, after all, since Mary's contract to appear in "The Prisoner of Zenda" will not permit her to accept the very fine role in "Stella Dallas" as previously announced.

Behind this cancellation of contracts might be read the hint that Mary's impulsiveness was beginning to be a little too much for the men who pour millions of dollars into the production of big pictures. But the Goldwyn officials politely deny this, insisting that production dates conflict with another picture scheduled for the unpredictable Astor. And there it rests.

As usual with everything Mary has ever done, her latest marriage is surrounded with gossip and rumors. Everywhere you hear whispers of doubts of how long it will last.

Only Mary and the devoted young man she has married know the answer to that. But in view of the past, Hollywood and the world cannot be blamed too much for wondering whether or not this is the last chapter in the romantic history of the most unfathomable personality in Hollywood. Or will there be other chapters just as sudden and just as surprising written in headlines into the life of a girl "too beautiful" for her own peace of heart?

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 33)

in an opera; the old love comes again; and the trouble starts.

Well photographed and given great music, Jeanette sings as never before. Eddy is ingratiatingly charming in his built-up role. You'll enjoy Barrymore's splendid work, and you'll appreciate the beauty of the production and the musical score.

Your Reviewer Says: Nostalgic, romantic, lovely.

✓23W Hours Leave (Grand National)

You'll See: *James Ellison, Terry Walker, Morgan Hill, Arthur Lake, Paul Harvey, Pat Gleason.*

It's About: *Fun in an American army camp during the war.*

This old story of love on the run in an American cantonment during the war emerges with new pep and a devil-may-care dash that's completely captivating.

James Ellison, a skylarking sergeant with an eye for pretty girls, falls head over heels in love with Terry Walker, not knowing she is the daughter of the general. Betting his comrades he will one day eat patty cakes (army for pancakes) with the general, Ellison sets out to win his bet. He wins all right, but not before he has lost his clothes, accidentally unearthed dangerous spies and landed in jail, all three in turn.

It's slapbang fun, spontaneous and free, with plenty of new faces to liven up the scenes.

Terry Walker is an exceptionally pretty newcomer. Ellison delivers a wow performance, singing several catchy songs.

Your Reviewer Says: Lively, joyous, gay.

✓✓The King and the Chorus Girl (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Fernand Gravet, Joan Blondell, Edward Everett Horton, Alan Mowbray, Mary Nash, Jane Wyman, Luis Alberni, Kenny Baker.*

It's About: *A king who falls in love with an American chorus girl.*

This bright and satisfying comedy-romance introduces a charming new actor, Fernand Gravet. You will see a lot of him in the future, we predict.

The gay story presents Gravet as a king fed up with his honorable job. In Paris, seeking alcoholic diversion, he sees a pretty American chorine, Joan Blondell. His two faithful retainers, Edward Everett Horton and Mary Nash, hire the girl to help snap their royal master out of his dissipation. A decent, virtuous chorus girl is a novelty to the king and he falls in love with her, only to discover the trick being played upon him by his retainers. Complications follow to provide a clever ending.

Gravet has that certain something destined to arouse feminine interest and romance. He's handsome, personable, and a talented actor. Joan Blondell gives one of the best performances of her colorful career. Edward Everett Horton, Mary Nash, Allan Mowbray and Jane Wyman are fine.

Your Reviewer Says: A swell picture! Don't miss it.

✓✓Captains Courageous (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy, Melvyn Douglas, Mickey Rooney, Charles Grapewin, John Carradine, Jack LaRue, others.*

It's About: *An unpleasant rich boy who is taught by fisher-folk how to live.*

Made with the utmost simplicity and sympathy, with each single performance brilliantly inspired, this beautiful portrait of a child and of a folk will capture your imagination, and break your heart. In every respect it is magnificent cinema, in which no art of the industry has been spared; and the dignity with which the story is presented is a new example of taste and restraint.

Freddie Bartholomew, a rich man's son with brat-like qualities, who has been expelled from school for cheating, starts abroad with his father. He falls from the liner, and is rescued by fishermen. With them he lives and works for three months, and under their rugged guidance his warped attitudes are transformed into beauty and sympathy.

Freddie Bartholomew does the finest acting job of his career. Lionel Barrymore, as the gruff skipper, interprets the aims and existence of seamen with infinite aptitude; Mickey Rooney, as his son, is excellent. Spencer Tracy plays the Portuguese fisherman whose skill, exultation in living and simple religious philosophy create the change in the child. The finesse with which he shades the character makes it one of the best in film history. Melvyn Douglas is the father whose belated attempts to recapture his boy's affection will tug at your heart. Photography and production are magnificent. You may feel that the beginning drags, but the final reel holds an emotional content never before realized on any screen.

Your Reviewer Says: A powerful, tender, moving masterpiece for everyone of every age.

✓✓Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)

You'll See: *Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, George Barbier, Leif Erikson, Grady Sutton, Granville Bates, Nick Lukats, others.*

It's About: *Life and love in Hawaii, as a publicity man sees it.*

Score another hit for Bing Crosby in this goofy, melodic and always funny story of what mainlanders do in the Islands. Set against the hauntingly lovely beaches and palms of Hawaii, the picture is a smooth composite of laughter, excellent direction, and the better-than-ever score that Crosby sings.

Bing is cast as a lazy publicity man for a big pineapple concern, and as a newspaper stunt he has brought Shirley Ross,

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contest winner, to Honolulu for a visit. When she refuses to like the place he kidnaps her. On another island they get into serious trouble with the natives because of a black pearl belonging to Shirley, and then the plot begins to poke fun at itself, doubling and changing. It may be mildly insane but it's swell amusement.

Martha Raye, as Shirley's loud-mouthed friend, does her usual good work and panics everybody; Bob Burns, as Crosby's sidekick, gets over as much of his dry humor as he has time for, and Leif Erikson, as Shirley's glowering fiance, does an outstanding comedy bit. The songs: "Blue Hawaii," "Okolehao," "In a Little Hula Heaven," "Sweet Is the Word for You," and "Sweet Leilani."

Your Reviewer Says: Yeah, ma'am!

✓✓Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Simone Simon, James Stewart, Jean Hersholt, Gregory Ratoff, Gale Sondergaard, J. Edward Bromberg, Victor Killian.*

It's About: *Young love in the Paris underworld.*

This deeply moving love story so fondly remembered from the silent version played by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, is again presented in all its spiritual appeal. It remains a beautiful, tender film, whimsical and realistic in turn.

From the sewers of Paris, *Chico* (James Stewart) rises to the position of street washer. Rescuing *Diane* (Simone Simon) a bewildered little street waif, from the abuse of her older sister, *Chico* takes her to his flat. The sweet devotion of the waif wins his heart; they marry, but war separates them and tests their love.

While not exactly our idea of the tragic *Diane*, Simone in the finest acting of her meteoric career gives a moving and satisfactory performance. James Stewart's *Chico* is droll, sensitive and flamboyant. Gregory Ratoff as the taxi-driver, Jean Hersholt as the understanding priest, Gale Sondergaard as the contemptible sister rate bouquets for their outstanding performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Not to be missed.

✓Silent Barriers (GB)

You'll See: *Richard Arlen, Lilli Palmer, Antoinette Cellier, Barry Mackay, Roy Emerton, J. Farrell MacDonald, others.*

It's About: *The dramatic incidents surrounding the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway over "insurmountable" barriers.*

With the benefit of authentic and awe-inspring glimpses of the great Canadian Rockies and a fine performance by Dick Arlen in a role that fits him like a glove, this epic of railway construction is still slightly disappointing. Six months of work on location and the employment of three thousand people in the cast haven't quite been able to overcome the obvious weaknesses of plot and rather silly dialogue.

Arlen plays the part of a petty gambler who comes to Moodyville with a young English friend, prepared to mulct the railroad men of their salaries in card games. He falls in love with *Moody's* daughter, *Mary*, and this love and a combination of circumstances make a respectable man of

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him. Of far more consequence to the story is the heartbreaking search for a pass through the mountains which leads to the exciting climax of the film. Snowslides, lynch mobs, adventures in the wilderness, and convincing shots of entire trains being swallowed up in the tricky "muskeg" (quicksands) are only a few of the thrilling scenes which make the picture memorable.

Newcomer Lilli Palmer is ingratiating in her brief appearances as a dance-hall girl, and excellent work is done by Roy Emerton as *Moody*, Barry Mackay as Dick's friend, *Steve*, and J. Farrell MacDonald as the intrepid *Major Rogers* whose indomitable spirit carries the railroad through to victory.

Your Reviewer Says: First-rate fare for action fans and lovers of the great open spaces.

✓✓History Is Made at Night (Walter Wanger-United Artists)

You'll See: *Charles Boyer, Jean Arthur, Colin Clive, Leo Carrillo, Ivan Lebedeff, George Meeker, others.*

It's About: *A beautiful model who marries a jealous man, only to fall in love with another.*

One of the tenderest love stories filmed in months is played against a background of comedy and melodrama—and it all adds up to first rate entertainment.

Jean Arthur, a beautiful model, is married to Colin Clive, a wealthy ship builder. Goaded to desperation by his unfounded jealousies she determines to leave him and Clive, to outwit her, frames her with his chauffeur. Headwaiter Charles Boyer learns of the plot and pretends to kidnap Jean in order to save her—with the inevitable result that they fall in love. Incensed at the failure of his plan, Clive murders his chauffeur and attempts to throw the blame on Boyer, and Jean's only means of saving Boyer, whom she believes guilty, is to return to her husband. The story reaches a climax in one of the most realistic shipwrecks ever filmed.

Boyer and Miss Arthur give flawless performances. Colin Clive is excellent in an unsympathetic role and Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff provide splendid support.

Your Reviewer Says: See it.

✓Fifty Roads To Town (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Ann Sothern, Don Ameche, Slim Summerville, John Qualen, Allan Lane, Alan Dinehart, Stepin Fetchit.*

It's About: *A boy and girl who seek shelter in a mountain cabin and find plenty of excitement.*

A light and romantic farce dealing with the amorous escapades of a boy and girl trapped in a mountain cabin.

Running away to elope with a nightclub owner, Ann Sothern seeks shelter in a secluded cabin. In the cabin, to her amazement, she discovers Don Ameche, seemingly a gangster, who is fleeing a bench warrant. Ann is both suspicious and frightened of Don but is compelled to remain when a heavy snowstorm hits. The climax to their mad antics is reached when a real gangster actually shows up bringing sheriff John Qualen and trapper Slim Summerville in his wake. It's then Ann discovers Don is only running away from the divorce case of friends.

The dialogue is as saucy as a blue jay and merits laugh after laugh. Don and Ann are a delightful romantic team.

Your Reviewer Says: Crazy but very funny.

✓We Have Our Moments (Universal)

You'll See: *Sally Eilers, James Dunn, Mischa Auer, Thurston Hall, David Niven, Warren Hymer, Marjorie Gateson, Grady Sutton.*

It's About: *A small town girl who innocently becomes involved with international crooks.*

A mischievously gay comedy of big time crooks and a small town girl who accidentally becomes an accomplice in crime.

Aboard a liner, Europe bound, are Sally Eilers, country school teacher, and a notorious band of swindlers. Because of her obvious innocence, the nefarious band uses Sally's stateroom as a hiding place for stolen money. Detective James Dunn, who is trailing the crooks, discovers their little scheme and manages to close in on the gang just as they are putting the bewildered Sally on the spot.

Thurston Hall, Marjorie Gateson and Warren Hymer make delightful criminals. David Niven gives a finished performance as an old smoothie and the teaming again of Sally Eilers and James Dunn was a happy thought. It's Mischa Auer, however, who walks off with all honors as the French sleuth. The Auer fellow grows funnier with each picture.

Your Reviewer Says: We can't think of a better way to spend an evening.

Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Oland, Katherine DeMille, Pauline Moore, Allan Lane, Keye Luke, C. Henry Gordon, John Eldredge, Layne Tom, Jr.*

It's About: *Charlie Chan solving the mystery of a stolen airplane invention.*

Another intriguing Charlie Chan mystery with the famous Oriental detective hot on the trail of a stolen robot airplane invention.

The trail leads Chan to the Olympic Games in Berlin where the invention is found by the detective. But the thieves prove foxy and kidnap Chan's son, Keye Luke. The price of his safe return is the surrender of the robot plane. With the aid of the Berlin police Chan, in one brilliant coup, succeeds in saving the invention, rescuing his son and capturing the thieves. Suspense is well sustained and the pace fast moving after a slow and complicated start. Scenes of the Olympic games add to the interest.

Warner Oland gives his usual finished performance as Chan and Layne Tom, Jr., is a welcome addition to the Chan family.

Your Reviewer Says: Intriguing mystery that should appeal to all Chan followers.

✓When Love Is Young (Universal)

You'll See: *Virginia Bruce, Kent Taylor, Walter Brennan, Greta Meyer, Christian Rub, William Tannen, Nydia Westman.*

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It's About: *A small town wallflower who becomes a beautiful actress.*

The old but always new story of the country bumpkin who blossoms into a beauty is told here with such youthful joyousness that it becomes delightfully new.

Virginia Bruce is the small town Cinderella in love with the high school hero. Discouraged because her idol fails to notice her, Virginia agrees to accompany her uncle, Walter Brennan, to New York to study voice. Accidentally meeting Kent Taylor, theatrical press agent, Virginia decides to take part in a publicity stunt he has cooked up. The stunt works, and overnight the amazed small towner finds herself the toast of Broadway, but memories of the boy she left behind her take her back to the small town where she discovers a secret concerning her true heart interest.

Rare bits of clowning between Virginia and Taylor introduce her catchy songs. Greta Meyer, Christian Rub, William Tannen and Jack Smart play minor assignments with distinction.

Your Reviewer Says: Lively entertainment from start to farcical finish.

✓Her Husband Lies (Paramount)

You'll See: *Ricardo Cortez, Gail Patrick, Akim Tamiroff, Tom Brown, Louis Calhern, Dorothy Peterson, June Martel, Jack La Rue, others.*

It's About: *A big time gambler who tries to cure his young brother of gambling.*

With its excellent plot structure, fine direction, and compelling performances, this picture will provide you with finished entertainment. Suspense is carefully maintained throughout, and the double romance is sympathetically played against the sinister background.

Ricardo Cortez, a gambler who wishes to retire in favor of a happy married life with lovely Gail Patrick, is forced to abandon his plans when Tom Brown, his young brother, comes to town seeking a poker game with the big gambler. Cortez, who has kept his identity secret from his brother, in his effort to cure the boy of gambling has him directed to a game with Akim Tamiroff and others of his associates. When Brown cleans out the mob, and Tamiroff thinks he has been framed, Cortez is forced to reveal himself and enter the game. Trying to break Brown and thus cure him, Cortez is caught cheating, although he knows this will mean his death.

Akim Tamiroff is superb in his portrayal, as is Tom Brown, and Cortez is completely sincere and polished in his fine performance of the gambler. Gail Patrick, Dorothy Peterson, and June Martel play with sympathy and conviction.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll find it first-rank entertainment.

✓Personal Property (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Taylor, Jean Harlow, Reginald Owen, Una O'Connor, Henrietta Crosman, E. E. Clive, Cora Witherspoon, others.*

It's About: *Robert Taylor in personal possession of Jean Harlow's possessions.*

Plunged to the elbows in slapstick which

(*Continued on page* 117)

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LAST CHANCE UNTIL SEPTEMBER

Ten Big Prizes of $500 Each

Do not delay. Send in your story not later than May 31st. No more True Story contests until September, but we consider stories for straight purchase at our liberal word rate the year round.

Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay $5,000 for the ten best true stories submitted during May, 1937, as per the liberal offer, shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet described in the coupon and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by $500.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the persons submitting the ten best true stories will be awarded the ten big $500 prizes as set forth in the liberal offer above.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript, send it in. By so doing you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT - HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Monday, May 31st.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 32C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 32C MM
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories".

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....
(Print name of state in full.)

(*Continued from page* 115)

sometimes is acceptable satire, this remodeled version of a dated drawing-room comedy boasts excellent dialogue and performances.

Living in the English house of her departed husband, Jean, an American widow of foggy background, is beset by bill collectors. In desperation she agrees to marry Reginald Owen, Taylor's impossible brother, for the money she thinks he has. Bob meets her by coincidence, falls hard, buys a deputy's job from her creditors and becomes the man in possession—not only of her property but of her person. To save her embarrassment he poses as her butler, serves his own family at dinner. After several days of nonsense, "love conquers," as it must always in this kind of farce.

Taylor canters casually through the many intimate situations. Jean poses magnificently, although the role is not up to her capabilities. The supporting cast is fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than usual entertainment. Better go.

Women of Glamour (Columbia)

You'll See: *Virginia Bruce, Melvyn Douglas, Leona Maricle, Reginald Denny, Pert Kelton, Thurston Hall, Mike Morita.*

It's About: *An artist's love for a golddigger.*

This mildly entertaining film purposes to tell what happens when a painter, with a passion for being truthful, tries to make a lady of a gold-digging night club dancer.

Melvyn Douglas, engaged to an attractive society girl, Leona Maricle, meets cabaret dancer Virginia Bruce two weeks before his scheduled marriage. He is intrigued by her straight-forward, honest manner, and asks her to pose for his masterpiece. She consents. During their long sittings—enlivened by conversations on love and life and the artist's attempts to awaken his model's conscience and increase her culture—they fall in love. The society girl obligingly breaks their wedding date for Douglas, but asks the model not to marry him because of his career. A few more confusing details bring about the surprise ending.

Your Reviewer Says: The acting and the photography are the only good points to this one.

Paradise Express (Republic)

You'll See: *Grant Withers, Dorothy Appleby, Arthur Hoyt, Harry Davenport, Donald Kirke, Maude Eburne, Arthur Loft.*

It's About: *Competition between a railroad and a trucking outfit.*

Violent melodrama and sure-fire hokum give this piece pace and tenseness that will satisfy those who like their pictures red-blooded and packed with action.

Grant Withers is appointed receiver of a small railroad that is on the verge of bankruptcy due to dirty work on the part of truck line operators. He falls in love with the railroad president's grand-daughter, (Dorothy Appleby) and, inspired by her charms, sets about to save the railroad from ruin. Donald Kirke and Arthur Loft, the truck line operators, wreck trains with a free hand to prevent Withers from getting the farmers' business. The climax, a race between a fleet of trucks and a train, is packed with thrills.

Harry Davenport, as the railroad president, gives the best performance. Arthur Hoyt and Maude Eburne rate the laughs. Grant Withers is suitably noble, Donald Kirke is properly villainous, and Dorothy Appleby is charming.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like heroics, you'll like this thriller.

✓A Family Affair (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Cecelia Parker, Eric Linden, Spring Byington, Mickey Rooney, Julie Hayden, Charles Grapewin, others.*

It's About: *An upper class American family, and its collective troubles.*

Imbued with the homely spirit of respectable American family life, this handles with consummate understanding the problems facing a judge and his brood. Studded with fine characterizations, it is moving and at times pathetically funny.

Lionel Barrymore is the small town judge who tries to set his son and daughters on the path to happiness. Worried by professional duties, he guides unerringly the courses of Cecelia Parker, who is in love with a young engineer (Eric Linden); and of Julie Hayden, who has separated from her husband. Mickey Rooney is aggressively amusing as the young son who gets his fingers into everything, and Spring Byington lends the comic touch with her fussing mother portrait.

Clean, wholesome, sympathetic, the entire picture brings a feeling of hearth and doorstep. It is well directed and well played in every particular. Barrymore, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney give the most outstanding performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Take the family.

✓✓Marked Woman (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Eduardo Cianelli, June Bryan, Allen Jenkins, others.*

It's About: *A dance hostess' fight for vengeance and freedom.*

Bette Davis brings her great talent to make this brutal story of gangsters and murder compelling and almost great. By the sheer force of her personality she creates a characterization of pathos and power.

The story, written from a recently publicized white slave expose in New York, concerns a group of girls who work as hostesses in a clip-joint. Bette is the ringleader, proud and cynical; she is putting a sister (Jane Ryan) through school. Jane comes for an unexpected visit and is innocently involved in the vice ring. Bette's gang boss (Eduardo Cianelli) mauls the child and kills her; thenceforth the girls risk their lives to bring him to justice.

Throughout the picture is moody and tragic, with little humor and no romance. Yet from the beginning you will sit enthralled by Bette's superb performance. Cianelli is good as the gangster, Humphrey Bogart excels as the district attorney, and the rest of the cast are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Brutal and hard-boiled entertainment.

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HOT NEWS

Hot from Hollywood, Hot off the Press, Hot Stuff!

Simone Simon said "No" to **Francois Louis Dreyfus,** wealthy French publisher, on his semi-annual trip to Hollywood.

The town's biggest engagement ring is worn by **Delma Byron,** 20th Century-Fox starlet. The lucky man is **Frank Hervey Cook,** Montana oil man.

Evelyn Venable has named her new daughter **Rosalie.** She and **Hal Mohr** have another daughter, **Dolores,** sixteen months old.

Mae Clark and **Dr. Frank Nolan** have *phffft.*

Jeanette MacDonald brought relief to the navy at a Charity Ball held for the Navy Relief Society at the Biltmore.

Martha Raye is seen here and there with Director **Robert Florey.**

Jack LaRue is taking **Hazel Forbes** to the night clubs. She's the tooth paste heiress.

Al Jolson and **Ruby Keeler** have introduced a new game to Hollywood—diving for pennies in a swimming pool.

Bette Davis, recovered from severe cold after two weeks at Palm Springs, is starting "That Certain Woman."

Clark Gable recently crashed the **Garbo** set. He wanted to talk hunting plans with her director, **Clarence Brown.**

Claude Rains is returning to his home near Philadelphia after finishing "The Deep South." Rains is the champion long-distance commuter, refusing to live in Hollywood.

CURRENT ROMANCE REPORT

Bill Powell and **Jean Harlow** up two points.

George E. Stone merging with Philadelphia society woman.

Beverly Roberts and **Director William Keighley** will amalgamate when his divorce is final.

Clark Gable and **Carole Lombard** holding firm.

Virginia Bruce and **David Niven** going steady.

Jane Wyman and **Myron Futterman** preparing to merge.

Jean Muir and **Gordon Oliver** form holding company.

Craig Reynolds and **Gertrude Niesen** continue to draw interest.

Sonja Henie and **Tyrone Power** skating on "Thin Ice."

June Lang uncertain. **Orsatti** deal apparently off. Now holding board meetings with **Carl Laemmle, Jr.,** and **Tommy Lee.**

Michael Whalen and **Katharine DeMille** going strong.

Bob Taylor and **Barbara Stanwyck** up three points.

Robert Montgomery, having figured it has cost him $50,000 to rent since he came to Hollywood, has started building.

Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Gail Patrick and her husband, **Bob Cobb,** are a foursome. They take outings at a dude ranch near Newhall.

Joel McCrea and **Frances Dee** are making their annual plans for that unrealized trip to Hawaii.

Bob Burns has written a song called "Down in Arkansas" for his film, "Mountain Music."

Irene Dunne and **Claudette Colbert,** next-door neighbors for a year, met for the first time at Paramount, where both are making pictures.

Lupe and **Johnny Weissmuller** are celebrating their fifth anniversary with the customary announcement of separation.

Gertrude Lawrence, famous stage star, is invading Hollywood to appear with **Leslie Howard** and **Olivia de Havilland** in "Gentlemen after Midnight."

Loretta Young won the prize at **Basil Rathbone's** costume party dressed as Madam Satan, complete with horns and two attending devils.

Lyle Talbot's honeymoon with his socialite bride, **Marguerite Cramer,** has been interrupted by picture work.

Marion Davies' picture, "Ever Since Eve," was delayed for two days while **Robert Montgomery** recovered from a bad cold.

Barbara Stanwyck, taking a tip from **Bing Crosby,** has also appealed to fans for a name for her race horse which is now being trained for next season racing at Santa Anita.

W. C. Fields is scheduled for "The Big Broadcast of 1938," going into production this summer.

George Burns and **Gracie Allen,** on their first two-weeks' vacation from radio in three years, rushed to Palm Springs to enjoy it. It rained every day.

Frances Langford, kept busy singing in "Vogues," doing radio on Hollywood Hotel hour and recording for Republic's "Hit Parade," finally wore her voice down to a whisper and went to a hospital to recuperate.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

When **Alice Faye** discovered that **Tyrone Power** and **June Lang** were born on the same day she was—May 5—Alice decided they should have a birthday party together. Tyrone is six hours older than Alice, so of course the celebration would have to last six hours to bridge the difference in their ages. When **Sonja Henie** heard of that she decided she would be the one to hold party.

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Alice Roosevelt Longworth

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a light smoke

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